



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX GPDT 4

SEVEN DAYS
BOOK.

P231-2
KF605



Harvard College Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

JOHN AMORY LOWELL,

(Class of 1815).

This fund is \$20,000, and of its income three quarters
shall be spent for books and one quarter
be added to the principal.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

VOLUME II.

FEBRUARY—MAY, 1904

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY T. FISHER UNWIN

AT THE OFFICE, 11 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

1904

**RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.**

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

VOLUME II. FEBRUARY—MAY, 1904

INDEX

(Names of Contributors are in *Italics*)

	PAGE		PAGE
Acton's Liberalism, Lord. <i>J. L. Hammond</i>	651	Far East, Circumstances in the. <i>A. J. Herbertson</i>	107
Acton, Lord, at Cambridge. <i>John Pollock</i>	360	<i>Ferguson, R. Munro, M.P.</i> , Forestry : "a depressed industry"	542
Ambition of Japan, An. <i>A. M. Latter</i>	117	<i>Figgis, J. Neville</i> , The Reformation	490
American Revolution, The. <i>Frederic Harrison</i>	162	First Garden City Company, The. <i>Hugh E. Seebohm</i>	518
Anglo-Saxon, The Future of the. <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	430	First Principles in Temperance Reform. <i>Arthur Sherwell</i>	392
Army, The Problem of the. <i>A. S. Morse</i>	319	Forestry : "a depressed industry." <i>R. Munro Ferguson, M.P.</i>	542
Artisan, The Life of the. <i>John Garrett Leigh</i>	255	<i>Forster, E. M.</i> , Cnidus	278
— A Protest and an Appeal. <i>Arnold Holt</i>	622	<i>Freeman, G. S.</i> , The Ideals of a Realist	174
Art of Blake, The. <i>Laurence Binyon</i>	407	French Peasant, The. <i>Octave Usanne</i>	457
Autumn Campaign, The. <i>Sir Edward Grey</i>	34	French Socialists and the Church. <i>Jean Jaurès</i>	177
Australian View of the War, An. <i>Captain Crouch</i>	553	Future of the Anglo-Saxon, The. <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	430
<i>Bell, Hugh</i> , Dumping	214	<i>Fyvie, John</i> , The Life of John Buncle, Esq.	572
<i>Belloc, Hilaire</i> , Mr. Burden	137, 297, 468, 627	<i>Garrett, Edmund</i> , "To Soria Moria Castle"	444
<i>Binyon, Laurence</i> , The Art of Blake	407	George Gissing : An Appreciation. <i>N. Wedd</i>	101
Birds of Paradise in the Arabian Nights. <i>A. R. Wallace</i>	379, 561	Georg Brandes. <i>John G. Robertson</i>	232
<i>Birrell, Augustine</i> , Mr. Paul's History of England	483	Greater Enquiry, The	I
Blake, The Art of. <i>Laurence Binyon</i>	407	<i>Grey, Sir Edward</i> , The Autumn Campaign	34
<i>Brabant, General Sir E. Y.</i> , Saldanha Bay	191	<i>Hammond, J. L.</i> , Lord Acton's Liberalism	651
Brandes, Georg. <i>John G. Robertson</i>	232	<i>Haynes, E. S. P.</i> , Early Victorian Characteristics	66
<i>Burns, John, M.P.</i> , Slavery in South Africa	594	<i>Herbertson, A. J.</i> , Circumstances in the Far East	107
<i>Carpenter, Edward</i> , Weeds	612	<i>Holt, Arnold</i> , The Life of the Artisan : a Protest and an Appeal	622
Circumstances in the Far East. <i>A. J. Herbertson</i>	107	Horace Walpole. <i>G. L. Strachey</i>	641
Claims of Classical Studies, The. <i>A. W. Pickard Cambridge</i>	86	Ibsen, Translation from. <i>Edmund Garrett</i>	444
Cnidus, <i>E. M. Forster</i>	278	Ideals of a Realist, The. <i>G. S. Freeman</i>	174
<i>Creswell, F. H. P.</i> , The Transvaal Labour Problem	124	Italian Peasant, The. <i>Bolton King</i>	199
<i>Crouch, Captain</i> , An Australian View of the War	553	Japan, An Ambition of. <i>A. M. Latter</i>	117
Creeds and the Clergy, The. <i>Rev. Hastings Rashdall</i>	48	<i>Jaurès, Jean</i> , French Socialists and the Church	177
<i>Dickinson, G. Lowes</i> , Religion and Revelation	530	<i>Jones, W. Lewis</i> , The Educational Crisis in Wales	283
— Tammany	333	<i>King, Bolton</i> , The Italian Peasant	199
Early Victorian Characteristics. <i>G. S. P. Haynes</i>	66	Lancashire, Two Views of	255
Educational Crisis in Wales, The. <i>W. Lewis Jones</i>	283	<i>Latter, A. M.</i> , An Ambition of Japan	117
<i>Ellis, Havelock</i> , The Future of the Anglo-Saxon	430	— The War and the two Civilisations.	348
Experience of the Housing Question. <i>N. G. Pierson</i>	13	<i>Law, Alice</i> , The People of the Valley	266
		<i>Law, Hugh, M.P.</i> , The Situation in the Balkans	244
		<i>Leigh, John Garrett</i> , The Life of the Artisan	255

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
"Life of John Bunce, Esq.," The. <i>John Fyvie</i>	572	REVIEWS—continued.	
Life of the Artisan, The. <i>John Garrett Leigh</i>	255	Public Schools and Public Opinion. T. Pellatt	647
London County Council Elections, The. <i>G. L. Bruce</i>	337	Reformation, The (Cambridge Modern History)	490
<i>MacDonald, J. Ramsay</i> , Sweating: its Cause and Cure	72	Schoolmaster, The. A. C. Benson	647
<i>Masterman, C. F. G.</i> , Towards a Civilization	497	Schoolmaster's Directory and Year Book, The	647
Meaning of Good, The. <i>Hon. B. Russell</i>	328	Teaching of Scientific Method, The. H. E. Armstrong	647
<i>Meredith, H. O.</i> , Retaliation	416	Yellow Van, The. Richard Whiteing	174
Mr. Burden. <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> . 137, 297, 468, 627		<i>Robertson, John G.</i> , Georg Brandes	232
Mr. Paul's History of England. <i>Augustine Birrell</i>	483	<i>Russell, Hon. B.</i> , The Meaning of Good	328
<i>Morse, A. S.</i> , The Problem of the Army	319	Saldanha Bay. <i>General Sir E. Y. Brabant</i>	191
People of the Valley, The. <i>Alice Law</i>	266	<i>Seeborn, Hugh E.</i> , The First Garden City Company	518
Phantom Crossways, The. <i>G. M. Trevelyan</i>	493	<i>Sherwell, Arthur</i> , First Principles in Temperance Reform	392
<i>Pickard Cambridge, A. W.</i> , The Claims of Classical Studies	86	Situation in the Balkans, The. <i>Hugh Law, M. P.</i>	244
— Recent Writers on Higher Education	647	Slavery in South Africa. <i>John Burns, M. P.</i>	594
<i>Pierson, N. G.</i> , Experience of the Housing Problem	13	<i>Strachey, G. L.</i> , The Wrong Turning	169
<i>Pollock, John</i> , Lord Acton at Cambridge. Problem of the Army, The. <i>A. S. Morse</i>	360	— Horace Walpole	641
<i>Rashdall, Rev. Hastings</i> , The Creeds and the Clergy	48	Sweating: its Cause and Cure. <i>J. Ramsay MacDonald</i>	72
Recent Writers on Higher Education. <i>A. W. Pickard Cambridge</i>	647	Tammany. <i>G. Lowes Dickinson</i>	333
Reformation, The. <i>J. Neville Figgis</i>	490	Temperance Reform, First Principles in. <i>Arthur Sherwell</i>	392
Religion and Revelation. <i>G. Lowes Dickinson</i>	530	"To Soria Moria Castle." <i>Edmund Garrett</i>	444
Retaliation. <i>H. O. Meredith</i>	416	Towards a Civilisation. <i>C. F. G. Masterman</i>	497
REVIEWS. Books Reviewed:—		Transvaal Labour Problem, The. <i>F. H. P. Creswell</i>	124
American Revolution, The. <i>Sir G. O. Trevelyan</i>	162	<i>Trevelyan, G. M.</i> , The Phantom Crossways	493
Fanny Burney. <i>Austin Dobson</i>	169	<i>Uzanne, Octave</i> , The French Peasant	457
Fight for the City, The. <i>Alfred Hodder</i>	333	Victorian Characteristics, Early. <i>E. S. P. Haynes</i>	66
History of Modern England, A. Herbert Paul	483	Wales, The Educational Crisis in. <i>W. Lewis Jones</i>	283
Ireland at the Cross Roads. <i>Filson Young</i>	493	<i>Wallace, Alfred Russel</i> , The Birds of Paradise in the Arabian Nights	379, 561
Letters of Horace Walpole.	641	War and the Two Civilisations, The. <i>A. M. Latter</i>	348
Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone	651	<i>Wedd, N.</i> , George Gissing: An Appreciation	101
Principia Ethica. <i>G. E. Moore</i>	328	Weeds. <i>Edward Carpenter</i>	612
Problem of the Army, The. <i>L. S. Amery</i>	319	Wrong Turning, The. <i>G. L. Strachey</i>	169

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE SECOND VOLUME

Hugh Bell.
Hilaire Belloc.
Laurence Binyon.
Augustine Birrell.
General Brabant.
G. L. Bruce.
John Burns, M. P.
Edward Carpenter.
F. H. P. Creswell.
Captain R. A. Crouch.
G. Lowes Dickinson.
Havelock Ellis.
R. Munro Ferguson, M. P.
J. Neville Figgis.
E. M. Forster.
G. S. Freeman.

John Fyvie.
Edmund Garrett.
Sir Edward Grey.
J. L. Hammond.
Frederic Harrison.
E. S. P. Haynes.
A. J. Herbertson.
Jean Jaurès.
W. Lewis Jones.
Bolton King.
A. M. Latter.
Alice Law.
Hugh Law, M. P.
J. Garrett Leigh.
J. Ramsay MacDonald.
C. F. G. Masterman.

H. O. Meredith.
A. S. Morse.
A. W. Pickard Cambridge.
N. G. Pierson.
John Pollock.
Rev. Hastings Rashdall.
J. G. Robertson.
Hon. Bertrand Russell.
Hugh Seeborn.
Arthur Sherwell.
G. L. Strachey.
G. M. Trevelyan.
Octave Uzanne.
Alfred Russel Wallace.
N. Wedd.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

VOL. II. NO. 5

FEB. 1904

CONTENTS

22 15

THE GREATER ENQUIRY	
EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION	
N. G. PIERSON (ex-Premier of Holland)	
THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN	
SIR EDWARD GREY	
THE VIRGIN BIRTH: A Reply to Dr. Sanday	
Rev. HASTINGS RASHDALL	
THE EARLY VICTORIANS	
E. S. P. HAYNES	
THE SURVIVAL OF SWEATING	
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD	
THE CLASSICS AS THEY MIGHT BE	
A. W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE	
GEORGE GISSING: An Appreciation	
N. WEDD	
THE FAR EAST:	
(a) The Work of Nature	
A. J. HERBERTSON	
(b) The Ways of Man	
A. M. LATTER	
THE CHINESE IN SOUTH AFRICA	
F. H. P. ORESWELL	
MR. BURDEN. Chaps. VII and VIII	
HILAIRE BELLOO	
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION	
FREDERIO HARRISON	
OTHER REVIEWS	

LONDON-PUBLISHED BY
T. FISHER UNWIN

TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Estd.]

[1835-

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

Accumulated Fund over	£5,900,000
Paid in Claims more than	£12,000,000

PROFITS.

These are divided every five years solely amongst the Assured.

Already divided, £6,100,000.

At the 1902 Division a Cash Profit of £761,602 was apportioned amongst the Members, being considerably more than one-third of the amount paid in Premiums during the previous five years.

ENDOWMENT-ASSURANCE.

Policies are issued, combining Life Assurance at minimum cost, with provision for old age, and are singularly advantageous.

48 Gracechurch Street,
London, E.C.

ARTHUR SMITHER,
Actuary and Secretary

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

C. A. SCHWETSCHKE & SOHN, Publishers,

The INDEPENDENT REVIEW of Germany is—

DEUTSCHLAND. *Monatsschrift für die geistige Kultur.*

Unter ständiger Mitarbeit von Eduard von Hartmann, Theodor Lipps, Burthold Litzmann, Otto Pfleiderer und Ferdinand Tönnies.

Herausgegeben von GRAP VON HOENSBROECH.

Quarterly, 7s. post free; Single Copy, 2s. 6d.

This new high-class journal contains essays from the first learned and literary writers of the day.

The Saturday Review writes:—"... It is edited by the Graf von Hohenhausen, whose able work on the Papacy was reviewed by us in these columns last year. 'Complete independence' is its motto, although it makes a speciality of 'Cultivation versus Ultramontanism'. ... The new venture promises well." *The Publishers will be pleased to send Specimen Copy and Prospectus on application.*

BERLIN W, 35, SCHOENBERGER UFER 43.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.

The Leading Italian Review of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, and Politics.

38th Year. Established 1866.

is published in Rome on the 1st and 16th of each month. Each Number contains about 200 Pages.

Editor—MAGGIORIO FERRARIS, M.P.

The "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA" is the oldest and the foremost Italian Review. The most Eminent Authors, University Professors, and Members of Parliament (GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, G. CARDUCCI, LUIGI LAZZATTI, E. DE AMICIS, P. VILLARI, C. LOMBROSO, &c.) are among its Contributors.

ROME—CORSO UMBERTO I., 131—ROME.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

THE last instalments of the great enquiry instituted by Mr. Charles Booth have now been given to the public. The results of seventeen years' work are embodied in the seventeen volumes of *Life and Labour in London*. It may safely be said that they present a picture of London at the end of the nineteenth century, which surpasses in fullness anything available for any other place or time in the world's history. The first four volumes classify the inhabitants of London, street by street, according to degrees of wealth or poverty, and describe the conditions under which they live. Five more volumes classify them trade by trade, and describe the conditions under which they work. The third series of seven volumes, headed "Religious Influences," describes the city district by district, showing, not only the religious, but also the general social characteristics of each separate part. Finally, we have a "Conclusion and Summary," the aim of which is to draw together the various threads of the enquiry, to forecast tendencies, and to suggest remedies.

All who have in any way at heart the future of England will turn at least to this final volume, to learn with what feelings the explorer returns from his journey into the obscure regions of modern city life. They will find here, as in the previous volumes, an abundance of vivid touches, illustrating the life of the people in all grades; they will find, too, a revelation of the writer's temper and aspirations, which no one would willingly have missed: a brief but

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

comprehensive treatment of the main social problems : and some most valuable recommendations as to practical reforms, which we shall discuss below. But some may perhaps have a not unnatural feeling of disappointment that they do not find any answer to the questions which present themselves most urgently. In what direction is development tending ? Is there, on the whole, advance or deterioration in the condition of the people ?

It is not the fault of the author that no answer of any clearness is forthcoming to the questions. The work here done has set up a standard ; but the material for comparison is wanting, or only available in the most fragmentary manner. Its full value will only appear when some successor has performed for London in the middle of the twentieth century the task now performed for London at the end of the nineteenth. Mr. Booth is a pioneer of the age of statistics, and his work is a revelation of the possibilities which may be achieved by a humane and intelligent application to details. It is a lesson as to the new methods which must be applied to the problems of a new epoch.

For what gives to this work its exceptional position is, that it is the most systematic attempt yet made to describe the conditions which, according to all appearance, are likely to prevail with a continually increasing portion of mankind. The importance of the problems presented by London does not depend only on the fact that London is the seat of government, and by far the greatest city of the British Empire ; though this would be enough to render its condition the most serious question to be faced by British statesmen. It depends even more on this—that, unless the economic system of the whole Western world should be radically changed, in a way of which at present there seems no prospect, the great city is the type which modern progress will, just in proportion to its prosperity, inevitably tend to reproduce. It has been frequently urged of recent years, and with some truth, that the future of the British Empire will, in the natural course of things, come to lie more and more outside Great Britain. But the main problem of civilisation will not change its character by changing its locality. All the industrial and commercial activities of the British race in

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

wider areas will, at their most successful point, only result in the production of newer and more populous Londons. Every effort to civilise and develop less advanced races will, in proportion to its completeness, ensure that the condition of those races shall approximate more and more closely to the condition of the masses of our own urban population. The city is the goal to which all roads lead us ; and we must succeed in solving its problems, if any other success is to be worth having.

And success here ought not to be impossible, when we remember that the growth of cities, whatever evils it may bring with it, is, in the main, the result and sign of increasing prosperity. It is no sudden failure in the forces of nature which has caused this huddling together of the human race in particular centres. The productive power of the earth is as great as it was a century ago. Technical skill and invention have advanced enormously during that period. Cities have grown, because people find it worth their while to go there, and because facilities for obtaining wealth are, on the whole, greater there than elsewhere. It ought not then to be beyond the reach of human ingenuity to secure for everyone, in the urban England of to-day, economic conditions of life at least not inferior to those of the rural England of the past. It will be necessary to recognise, that the reliance on individual action, which sufficed very well for the old, simpler state of things, will not suffice for the more complicated world of to-day. It may be found, that institutions and arrangements, which did no great harm in the past, will disclose dangers and defects under the strain of the economic revolution. But, in some way or other, urban development should be able to provide the cure for its own diseases.

Some such views as the above appear to us to underlie the policy outlined in Mr. Booth's last volume. The evils are vast, and their causes complicated ; but remedies must be possible somehow, if we can but find them. " We have," Mr. Booth says, " in our ill-built, imperfect towns, an undeveloped estate, of which we have hardly begun to realise the value." Let us turn then to consider the practical suggestions which he makes for improvement. The volume

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

contains valuable contributions to many questions, such as Licensing, Poor Law Reform, and Old Age Pensions, which concern the country as a whole. We propose, however, to consider more especially the recommendations dealing with urban problems which are contained in the chapters on Housing and Expansion.

And first, what is the extent of the evils which have to be met? Mr. Booth sums up his view of the Housing difficulty in the following words :—

“Of the insufficiency, badness, and dearness of the housing accommodation available in many parts of London, I need not say anything more. It would be difficult to exaggerate the facts.”

More precisely, a calculation based on the census returns shows that nearly one-third of the population are living under conditions which are defined as “crowded,” the standard adopted being to reckon those as “crowded” whose accommodation is at the rate of half a room or less to each person. This estimate reveals the extent to which life in London is carried on under conditions which make decent existence impossible ; but it discloses only half, and the smaller half, of the Housing Problem. To realise its magnitude, we have to take into account all those of the population above the limit of “crowding,” whose income is reduced, by excessive rents, below the level required for maintaining a proper standard of life. We have further to take into account the immense loss in health, efficiency, and character caused, partly by specific insanitary surroundings, but, perhaps, even more by want of fresh air and open spaces. Thus, behind the great and definite evil of overcrowding, which can be expressed numerically, lies another of vast and unascertained magnitude. As to the effect which the unnatural conditions of urban life are producing on the physique of the poor, and especially of the children of the poor, we are still much in the dark ; though various indications, such as the facts revealed by the Scotch Commission on Physical Training, show that there is grave reason for alarm. All that we can say is, that large numbers of the rising generation are growing up, deprived of what have hitherto been regarded as necessary conditions of a

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

healthy life ; that it is hardly possible to hope that the consequences of this will not be serious, and that they may be incalculably disastrous.

The experience of industrial schools has shown what good results may be obtained from the most unpromising material, by a thoroughgoing physical training and removal from bad conditions of home life. The question may have to be faced, whether the adoption of this system on a more extended scale is not needed to give the children of our towns a fair start in life. Fuller information as to the extent of the evil is the first need ; and the basis for systematic enquiry will, it is to be hoped, be furnished by the recently appointed Committee on Physical Degeneration. The question is a difficult one ; and Mr. Booth's opinion on it would have been of value. It lies, however, rather apart from the main course of his recommendations, to which we now recur.

The point of departure in the chapter on expansion is the recognition that, if the problem of overcrowding is to be successfully dealt with, the remedy must be applied, not at the centre, but at the circumference. Demolition of insanitary areas, wherever they occur, is undoubtedly necessary ; no less necessary is the rehousing, at any rate in part, of the individuals deprived of their homes by the work of demolition. But, while this is being done, laboriously and expensively, at the centre, the causes of future evils are allowed to reproduce themselves in the outlying districts, where they might be prevented more easily and more cheaply. The slight improvement in housing in London, between 1891 and 1901, noted by Mr. Booth, is an encouraging sign that the attention given to the question of late years has not been fruitless. But we must set against it the fact that, during those ten years, large urban areas have grown up outside the county boundary, which reproduce, to a dangerous extent, the bad features of London. The expansion will continue, and it is all-important that it should be rightly directed. For this purpose it is necessary to think of London, not simply as the area within the county boundary, but as the whole area within which a man whose work is at the centre finds it possible

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

to make his home. Improvements of mechanical science are constantly tending to widen this area ; and the development of invention, which in so many ways has appeared hostile to the development of wholesome conditions of life, in this point favours them. Every mile added to the distance which a man can travel daily to his work, adds a large area to the possible London of the future. It should not be beyond the power of human foresight so to arrange matters, that every citizen of this larger London may have decent room to live in, and open breathing-space not far off.

A comprehensive treatment of the problem is, no doubt, hindered by the fact that the area involved is divided, in the case both of London and of other great urban centres, among a large number of different local bodies. The difficulties which thus arise are real, and must not be underestimated ; but it cannot be doubted that administrative hindrances will in some way be overcome, if the importance of a proper treatment of the question of expansion is once fully realised. Assuming that this is done, either by unification of areas, or by agreement between the various local bodies, or in some other way, the authority or authorities concerned will have two functions to undertake : first, to regulate expansion, and secondly, to co-operate in it. Under the head of regulation, it should be the duty of the municipality to approve all plans for extension, to decide as to the situation of streets and open spaces, and in particular to consider, as a whole, the question of means of communication, hitherto left to be dealt with in a piecemeal and haphazard fashion. How far the municipality should actively co-operate in the work of expansion is a question on which opinion will differ, and which may probably be with advantage answered differently in different districts. Mr. Booth, for instance, would assign the construction of railways to private enterprise, and of tramways to the municipality.

Bearing in mind that the provision of means of transit must, by the nature of the case, be a monopoly, we should desire to leave as free a field as possible to municipal activity in this direction. The provision of houses by public bodies stands on a somewhat different footing. The dangers of letting houses provided by municipal action at rents with

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

which private enterprise cannot compete, are now generally recognised. Provided that a rent representing a fair return on the outlay is charged, the provision of houses by the municipality may in some cases be desirable, especially in connection with the demolition of insanitary areas. But it is clear that the provision of houses is a matter which must, in the main, be left to private enterprise ; and it would seem that the efforts of public bodies are best reserved for supervision, and for the provision of such undertakings as are beyond the scope of private initiative. Finally, we may mention the provision of open spaces, on a scale more extensive than anything which has been done in the past, as a matter of the first importance, and one with which only public action can adequately deal. Playgrounds and facilities for physical training will be among the most valuable of all the contributions which municipal bodies can make to their new task of aiding and supervising education.

The need for such a definite policy with regard to housing, means of communication, and open spaces, as is here suggested, has been urged by other writers ; and much has already been done in various directions by the London County Council and other municipal bodies. That more has not been effected is due, partly to want of the necessary legal powers, partly to insufficient co-operation between the different public bodies whose joint action may be needed in any particular case. But the main obstacle which has stood in the way of improvement, and without which greater efforts might no doubt have been made to overcome the administrative difficulties referred to, is the increasing burden of rates, which, even as it is, aggravates greatly the difficulties of the Housing Problem. Yet this obstacle ought not to be insuperable. The increased need for municipal expenditure, if we trace its causes back, is mainly a result of the increased capacity for producing wealth which attracts large crowds to certain specially favoured areas. We should expect, then, that the growing need would, roughly and on the whole, be accompanied by a growing ability to bear the burden. If it is found, as in many places it is found, that the amount at present raised by

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

rates, while not sufficient to meet the cost of undertakings which are necessary for the well-being of the population, is yet great enough to impose a crushing burden upon building, the thought presents itself, that the system on which rates are levied may be to some extent at fault. And it is one of the merits of Mr. Booth's work, that he has supplemented his scheme for expansion by a scheme for the readjustment of the present rating system, which would relieve the burden just where it presses most severely.

This is the scheme for the separate rating of site-values, which was recommended by the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on Local Taxation, and has twice received considerable support in the House of Commons. The proposal starts with the recognition that the rate, as at present levied on the total annual value of a piece of land, includes what are virtually two separate taxes with very different economic effects—a tax on the value of the site, and a tax on the value of the building. The value of the building depends on the amount of capital and industry expended on it by the owner or lessee; the value of the site depends, not on any action of the owner or lessee, but on the general conditions affecting the prosperity of the town, or part of the town, in which it is situated. Historical accidents have led to the two being taxed alike for purposes of local government. But they are so different in character, that it would seem more reasonable to assume that they ought to be treated differently; and this assumption is borne out by a consideration of the effect of the tax in either case. The produce of a tax at a given rate on the site-value of the land in a given area will increase as the advantages of that area increase. The amount will in general be low in the case of land at the outskirts of a town, and will rise in proportion as we approach the centre. So far, however, as the rate falls on building, its effect must be to penalise industry, wherever applied. It will discourage people from building; and, when they build, it will discourage them from building well. It will tend to make houses fewer, dearer, and worse; while the urgent need is that house accommodation should be more spacious, cheaper, and better. Rates in London at the

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

present time may be taken as amounting to about 6*s.* 8*d.* in the pound. Thus, the effect of the present rating system is to impose an *ad valorem* duty of 33 per cent. on the annual return of any capital invested in building. Mr. Booth justly points out how inconsistent is the survival of such a tax on housing with the Free Trade principles which have been generally accepted in national finance during the last fifty years. The justice of this remark is hardly diminished by the fact that those principles have been called in question by certain authorities (among whom we regret to have to number Mr. Booth himself) during the last few months. No English advocate of Protection has as yet ventured to propose a duty of anything like 33 per cent. on one of the prime necessities of life.

Briefly, then, the proposal here outlined is, to relieve all buildings and improvements from rates, and to raise the money required for local purposes by a rate assessed on the value of the land only. The rate would be levied on land, whether occupied or unoccupied ; and a plan for regular revaluation at fixed intervals would be a natural complement of the scheme. A rating system thus modified would do away with the present hindrances to building, and would so distribute the burden, that it would increase in proportion to the capacity to bear it. The main effect would be, to shift the burden from the outlying districts, where the value of land is low, to the central districts, where it is high. It could only be said to hamper industry, in so far as it would diminish the special advantages of sites at the centre, and lessen the inducements to centralisation. To such a proposal there seems no objection, except one which may be urged against any attempt to reform taxation, namely, that some must lose by it and others gain. It would of course be impossible to accept such a plea as a final bar to reform. Nevertheless, the fact remains true, that it is desirable to avoid, so far as possible, legislative changes which will cause sudden fluctuations in the value of property. To meet this objection, Mr. Booth puts forward a suggestion, which might greatly assist in the introduction, not only of this change, but of other reforms which have to face the sometimes equitable, and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

always powerful, argument from vested interests. The suggestion is, to spread the change over a series of years. Mr. Booth names ten years; an even longer period of transition might be accepted, if it would facilitate the adoption of the measure. The important matter is to get the principle established: its practical operation might well be introduced in such a manner as to cause the least disturbance to individuals.

Some may perhaps apprehend that the proposed change in the method of rating would tend to accelerate the growth of streets round London, and to swallow up existing open spaces. It is true that the change, taken by itself, would have this effect; and it is only in this way that it could bring about the remedy which it is intended to provide. Overcrowding cannot be cured, except by spreading the crowded population over a larger area. But it will be possible, and indeed essential, to combine with the change in rating a vigorous policy of acquisition of open spaces for the public. The changes advocated will make it easier to secure houses where houses are needed, and open spaces where open spaces are needed. The pieces of unoccupied land now available in the neighbourhood of large towns are placed at haphazard; and their enjoyment by the public is often precarious. They must be replaced by parks and commons dedicated to the public use, and arranged on a carefully-devised plan.

Thus the two proposals, for the reform of the rating system and for a systematic scheme of expansion, form parts of a single policy, and must be carried out together. In the first place, a less burdensome method of levying the rates is needed before improvements can be undertaken on a sufficiently large scale. It may indeed be anticipated that these improvements, if wisely planned, would, to a great extent, prove remunerative in the long run. But they must involve an additional expenditure at first, and there would be danger in incurring this, so long as an increase in the rates would mean increased obstacles in the way of building. A second reason why the two reforms must go together is, that expenditure by local bodies on land and means of communication is likely to involve an addition, which may often be considerable, at the public cost, to the

THE GREATER ENQUIRY

value of the sites in the neighbourhood of the new main roads or tram-lines or open spaces. Unless, therefore, particular owners are to be subsidised at the expense of other owners and occupiers, it becomes necessary to adopt a system under which those who thus gain would automatically make an increased contribution to the rates, corresponding to their gain. On the other hand, the change in the rating system may do harm as well as good, unless it is accompanied by energetic measures for acquiring open spaces, which measures it will in turn facilitate. Finally, we have to bear in mind that the best system of taxation is only a means to an end ; and that the value of any rating reforms will depend on the ability and judgment with which the local resources can be expended for the benefit of the public.

The cause of reform will be much assisted by a careful study of what is being done at present to meet similar problems in other countries. Australia and New Zealand have led the way in a reform of the rating system ; and guidance as to the details of the measure may be drawn from their example. There will be questions as to the mode of levying the rate, whether on owner or occupier, as to methods of valuation, as to the feasibility of distinguishing between site-value and building value ; and on all these points difficulties may arise. It is not hard to bring plausible objections in the abstract against the practicability of any financial reform. But such matters can only be profitably discussed in the light of the experience of places where the new system has been tried, and has been found to work. The cities of Germany will supply a model for a well-considered policy as to housing, open spaces, and means of communication. A thoroughgoing treatment of urban needs has been, in their case, facilitated by the fact, that local government is to a great extent in the hands of paid officials with large powers, appointed for long periods, instead of unpaid councillors, whose term of office is usually short, as in Great Britain. An intelligent study of the methods of other nations need not involve wholesale borrowing. We may well believe that the British system of local government is better

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

adapted to the national character, and has greater advantages of its own in its stronger popular basis. But it is clear that the German system is likely to ensure earlier and more comprehensive treatment by experts of urban problems ; and we may do well to acquaint ourselves with its results, while retaining our own administrative methods. A treatment of the question from a somewhat different point of view will be found in the article on the Housing Question which is contributed to this Number of the Review by the former Prime Minister of Holland.

Fresh light on these questions is needed, and should be welcomed from every source. But, in the meantime, we would urge, that the policy here reviewed lays down the main lines on which the work of reform may safely move forward. The proposals which it comprises are no novelties ; singly or collectively, they have before now been advocated by reformers in many different quarters. Combined in a single body of doctrine, they strengthen each other ; and objections which might be plausibly urged against a single item of the programme, lose their force when the whole is considered. But great results cannot be achieved, until the public at large is persuaded that a better state of things is practicable and must be worked for. Two different tendencies stand in the way. On the one hand are those who think that things are very well as they are, and that it is not necessary to trouble about them ; on the other hand are many who realise existing evils, but feel that the conditions are too difficult and complicated to grapple with—that attempts to relieve distress are fruitless, or do more harm than good. In either case, the effect is to divert attention from the immediate practical reforms which lie to hand. The community owes much, therefore, to those enquirers who have endeavoured by study of the facts to find a middle path between indifference and hopelessness ; and, foremost among these, Mr. Booth deserves our thanks. We close his book with a conviction that the problems which must be faced in London are most critical, most urgent, and not insoluble.

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

I.

AT the outset of every discussion on the Housing Question it should be remembered how much the difficulties presented by that question are aggravated by the low standard of living among a large part of the wage-earning classes. Let a dwelling be ever so uncomfortable and unhealthy, it is sure to find occupants if offered at a very low rent. A great many people look to cheapness as almost the only thing to be desired in a house. Of course, in this respect, as in many others, progress is being made, and the number of those who fully realise the advantages of a good dwelling is undoubtedly increasing; yet it is not increasing in such a measure as would be desirable. Nor is the danger of a retrograde movement wholly shut out; on the contrary, it must be continually guarded against.

Forty or fifty years ago, in several places in Europe, Benevolent Societies were founded with the object of building houses for the poor. These societies did a great deal of good; but, inasmuch as they confined themselves to building, they contributed too little to the solution of the Housing Question. They provided a certain number of people with decent homes, which was doing a benefit to those particular persons; but the old houses continued to exist, and, after a short while, they were all occupied by other families. It is now generally recognised, that, by the mere building of good dwellings, very little is gained in the way of improving the housing conditions of the labouring classes; the bad ones must be got rid of, they will not

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

remain unoccupied merely because better dwellings are supplied. If you wish to do efficient work in that direction, you must take such measures as will lead to the disappearance of houses unfit for human habitation.

This implies that it is the duty of local authorities to prevent the building or rebuilding of such houses; but until very recent times this duty has been too much lost sight of. In many cases the authorities left things alone, and so suffered the standard of living, as regards housing accommodation, to drop to a very low point. The difficulties we are coping with have been, in a large measure, produced by the neglect of our predecessors. *Laisser faire* is an excellent rule as far as it goes; but the application of that rule to social matters in general, has led to the development of some of the worst features of modern society.

Owing to a large increase of trade and shipping, a seaport rises to a flourishing condition. Labourers flock in from all parts of the country, but the local authorities do not care to enquire what sorts of houses are built for them. They rejoice at the rapid expansion of the town, encouraging it as much as possible by the building of docks, but leaving it entirely to the operation of the law of supply and demand to provide such dwellings for the new people as these people themselves are content to live in. Perhaps they will even take pride in not departing from the 'sound principle' of non-interference. But then a day will come when the dismal tales of 'slum-land' will be told, rousing the public conscience, and henceforth there will be a Housing Question, perhaps of uncommon magnitude.

No such question, none of that magnitude at least, would have arisen, if the authorities from the first had been alive to the impending danger, and taken measures accordingly. They ought to have prohibited the building of bad dwellings and, by means of an efficient system of control, prevented overcrowding. It is true that the houses erected in conformity with their prescriptions would have been dearer than those actually built; but the higher rents would have been amply compensated for, they would have acted as a deterrent to immigration. Wages would have risen, from the fact that the supply of labour was falling short of

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

the demands. The expansion of the towns would, indeed, have proceeded at a slower pace; but the labouring people would be better housed, and altogether in a more favourable condition, than they are now.

Not only by the increase of shipping, trade, and industry, but also by political causes a town may attract a large population. It may become a favourite place of residence in the estimation of rich people; and then the effects will be the same as in the case just considered. But the same, likewise, will be the duties of the local authorities, and the consequences of their being neglected. Of course, in this case also, the proper regulations and effective measures for enforcing them will lead to a rise of house-rents; but this again will counteract to a certain extent the influx of people, and so bring wages to a higher level. The growth of the town will be less rapid, but what is the harm of that?

A third example to show what non-interference in the housing of the lower classes may lead to. At three miles distance from the place where I live, the well-known village of Scheveningen is charmingly situated on the sea coast. One may visit it several times and still not notice the bad housing conditions under which the poor people (mostly fishermen and their families) live, their wretched dwellings being in a large measure concealed from view by houses of a better class. Narrow passages give access to these dwellings; and the passages separating them from one another are in many cases still narrower. Hundreds of families are living there; each, indeed, has a one-storied house to itself, but the rooms are so few and so small, and the houses are so huddled together, that, in non-urban places, hardly anything could be worse. Is not this state of things also the effect of carelessness on the part of the local authorities? It would never have arisen if the building of such dwellings, and especially of so many of them on a small area whilst there was plenty of room elsewhere, had been prohibited. As in the other cases I mentioned, rents would have become higher than they are, but so would the rate of wages. The number of people living by the fishing trade of Schweningen would probably be smaller; but that smaller number of people would be living under much better circumstances.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

However bad the housing conditions in villages may be, they are never quite so bad as they are in the worst quarters of large cities. Now it is a well known fact that the number and the population of such cities are enormously increasing. There are at present in Europe 149 cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants ; and their total population is little less than 48,000,000. Thirty years ago there were only 70 such places, with 20,000,000 inhabitants ; half a century ago only 42, with 9,000,000 inhabitants. In all civilised countries, the proportion of the urban to the total population is rising. Between 1870 and 1900 it rose in the United Kingdom from 50 to 70 per cent., in Germany from 36 to 54, in France from 31 to 39, in the United States from 21 to 33.¹ These figures, it is true, cannot be compared with one another as far as they relate to different countries, because the distinction between urban and rural population is not made everywhere on the same lines ; but they clearly show that everywhere the population is more and more centering in the towns ; and, from what has been said, it may be concluded that the large ones are the chief points of attraction.

Now I do not advocate any artificial plan for thwarting this movement ; but we should refrain from weakening the natural obstacles which, in a measure, retard its progress. Among these natural obstacles, the rise of urban rents is certainly one of the most powerful ; if people could live as cheaply in large towns as they can live in the country, they would flock to the towns in still greater numbers. But experience teaches us that this obstacle is partially inefficient if left to operate unaided, because, as the population of a large town increases, the standard of housing accommodation shows a tendency to become gradually lower and lower. Many people, after a certain time, will be content to live in a very inferior sort of dwelling ; or they will take pensioners—*Schlafleute*, as the Germans call them—so that very little room is left to the principal occupant. There is the point where the local authorities ought to step in. It is their duty to interfere with this weakening of the natural obstacles

¹ See Major P. C. Craigie's Inaugural Address as President of the Royal Statistical Society, in the Journal of that Society, 1902, pp. 586 and 607.

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

that impede the too rapid growth of towns, and by well performing that duty they will do a good service to the whole community. A better distribution of capital and labour over all parts of the country will be the effect of it ; for, whenever rents and wages in the towns become too high, many manufacturers will prefer rural to urban sites for the extension of their industries. Some, even, may be led to remove existing undertakings to the country.

Any attempt artificially to reduce urban house-rents must be regarded in the same light as that in which we now regard the measures taken in former times for reducing the price of bread when the wheat crop had failed. The high price of bread was not the real evil ; the real evil was the scarcity, of which the high price was the effect, and at the same time—by limiting the demand—the corrective. When house-rents are strongly rising, this clearly shows that too many people are settling on an area relatively too small ; by artificially reducing the rents—supposing this to be possible—the evil would not be cured, but rather intensified. There is, however, this further analogy between the two cases that, as dear bread may lead to the consumption of bread of a very inferior quality, so high rents may have a similar effect with regard to housing. That is the danger to which I was pointing, and which calls for energetic action on the part of the local authorities. The rise of house-rents certainly operates in the right direction ; its powerful agency as a deterrent to immigration from the country should not be underestimated. But we cannot wholly rely on it, because there is a door by which the people may escape from the necessities it imposes. And that door must be closed. “To hinder people from going where their presence helps to lower the average standard of human life, is no more contrary to economic principle, than the rule that, when a steamer is full, admission should be refused to any more, even though they themselves are willing to take the risk of being drowned.”¹

¹ Professor A. Marshall, in *The Contemporary Review* for February, 1884.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

II.

It follows from what has been said, that the duties of the local authorities in respect of the subject we are dealing with are twofold. They must, in the first place, take proper care that the bad housing conditions now existent do not arise in any quarter of the town that has yet to be built. They must also put a stop to overcrowding, by subjecting every family settling in a house to certain rules as regards the number of occupants, and by limiting the increase of that number, births excepted. Their second duty is to remedy, as far as this can be done, the disastrous effects of faults previously committed. In a later part of this article attention will be drawn to the expediency of carefully discriminating between these two kinds of duties. I shall endeavour to show that much misunderstanding has arisen from not making this distinction, as some of the principles involved in dealing with the first class of duties do not, or only partially, apply to the second.

Confining ourselves for the present to the first, we cannot leave unnoticed a question which gave rise to some difference of opinion in Holland, when the Bill that became the Dutch Housing Act of 1901 was under discussion. That Act—of which some time ago I gave a brief account in *The Economic Journal*¹—makes it obligatory for every Municipal Council (*Conseil Communal*) to adopt by-laws establishing rules, not only for the building or rebuilding of dwelling houses, but also in regard to existing dwellings, and to secure their proper habitation. The law does not go into details about the tenour of these by-laws, it simply mentions the subject they have to deal with. But it provides that if the rules are deemed insufficient by a higher (provincial) authority, that authority must step in and do the work which the Council failed to do, or did improperly. It follows, that the framing of the by-laws is not left to the discretion of the local authorities; their decisions will be overruled when deemed to fall short of

¹ Vol. XI., pp. 511—519.

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

what is necessary to make the law effective. However, a right of appeal to the Crown is granted them.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these provisions have met with strong opposition. But the Parliamentary majority agreed with the Government in holding that they could not be dispensed with, and, after a hot discussion, they were adopted. It seems to me that the majority were right. A Housing Act granting only powers, and laying on the local authorities no obligations binding them to a large extent, can only partially fulfil its object. Such obligations may be unnecessary in some, perhaps even in the majority of cases; yet, from a spirit of conservatism or from an exaggerated fear of injuring private interests, it may be otherwise; and then there ought to be some provision enabling the Government to prevent the law from becoming a dead letter.

A second point would have to be dwelt upon, if it had not been provided for in British legislation. I am adverting to compulsory sales of building sites. It may, however, be useful to state the principal reasons why compulsory sales may sometimes be required.

It might be contended that there is no necessity for regulating this point, since building sites will be freely offered in the market whenever they are demanded, landed proprietors being only too happy to secure the large profits resulting from the fact that a part of their property is wanted for building purposes. We might be asked whether there ever was an instance of a large city being stunted in its growth except by causes connected with its geographical situation, and whether, in this case at least, the law of supply and demand may not be fully relied upon. By speculation indeed, the moment at which the sites are offered for sale or lease may be retarded; but this cannot be for a long period, because valuable building ground represents a large sum of money, the interest of which proprietors will not be likely to forego for an indefinite time.

All this may be granted, generally speaking; still the following cases must be considered.

First, some villages, or small towns, are surrounded by land belonging to one single person. If this person happens

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

to be a very wealthy man, it may occur that no sites are obtainable. It would be all very well to say that such a person does not understand his interest, that he is no true type of the *homo æconomicus*; but that would not improve the situation.

Secondly, it is quite possible that building sites, indeed, are available, but not those which are the best situated for a regular extension of the city, these sites being withheld from the market because their owners expect to obtain better prices after a certain period. Then the available land will be taken and used for building; but the consequences may be harmful, and make themselves felt for years and years.

Thirdly, certain sites may be so surrounded by others that they have no value unless the latter be sold first. But the owners of the surrounding sites, knowing this, may try to derive profit from that circumstance, and so, for a long time at least, make building sites very scarce. I am alluding to the cases which German legislation has lately been providing for by means of what they call *Umlegungsgesetze*.

Therefore it is necessary that powers be given, with respect to the purchase and taking of land otherwise than by agreement, as the legal term runs; and, for this purpose, a simple machinery, entailing very little expense and loss of money is required. When sites are wanting, no prescriptions, however stringent, will prevent the natural growth of a town or village from leading to overcrowding. Besides it would be impossible, in that event, effectually to relieve congested districts; and the law must contain provisions for that occurrence also. The machinery now alluded to may be made applicable likewise to the clearance of areas, and the removal of obstructive buildings, if either the one or the other be required in connection with some improvement scheme.

All this, however, is now so fully recognised (though not in all countries adequately carried out) that it would be needless to dwell on it. But there is a subject which may be called the counterpart of the one just dealt with, and which must now arrest our attention a few moments. Undoubtedly it is desirable that building sites should not

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

fail when wanted ; still it would be a great misfortune if all the adjoining lands of a growing locality were used for building purposes. Landowners cannot in all cases be left free to withhold this property from sale ; but neither can they be left unconditionally free to dispose of it in a manner prejudicial to the interests of the community. In future times, certain grounds will be needed for roads and open spaces ; and it ought to be possible to provide for such needs without incurring enormous expense.

This can be done by making it obligatory for the local authorities, in every country where no obligations of this kind as yet exist, to adopt a plan of regular extensions, indicating the spots that will probably be needed in the course of the next years for roads and open spaces. This plan should be periodically revised, and the law should prohibit building of any sort on the spots indicated. Of course it would be necessary to take measures, safeguarding private interests from purely arbitrary decisions ; the plan should be made public some time before its adoption, and a right of appeal, involving little cost, must be granted to the parties concerned. But, supposing these conditions to be complied with, a legal measure, as here proposed, can only be advantageous to the community, without encroaching upon any legitimate right of property. It is true that the owners of the spots, on the plan marked, will be debarred from making extraordinary profits by the sale of these parts of their property ; but nobody has a natural right to making extraordinary profits, and the land will retain its full value for agricultural or horticultural purposes. There will be, in those cases, no " unearned increment," that is all. When the moment comes that the spots indicated are needed for any of the objects mentioned, they will still be worth so many years' purchase of their annual rental. They will not have been depreciated, but only prevented from obtaining a superior value as building land.

The Dutch Housing Act of 1901 contains provisions of this nature. The obligation of making a plan of extension is limited to localities numbering more than 10,000 residents, or whose population during the last five years has increased by more than 20 per cent. But other places are

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

empowered to adopt a plan ; and, whenever they do so, it will have the same legal effects.

III.

We now have to consider the second class of duties incumbent on local authorities in regard to the housing question. They consist in remedying, as much as can be, the evil consequences of faults previously committed. It will be unnecessary to specify the consequences of these faults. We may see them by visiting the quarters where the poor live in any old city of Europe, and in many villages besides. The houses generally are too small, and they want air and space ; the streets separating them (if streets they can be called !) are far too narrow ; and a thorough improvement of this state of things will never be possible but by closing and demolishing many buildings ; in several cases, even the clearing of whole areas will be necessary. But all this involves a large expenditure of money, as is known but too well to British ratepayers in several towns.

In England and Scotland these expenses, till now, have been wholly left to the charge of the localities themselves. I am not aware that the question has been mooted whether they should be partly borne by the State. There may exist political or other reasons why, in Great Britain, this question should not be raised, but I am bound to say that, speaking in the abstract, and not in reference to any particular country, I should rather be inclined to favour some plan in virtue of which the Treasury would take a share of the burden. It is quite true that the faults committed have been committed by the local authorities ; still, no one could deny that the Government, likewise, has been in default. By means of a stringent legislation much might have been done in the way of preventing such evils as now have arisen. The local authorities were blind to the danger of not controlling the housing conditions of the people ; but so was the Government, so was everybody at that time. Therefore, I cannot see much justice in the Government leaving the local authorities to

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

get out of their difficulties as best they can, or assisting them only by granting them powers, of which they cannot avail themselves unless at great cost to the locality.

Nor does it seem to me that this latter system is one that will naturally lead to an improvement of the housing conditions on such a scale as might be desirable. It may do so in Great Britain, perhaps ; but I could point to other countries where, without an effective State-aid, very little will be done in many towns and villages. The question of local finance, also, should be considered in this connection. In some places, the local authorities would be quite willing to contribute largely to the improvement of the housing conditions, if they only saw their way to making the two ends of the local budget meet without laying too heavy charges on the ratepayers. Lastly, we ought to remember that, in countries where the local burdens are principally borne by the householders, any material enhancement of the rates will increase the difficulties to be coped with. For, the higher the rates are, the higher also will be the rents (rates included) that will have to be paid for new dwellings erected to replace closed ones ; or, to put it differently, and supposing the rates to be paid directly by the occupier, the higher the rates are, the less rent it will be possible to exact from people who cannot pay more than a small weekly sum for rent and rates together.

A good deal more might be said on this topic. To a foreigner there is much obscurity about the British system of local finance. The system itself indeed is clear as daylight, for nothing, on the whole, could be simpler ; but the reasons why it is maintained without any modifications, after all that has been said and written about equality in matters of taxation, are less obvious to us. We find it rather hard to perceive the principle underlying the system. We do not fully understand what is aimed at by taxing all rents, no matter what sorts of rent they are (rents of houses, of lands, of industrial buildings alike), seeing that the incidence of such taxation will differ greatly, according to the nature of the property taxed and other circumstances. Nor is it quite clear to us why the rates should not be progressive, as far as dwelling-houses are concerned. We are rather

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

inclined to think, that for a poor man living in a small dwelling, a rate of so much in the pound is a heavier burden than the same rate must be for a wealthy man who annually lays by a large portion of his income. We ask ourselves whether greater justice would not be observed by deducting from every rental a certain amount (determined locally) and by rating only the remainder : also, by granting some abatement, as regards rents below a certain figure, in proportion to the number of children. We fancy that something might be contributed to the solution of the Housing Question, by taking steps in that direction.

But I know too well how closely financial matters in every country are bound up with other matters, and how many obstacles of various kinds stand in the way of reforming a system of local taxation that has been in existence for hundreds of years, to give any decided opinion on these intricate subjects.

Turning again to the point from which I started when entering upon this digression, I may observe that, if State aid should be deemed advisable, it might be given by granting loans to the local bodies, redeemable by terminable annuities spread over a not too small number of years, and based on a very low rate of interest. That is the system adopted by the Dutch Housing Act of 1901—though in a somewhat different shape—and its application may be expected to alleviate the financial burdens which, by the working of that Act, will be laid on local finance.

The bad housing conditions of the people—a legacy of the past, occasioned by former neglect—are a national evil ; it does not seem contrary to sound financial principles that something exceptional should be done in order to get clear of them. This consideration also justifies a longer term being allowed for the redemption of the loans made for that purpose than would, under ordinary circumstances, be expedient. As a rule, it is not just to saddle coming generations with a part of the ordinary expenditure incurred before they were born. But, if the bad housing conditions now existing were not adequately dealt with in our time, the coming generations would be asked to do the work we now are doing. It would be impossible for them to

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

escape from this necessity ; and therefore they might be required to take their share of the burden.

IV.

The amount of money wanted will depend very much on the line of conduct adopted by public bodies. They will want money in any case for the removal of obstructive buildings, for the demolition of closed dwellings, and for the clearance of areas, if that is the only way of getting rid of slums. But much more will be wanted if they betake themselves to building ; above all, if the areas cleared be used for that purpose, instead of being sold to the highest bidders. It is maintained, however, by many persons who have given their thoughts to the subject, that all this additional expense is unnecessary. Should this opinion be true, then, certainly, the solution of the Housing Question would still, in many cases, involve a large outlay of money ; yet the financial question would be much simplified.

Now, in a very broad sense this proposition may be accepted ; yet it would be a serious mistake to accept it without some important qualifications. There are cases in which, by the operation of purely commercial agencies, the gaps caused by the forced disappearance of dwelling houses will not be properly filled. Circumstances vary a good deal from one place to another, and they may be such that some action on non-commercial principles will be an unavoidable necessity. Judging by the facts which recently came to public knowledge—the information on this subject is vastly increasing—I even think those cases more numerous than most of us formerly imagined them to be. Absolute certainty on this point cannot be gained ; but it will be wise, in every particular case, not to place full reliance on the operation of the law of supply and demand, before having ascertained that it is quite safe to do so.

Two points especially will have to be carefully examined. First, whether a large number of the occupants of the condemned dwellings do, or do not, require to be rehoused in the immediate neighbourhood of their present abodes. Let

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

us suppose they do. Let us imagine a very densely populated large city, and in its centre a great many ill-housed people finding their livelihood in the quarters they now occupy. Now, if these people are unhoused, how can they be expected to be provided with dwellings on commercial lines? If the vacant sites are sold to the highest bidder, they will be occupied by shops, offices, warehouses; no private builder of workmen's dwellings will dream of building there. Accordingly, the special wants of these people will not be supplied unless some non-commercial agency steps in. Nor can I see on what grounds it could be disapproved of, if, in these cases, such agencies were applied to. We do not trust to the law of supply and demand for supplying us with free libraries, public gardens, and hospitals for the poor. Why should a different course be adopted in the case now before us?

It is said: "that the need of a workman to live near his work is less and less pressing."¹ This may be granted, and also that, by providing cheap means of locomotion to the outskirts of the town, the existing pressure may be greatly diminished. But can it be made entirely to disappear in this manner? That is the question, and it is a question of fact. Of course, it will be necessary, in every particular case, to inquire with the utmost care how far the actual pressure goes; whether in a large degree it is not more apparent than real, and by what means it can be counteracted to the largest extent. Most probably it will then be found, that a large portion of the unhoused can well afford to live at a distance; and I entirely concur in the views of those who think that public bodies should not be too hasty in interfering, because the needs which their action would tend to supply are often not so extensive as they seemed to be at the first glance. As long, however, as in any particular case it has remained unproved that these needs do not exist at all, or that they exist only in such a small degree that the unhoused people who cannot afford to remove to a distant quarter will easily be accommodated in their own, we are not allowed to let such people be uncared for.

In the article just quoted, Canon Barnett also says:

¹ Canon Barnett, in *The Nineteenth Century* for May 1901, p. 127.

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

“The best thing which public or common action can do for a slum is to break it up—to treat the inhabitants as the police treat loafers, make them move on; to do as housewives do in a dusty room, remove the dust to another place.” This plan—which, by the way, looks less like that which the housewives do than like what gentlemen are often taxed with doing: brushing aside the dust without caring much where it goes—may be the right one in a great many cases; but we ought to know exactly where it leads to in every particular case we are considering, before adopting it.

There is another difficulty to be thought of in this connection, which may manifest itself even where the one to which attention has been called is not felt. It is an excellent idea to disperse the population of congested districts, whenever this can be done, by creating cheap means of locomotion, and thus encouraging building on vacant land outside the city. But are we sure that the people now living in houses which we should like them to abandon will find proper dwellings offered them in such places, at rents they can afford to pay? I know that the rent which a man can afford to pay is an elastic sum, and that, by economising on drink and other unnecessary or even harmful expenses, it can often be raised. I admit also that it is right to educate the poor to a true perception of the advantages which a good dwelling would offer them. But this plan of education will take some time, and also some action on the part of those who take an interest in the improvement of the housing conditions. If everything is left to the law of supply and demand, little will be achieved in that direction; for, whenever the dwellings supplied are thought too dear, there will be no demand for them at all. The proper thing to be done in such cases will be to build good houses and to let them at low rents at first, raising the rents gradually, so that at last the houses are self-supporting. This, however, can only be done by public bodies, or by agencies not acting wholly on commercial principles.

It will be objected, that I am overstating the difficulties of the case. When by the closing of houses the whole volume of the supply is made to fall short of the demand,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the broken equilibrium will be restored somehow. Probably a certain number of the better class of working-men's families will move to the dearer dwellings which necessarily will be built, and thus leave room for the poorest. But this supposes that among the working people there is a certain gradation, and that the better grades are represented in sufficient numbers. This is not always so. I could point to places where there is hardly any gradation at all ; and if, in given places, old dwellings were closed whilst new ones could not be supplied except at much higher rents, the effects would be simply disastrous. Overcrowding would follow ; and the authorities would have no choice but to close their eyes to it.

Now I wish not to be misunderstood. I took some care in pointing out the particular conditions under which the law of supply and demand may not be relied upon ; and I am quite ready to admit that these conditions will not always obtain. It may even be supposed that they will not obtain in many cases in which superficial observers would suppose them to exist. All I contend for is, that every case must be considered on its own merits, and dealt with accordingly. This is what plain common sense would teach us ; but theoretical inquiry points to no different conclusion.

In order to show that no such thing as municipal building is required, attention has often been called to the fact that, in the new houses built by public bodies, hardly any of the unhoused people have been found. From this it is concluded, that the building has been proved unnecessary. The argument is not a strong one. Other people from the same quarter of the town may have occupied the new dwellings, leaving their own to be occupied by the unhoused. In that event the municipal action will still have benefited, though indirectly, the class of people for whom it was intended.

V.

Thus much about the question of necessity. But it has also been maintained, that municipal building is not only useless, but harmful, because it tends to diminish the supply

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

of good dwellings, by discouraging independent effort. Private builders, it is said, will find themselves powerless to compete with public bodies who, when the business does not pay, can easily get out of all trouble by raising the rates. "The fear of competition with the rates at its back"—so I found it expressed in a Birmingham Report—"is a deterrent to private enterprise." That, if I am not mistaken, is thought to be the strongest of the grounds advanced in support of the opinion we shall now be considering. However great the number of houses built by a municipality may be, it will always be outstripped by the number wanted. The warmest advocate of municipal building would still admit the necessity of private building on a large scale. Then, what can be the good of the municipality entering into competition with private enterprise? This can only have the effect of reducing the whole volume of the supply, thus bringing about quite the reverse of what it was meant to produce.

Let us consider this argument. The first object in every practical description should be, to ascertain that no mistake has arisen about that which is contended for by both parties. I am not sure, however, that this rule has been properly kept in view in the present case. All municipal building does not necessarily bear the same character, is not kept within the same limits, or undertaken with a view to the former ends. A municipality may build houses to meet the demand arising from the increase of population, either by excess of births or by immigration. It may build with a view of providing the poor people with cheaper dwellings than private enterprise could supply. If that be intended, I agree in thinking that most probably it will lead to much disappointment; for, unless the number of houses built by the municipality fully equals the growing demand, private enterprise will still have to be applied to, and we may be sure that it will not engage in building operations unless such operations promise to leave a fair profit. Let us suppose that of a commodity a number is wanted which we shall call 1,000, and that the lowest price at which each of these 1,000 commodities can be supplied on commercial principles is a , but that a public body or a

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

benevolent society offer 600 of them at a price of a minus b . In that event, either one or the other result must follow ; the price must still rise to a , or a demand of 400 must remain unsatisfied. If the former happens to be the case, the purchasers of the 600 will be privileged, and, supposing not a benevolent society but a municipality to have supplied them with the article below its cost, they will have been privileged at the expense of their fellow-citizens. The damage occasioned will have been twofold. Not only will the non-privileged purchasers have to bear the loss incurred, but they will have suffered also by the fact that the supply of the article they needed was retarded. The private producers, during a certain period, will have been in a state of uncertainty about what the municipality was intending to do, and whether their own action would be required or not. It will have taken some time for them to make up their minds. Meanwhile, the non-privileged purchasers will have had to forego the use of the article. A certain amount of hardship will have been inflicted on them, to which no benefit on the other side has corresponded.

All that is being said about the harm that can result from municipal building applies to municipal building of this character ; and a good deal more might be added to it. But it would be hardly possible to find two things, bearing a superficial resemblance to one another, less akin in their real nature than municipal building of the sort just described, and the sort that aims at nothing else beyond filling the gaps created by the public bodies themselves, in the exercise of their duties regarding the housing conditions of the people. The condemning of old and the building of new dwellings should not be considered as two separate actions ; they are not so in reality, the one being the counterpart of the other. The question must be presented in this way ; will private enterprise be discouraged if local authorities close and demolish a certain number of houses, rebuilding only a part of them, and leaving the remainder to be provided for by commercial agencies ? I cannot see my way to an affirmative answer, nor do I think that the question is so presented to us as it ought to be

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

presented, unless placed in this light. From whatever point of view we regard it, municipal building must be an entirely different thing if limited in the manner explained, from what it is if providing for the growing needs of an increasing population is contemplated. The one bears a transient character; the period of transition, indeed, may be a long one, but a time will come—we hope so at least—when the last of the slums and courts will have disappeared. The other, on the contrary, bears a permanent character. It aims at making house-building a regular branch of public service, not created for a time, but lasting as long as the city continues to expand itself. It cannot be wise to pass judgment on municipal building without keeping in view this distinction, which seems to me very important.

It is important for more than one reason. In the first place because, as has been shown, the economic effects will be different in each of those cases. Municipal building of the kind lastly described is no more a deterrent to private enterprise, than organising a Government bakery for the use of soldiers forming part of a garrison can be to the baking trade. Indeed, a certain portion of the demand for housing accommodation will be satisfied by a public body; but it is a definite, a pre-determined portion, arising from extraordinary circumstances. And not even the whole demand so produced will be satisfied in this manner, but only that part of it which private enterprise, if the authorities had not interfered with the Housing Question at all, would never have dreamt of providing for. It would not pay private builders to demolish houses, and replace them by good dwellings for the wage-earning classes.

Likewise, the political effects must be different. Of course, it would be wrong for a municipality to decide every question coming to the front without regarding the general principles involved. But it is obvious that general principles are much more deeply involved in the decision upon measures bearing a character of permanency, than in the decision upon measures of a transient nature. In the latter case more freedom can, and even must, be allowed to public action. There ought, indeed, to be certain rules determining the policy of every government, either imperial

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

or local ; and these rules, though they must be modified when they can stand no longer, should be taken for guidance in every particular instance as long as they are not abandoned in general. But it would be as great a mistake to make these rules binding for all exceptional and transitory cases, as it would be to disclaim all consistency. The latter step would command no respect, and leave the government to be conducted according to the whims and fancies of the day ; but the former would be productive of no less evil, as it would stand in the way of solving difficulties which, by their peculiar nature, call for extraordinary steps.

In the first part of this article I pointed to the expediency of distinguishing between those measures, in connection with the Housing Question, that provide for the future, and those which are dealing with the consequences of former neglect. The subject now treated of was on my mind when I made this distinction. Indeed, the line of partition cannot be drawn with perfect accuracy, some parts of the field belonging to both provinces. Yet I think it will now be apparent that, by not discriminating between these two classes of duties, we are liable to fall into serious errors.

A few words must be added in conclusion about the question we left undecided, whether municipal building is the best method to be adopted in providing dwellings for the unhoused, when the necessity for doing so arises. Here let me quote again Canon Barnett's article in *The Nineteenth Century* for May, 1901 ; this time I am happy to find myself in full agreement with the author. He calls attention to the dangers arising from "the creation of a body of voters living in close contact and able to act together, who might control the election of the local candidate of the Council. They would be tempted to put their interests as tenants before the common interests of the neighbourhood. 'Lower rents' would not be an elevating cry, and, if it became common, would utterly demoralise local government." I cannot help believing that the danger to which attention is called in these lines is a real one. By creating direct relations of landlord and tenant between the

EXPERIENCE OF THE HOUSING QUESTION

municipality and a certain number of its residents, a state of things is brought about which, from a political point of view, is not desirable. It may be true that, as yet, no evil consequences have manifested themselves; but it ought to be remembered that municipal building has not, till very lately, assumed any large proportions. The system, as it seems to me, is not a sound one.

But the dangers proceeding from municipal action for the purpose alluded to may be averted, by placing between the municipality and the tenants a buffer in the shape of Benevolent Societies, and supplying these societies on easy terms, as to interest and repayment, with the greater part of the capital which otherwise would have been invested in buildings by the municipality itself. I wonder why this plan should not yet have been adopted, as it offers several advantages beside the one already mentioned. It would relieve public bodies from the exercise of duties foreign to their usual sphere of action, and in the accomplishment of which they are liable to encounter peculiar difficulties. Building Societies, especially such as have been in existence for a long period, will have gained much experience. Their directors or managers will know a good deal that public bodies have still to learn. It would be wise to profit by their experience and practical knowledge. By adopting this course, much unnecessary expense might be saved, the larger of the existent societies being generally provided with a staff of officials which would not require any great extension for the performance of the new duties imposed on them.

N. G. PIERSON.

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

SOMEBODY has advised, that it is well before reading a book to set down what one expects to get from it, and after reading it to note what one has got. In the merciful pause in political controversy, which takes place at the end of the old year and the beginning of the new, we may apply the latter part of this advice to the series of autumn speeches. We knew beforehand what the main subject of those speeches would be, and can now judge how far the tenour of them has corresponded with our expectations, how much new light they have thrown upon the subject, how far the autumn campaign has succeeded in discovering the mind of the Protectionists, and the mind of the country.

Not for a long time have people attended meetings on both sides in such numbers, or so eagerly ; and never have they given a better or more impartial hearing to both sides. The main subject of discussion has not been one which lends itself to effective treatment in a platform speech ; any speech, which was addressed to the merits, has necessarily contained some tracts of dull, dry, and complicated argument. But audiences, as appears from all the reports of public meetings, have never wearied in their attention ; they must have been puzzled occasionally, but they have never been bored ; a genuine desire to understand the subject and the mind of the speaker has secured for everyone, not excepting Mr. Chamberlain himself, an exceptionally attentive, full, and sympathetic hearing. The country is taking the question seriously, and is impressed by the importance of it ; there is no sign that it is losing its head, that it has prejudged the issue, or that it has been carried away by those appeals to

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

emotion and the combative instinct, which drug the reason, blur the vision, and excite people to rush all together violently down steep places. So much at any rate is to the good.

We read that Mr. Chamberlain has had a great reception ; and this is no more than we expected. When a man, who occupies the most prominent place in the public eye, and who has, moreover, reached what in anything else but politics would be the beginning of old age, resigns, not to retire, but to engage single-handed in an attempt to overthrow a system which has been established, advocated, or accepted by all the master minds in British politics for nearly a century, the country is startled and interested. The incident is so novel and picturesque, that people are bound to make the most of it. The average man admires, and rightly admires, courage ; he would like to have a little more zeal, a little more confidence, a quicker current in his mind than nature has given him ; and he listens gratefully to any one who possesses these.

But in this matter of our fiscal system, in which the future of Great Britain may be ruined by a wrong step, we must narrowly examine the truth before we give ourselves away to confidence and strong language ; and the truth is not to be discovered by abstract reasoning and by theorising. In the development of this controversy, the Protectionists have attempted to rule the Free Traders out of court, on the ground that they are theorists and doctrinaires. As a matter of fact, both sides have their theories ; the Protectionists have just as many as the Free Traders. But the test of theory is fact ; and my proposition is, that, of the two sets of theories, it has appeared in the controversy of the autumn that those of the Free Traders correspond best with facts, and that it is only by ignoring facts that the Protectionists have continued the argument.

Let us take the iron trade as an illustration. The Protectionists began with a general assertion that our iron trade was being ruined. Sir Michael Hicks Beach pointed out, in an article in the *Monthly Review* for September, the enormous increase during recent years in the annual value of property and profits assessed to the Income Tax under the heading of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

"ironworks." This has risen progressively from £1,800,000 in 1897 to £6,600,000 in 1902. A month later, Mr. Chamberlain announced that the iron trade was going, making no reference to the figures just quoted. We assumed that Sir Michael's article and the page in the "Enquiry" Blue Book, which gives the figures, had escaped his notice ; and every effort was made to bring them to his attention. The figures were quoted in speeches and letters innumerable. Still they were ignored ; and the statement that the iron trade was going was persisted in. Men began to ask whether this was fair or honest controversy, until, at the beginning of December, it appeared, from a published correspondence, that Mr. Chamberlain had never till then heard of the figures, and, being confronted with them, was "totally unable to understand" them. He did, it is true, hazard a guess to explain the figures away ; but that guess in turn is disposed of by another page of the same Blue Book, which shows that, in the decade from 1891 to 1901, there has been a larger increase in the number of persons employed in the iron and steel industry, than in either of the previous decades since 1871. When to this is added the fact, that the gross figures of British steel production have risen from 3,010,000 tons in 1895 to 4,904,000 tons in 1901, it is clear that the income tax assessment figures cannot be disposed of by the suggestion that, when the Board of Trade says "Ironworks," it really means "Coal Mines." Nothing could be more frank and above-board than this correspondence ; but what a revelation it is of the gulf between theory and fact ! This is the sort of disclosure, which staggers plain men, who are trying to get at the truth ; and we shall find that one Protectionist theory or statement after another, when brought to the test of fact, will not stand.

Let the late history of the tin plate trade be taken next. The statement is, that it has been ruined by Free Trade ; and the theory is, that it would have been saved by Protection. What is the truth ? The truth is, that the tin plate trade was very much injured by the McKinley Tariff, but has since recovered and attained to a larger produc-

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

tion than ever before. These are the facts, which have occurred under Free Trade ; and it is worth stopping to consider how the revival has been brought about. The United States shut our tin plates out of their market ; but to every other market in the world our tin plates could go on most-favoured-nation terms, and they did go to other markets in increasing quantities. The demand is a growing one in the world at large ; and each country had the choice of making tin plates at high cost for itself, or of buying cheaply from us. In view of the use of tin plates to their other industries, many, if not most countries, which need tin plates, are sure to prefer the latter alternative ; and our export trade has revived. Our system of free imports allowed us to buy steel, the raw material of the tin plate industry, more easily and cheaply than any other country : nowhere, in consequence, could tin plates be made so cheaply as here. This in turn helped the growth of industries at home, which use tin plates ; and, these industries being still further helped by the free import of sugar, the home demand for tin plates increased enormously. And this home demand, together with the reviving demand for export, has more than compensated the tin plate trade for the injury done to it by the McKinley Tariff.

This is what has actually happened under Free Trade ; how would the industry have fared under Protection ? In the first place, the tin plate trade would not have had the same advantage of cheap steel—for steel is to be one of the first articles to incur a duty under Protection. In the next place, it is doubtful whether, under Protection, the jam and other industries dependent on cheap sugar could have been allowed to develop as they have done, for they are always spoken of with dislike as parasitic or quasi-illegitimate trades ; and the tin plate trade would thus have suffered both in cost of production and in the home trade. What has the Protectionist to say to this ? I can discover no answer from his side, except that he would have prevented the McKinley Tariff—a wild hypothesis in view of the fact that no other nation, not France, nor Germany, nor Russia, however Retaliatory and Protectionist, was able in any

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

degree to affect the McKinley Tariff.¹ It is true that we are great customers of the United States, to the extent of £127,000,000 of imports in a year. But, of these imports, more than five-sixths consist of food or raw material such as cotton ; and for us, in face of this, to threaten a tariff war with the United States would be futile, to begin one would be disastrous. Protection would have been powerless to avert the injury from the tin plate trade ; it could, and apparently would, have prevented its recovery and revival. I have been told of this argument in particular, that it is nothing but a generality culled from a text-book ; this is another instance of the fixed idea in the Protectionist mind that all Free Traders are doctrinaires. Without being a great reader of text-books, I venture to doubt whether this argument is to be found in any text-book, though it is to be found in a statement of Sir John Jenkins, who is an expert authority on the trade in question, and who has studied it, not in text-books, but in practice.

When we turn to "dumping," we find that, there again, the Protectionist statements and theory do not correspond with the facts of real life or with the probabilities of the future, as far as we can infer these from the facts of to-day. The real "dumping," which does happen, is a temporary overspill from industries abroad, which have overstocked their own home market or outrun their home demand. Sometimes industries have been built up on borrowed money, and cannot afford to hold stocks ; when this is so, they collapse, their surplus stock is sold for what it will fetch, and our system of free imports, with the elasticity and variety of British trade which results from it, enables us to take the fullest advantage of the cheap bargain. Let it be admitted that such goods are occasionally sold to us below cost price ; but let it be remembered that this only happens occasionally, and in quantities which are small compared with the total volume of trade, and that the temporary dis-

¹ But though we suffer in common with Protectionist countries, we recover more quickly. Protectionist Germany and Free Trade Britain both suffered under the Dingley Tariff. Since the operation of that Tariff was felt, German exports to the United States have recovered 34 per cent., British exports have recovered 60 per cent.

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

turbance caused thereby in one British trade is more than compensated by the advantage to other trades, and by the permanent guarantee to all British trades that they shall at any given moment be able to purchase the steel or machinery or other material needed for their industries, at least as cheaply as any foreign competitor. What has the Protectionist to say to this? He says two things. One is again a wild and improbable hypothesis; the other is an assertion, which would be worth consideration, but for the fact that it has been proved to be untrue.

The hypothesis is, that if, instead of a small quantity of goods, say machinery, coming in temporarily below cost price, an enormous quantity were to come in permanently, the British machine-making trade would be ruined. In answer to this, a friend of mine points out that, even in the driest part of England, it sometimes rains one inch in one hour; it also in the same district sometimes rains for 36 hours continuously; but it never rains 36 inches, or anything approaching to it, in 36 hours. The thing doesn't happen; it hasn't happened; there is no probability that it will happen; and the inhabitants would be very foolish if they were to abandon their present ways of life and industry, and their homes, and go to the trouble and expense of building an ark to provide for a miraculous deluge. It is well to remember, that rules may have exceptions; but it is a fatal blunder to mistake the exception for the rule. So much for the hypothesis; now we come to the assertion.

The Protectionist assertion is, that in America, or I suppose in any Protectionist country, protected industries do not in bad times discharge workmen or reduce production, but that, on the contrary, they continue to work full time and sell in the British market at a loss to themselves, which loss they hope to recoup eventually by establishing a monopoly. How they are to find the money for this gigantic operation is not explained; but the assertion has been made by Mr. Chamberlain. Here is the passage from his Greenock speech:

"Now I call your attention to a matter of the greatest interest and importance, which has just come to my knowledge. In a letter recently published in the *Times*, a correspondent calls attention to an interview, which was held in Philadelphia and published in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, a

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

great newspaper of that city, between a director of the American Steel Trust and the reporter. The American Steel Trust is the greatest of all American Trusts. It produces at the present time 20 million tons of steel per annum, a very much greater quantity than is produced in this country. The director told the reporter that trade was falling off. There are many reasons for that—financial difficulties in America seem likely to hasten the result—orders are falling off, the demand for railways is less; and this director anticipated that, before long, the American demand would fall several millions short of the American supply. ‘What are you going to do?’ said the reporter. ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘we have made all our preparations; we are not going to reduce our output. We are not going to blow out a single furnace. No; if we did, that would be injurious to America. We should have to turn out of our works into the streets hundreds of thousands of American workmen; and therefore, what we are going to do is, to invade foreign markets.’”

And thus, Mr. Chamberlain went on to say, “hundreds of thousands of English workmen will be thrown out of employment in order to make room for hundreds of thousands of American workmen, who are kept in employment during bad times by this system.” This statement was made on October 7. In November, newspapers were full of accounts of furnaces blown out, works shut down, diminished production, reduced wages, and men discharged in the iron and steel industry—in America. On November 11 the *Iron Age*, the leading iron trade journal of the United States, told us that: “production of pig iron has declined 80,000 tons weekly, or at the rate of 4,000,000 tons yearly”; and on November 24, that the production of pig iron was then only 60 per cent. of the maximum, and was expected to be only 50 per cent. in the Pittsburg district, the very home of the Steel Trust. Further information, dated December 15, states that the reduction in the rate of output of pig iron since last summer has amounted to about one-third, or from the rate of 21,000,000 tons to 13,000,000 tons per annum.

No comment of mine could heighten the contrast between the Protectionist assertion and the facts; but what a light this episode throws upon the working of the Protectionist mind! Sir Michael Hicks Beach may write articles, prominent politicians may make speeches, men of great business experience, like Sir James Kitson or Mr. Hugh Bell, may speak and write, the Board of Trade may publish Blue Books, all giving important facts and

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

figures about the iron trade ; Protectionists will neither read nor hear what they say, or, when at last their statements are forced upon their notice, will reject them with impatience. But let somebody write to the *Times*, quoting, not facts, but a piece of obvious bounce from an apparently anonymous interview in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and this is at once fastened upon and quoted by our Protectionists, and made the foundation on which they build their argument. This is not the temper, or the mind, which can possibly arrive at truth.

The same thing has happened with other trades—jewellery, pearl buttons, chemical trades, cycles. Any statement that any trade is doing badly, and that the cause is foreign “dumping,” gains credence in a moment on the Protectionist side, and is quoted without enquiry into the truth, either of the fact or the cause. Enquiry has, however, discovered that some of the trades, which have figured in Protectionist speeches as ruined, have not been ruined at all, while others have been depressed from loss of natural advantages, or lack of invention, or because the energy and enterprise of the locality have found other and more profitable outlets ; while, in some cases, works in one district have been depressed by the successful competition of other and more enterprising works, which have prospered and are prospering in some other district of Great Britain itself.

The more reasonable Protectionists admit that, during the last few years, British trade, as a whole, has reached a high-water mark of production, and, judged by every test of income, rates of wages, and earnings, has shown remarkable prosperity ; but they say that trade is now slackening, and that a severe depression may be coming. No exception can be taken to this statement, provided that Protectionists are fair enough to point out that the depression has already begun, and advanced further, in the pattern Protectionist countries of the United States and Germany. We may no doubt feel the pinch of bad trade, as we have done before ; but we are feeling it more slowly than our greatest Protectionist rivals. If any one doubts this, let him compare the reports in our *Labour Gazette* with those in the *Iron Age* respecting the American iron and steel industry in

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

November, and with the Speech from the Throne in the German Reichstag, and the comments thereon. If Protectionists are really searching for the truth, it is astonishing that they ignore these things, which, again it must be noted, are not theories or generalities culled from text-books, but facts.

Is it too presumptuous on the part of Free Traders to infer that, as we have been slow to feel this coming depression of trade—slower at any rate than our neighbours—so we shall, on the whole, get through it more easily, and be quicker to take advantage of a general revival of trade, when next it comes?

In the Colonial part of the case, there is as great a discrepancy, between the Protectionist theory and the facts, as there is in other matters. It has been represented to the country, that there is a definite Colonial offer for us to accept or reject, and that for us to reject it would be an offence, which would break up the Empire. No one seems more in the dark as to what this Colonial offer is than some of the Colonies themselves: in Australia they appear to be unconscious of having made an offer themselves, but to be responding to one, which they think that Mr. Chamberlain has made. Canada, when she first increased her duties against foreigners and gave us a preference, explicitly stated that she asked for nothing in return, and was understood to be herself making a return for our open market, and for our liberality in bearing so large a share of Imperial defence. But Canada has been more explicit lately; she has told the British Government that she cannot do more in the way of reducing duties on British imports into Canada. Here is the statement of Mr. Fielding on this point, taken from a report in the *Times*.—

“We told them (the British Ministers) that if the Imperial Government were prepared to adopt the Preferential policy, and give our products exemption from the duties now imposed or hereafter to be imposed on foreign goods, we would be prepared to grant some further Preference, subject to certain conditions, which were clearly laid down. We frankly stated that we could not undertake to give that further Preference in a manner, which would operate to the disadvantage of our own industries. As between the British manufacturer and the Canadian manufacturer, we thought we had gone as far in the way of reduction as we could. But we pointed

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

out that Canada consumed a large quantity of goods imported from foreign countries. And, in return for the Preference which we sought for Canada, we were prepared to so rearrange our tariff as to give Great Britain a further Preference, not over the Canadian manufacturer, but over the foreign competitor."

In Australia, Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier, has also been very frank. He says: "The late Secretary of State for the Colonies (Mr. Chamberlain) and the Prime Ministers of all the oversea possessions met in London last year and by resolution recognised that Free Trade within the Empire was impracticable, and that each of the dominions must look to their own self-development"; and he further explains that Preference may mean, not lowering, but raising duties in Australia, for he says: "Before giving Preference to the mother-country the South African Federation raised their duties 25 per cent. If Australia could take the same step it would not be condemned." The first of these extracts has been frequently quoted, but it too has shared the fate of the iron trade figures; it has been ignored by the Protectionist side. And yet it seems to me so vital to the whole question of Colonial Preference, that we cannot move a step in the discussion of Preference till this point has been dealt with. Mr. Chamberlain says, that his ideal is Free Trade within the Empire. Mr. Fielding and Mr. Deakin support his policy. But their ideal is not Free Trade within the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain must either give up his ideal or part company with his Colonial supporters. The Colonial intention is not Free Trade with us, but more Protection against the foreigner. We are to bear taxes on our food to benefit the Colonies; they are to remain free to put Protective duties on British manufactures. And this bargain is the clamp, which is to hold together the tottering edifice of the Empire!

It is noteworthy that Mr. Chamberlain did, at the beginning of his autumn campaign, foreshadow an attempt, if not to establish Free Trade within the Empire, at any rate to arrest Protection in the Colonies. He did this in the Glasgow speech, and was understood to convey an expectation that Colonies, which had not already begun to protect any industries against British competition, would engage

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

never to do so, while other Colonies would arrest their process of Protection, and would engage, as far as British competition was concerned, not to raise existing duties, and not to establish new ones. Unfortunately, this was not the intention of the Colonies ; protests came from them immediately, and it became evident that Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonies did not mean the same thing. Mr. Chamberlain explained the Glasgow passage away at Tynemouth, and modified it in the version of his speeches published soon afterwards. All this is of bad omen for Free Trade within the Empire. Surely the minimum of foresight and statesmanship required him to make sure that the Colonial ideal and his own were the same, before launching a policy of Preferential Tariffs ; if a doubt as to the views of the Colonies existed, common business prudence should have made him pause, till this point was cleared up. What are we to say of the attempt to force a Preferential policy upon Great Britain, not merely without clearing up a doubt, but in face of the downright warning from Canada quoted above ? Well might the Duke of Devonshire say, that the Protectionists are running against the signals ; and the danger is, not that they disregard the signals, but that they are incapable of seeing them. A rash engine driver is bad enough ; but the Protectionists are colour-blind, which is worse.

When Mr. Chamberlain's policy was first announced, some of us asked ourselves : Is this the beginning of Free Trade within the Empire, or is it the beginning of Protection at home ? Can any one, who has followed the autumn campaign with an open eye, doubt any longer what the answer is ? We were asked to begin with Preferential Tariffs and a prospect of a Zollverein, which is Free Trade within the Empire ; then the prospect of a Zollverein faded and disappeared ; and the autumn ended with a commission of Protectionists, charged to draw up a Protectionist Tariff for Great Britain.

Men, who reflect upon this, may well ask themselves : What would follow Protection in England ? We are not as other countries ; they provide no analogy for us. Their industries have been built upon Protection and are adapted

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

to it ; ours are built upon the foundation of free imports. France, Germany and Protective countries generally have, by restricting imports, kept their population and industries much more nearly within the limits of the natural resources of their respective countries than we have done ; the United States have not nearly reached those limits ; we, owing to the elasticity, the variety, the quickness, the adaptability, and the enterprise developed in our trade by the opportunities given it by free imports, have passed far beyond those limits. The shipbuilding trade alone is a notable instance. As Free Importers, we have been a remarkable exception in fiscal policy to our Protectionist neighbours ; we are an exception not less remarkable in the wealth, the rate of wages, the earnings, the income, and the numbers of population to which we have attained, compared with the size and natural resources of Great Britain. It is not possible now for us to abandon our free and open fiscal system, and to imprison ourselves in a system of restricted imports, without a severe contraction of our trade and population. What must be the nature of that process ? Large profits, possibly, at first, for a few syndicates, who, with special talents for log rolling, use the opportunities of Protection to work the political machine for their own benefit ; but, outside these, falling wages, discharged workmen, increased cost of living, a community getting poorer, discontent, pain, misery, and despair. There will be no going back ; vested interests will spring up under Protection ; every struggle will only pull the noose round our necks tighter ; the change back to Free Trade, even if possible, could not be made without disturbance, and the relief given by it could only be gradual and slow. Men in despair do not see clearly enough to take long views, and do not care for gradual measures ; they seek for redress in revolution. To that this headstrong Protection may bring us ; if so, in that revolution many things will disappear, the British Empire among them, and Great Britain will be left, eventually, a sort of island Switzerland, a Socialist republic taking no share in large affairs, desiring at best to be left in peace by the rest of the world to enjoy her own uneventful and inglorious domestic life.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

This is not the future to which Free Traders look. Change, indeed, we do hope for, and much of it in what is vaguely called a Socialist direction ; in the direction, in fact, in which we have been progressing lately—that of a general rise in the standard of living and comfort, of a better distribution of wealth in the form of increased wages and shorter hours, of more widespread opportunities for all to start in life equipped with health, and knowledge, and earning power. To many of us the increasing wealth of the country, combined with the increasing power and organisation of the wage-earning classes, if that power be steadily developed and wisely used, is a guarantee that this sort of change will continue to progress : politics have hitherto been one means of helping and quickening it. But this is a gradual and progressive change, the outcome of strength and hope guided by experience. Strength and hope are the essential conditions of it ; and very different it is from the violent change which would follow Protection, and which would be the outcome of weakness and despair.

Such may well be the ultimate results of the plunge into Protection, if we are blind enough to take it ; but the injury done to our politics by the Protectionist departure is imminent, and even present already. Letters are pouring in to the new tariff “Commission,” and will continue to pour in. Of course this is so ; never, perhaps, since a certain steward invited sundry debtors to write down, not how much they owed, but how much they would like to pay to his lord, has such alacrity been shown in responding to an invitation. Every one whose ironworks are situated where they no longer have easy access to supplies of ore ; every one whose trade is falling off from lack of skill, enterprise, modern methods or natural advantages ; every one, in other words, who has put his money upon a bad horse in the industrial race, will apply to the “Commission,” and get a ready and sympathetic hearing. While all those, whose industries are prospering, who dread interference, who ask only to be let alone—those who are the real supports and pillars of British prosperity—will find their protests disregarded.

The whole motive of political action will be changed ;

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

the tone of political controversy is already being lowered. The most frequent appeal on the Protectionist side is not to Imperial aspirations, nor to any other high motive, but to dislike of the foreigner. The ignoble motive is ousting the better ; as bad money drives out good, if both are used together. To say that there is an influence in human affairs, which makes the rightness of men's judgment always correspond with the moral worth of the motive by which they are impelled, would be too sweeping a statement ; for there are many instances of noble enthusiasms, which have overstepped the limits of political action, and have failed as far as politics are concerned. But it does seem true, that low motives lead nations into error and disaster ; and of all motives, which may affect masses of men, the most false, the most certain to betray and damage those who entertain it, is hatred. Patriotism, when it means love of kinsmen and country, is a safe and noble guide ; when it degenerates into hatred of others, it is the worst of traitors. It is this motive of hatred that all these appeals not to take something or other lying down are cultivating. The glib assurance, that in trade we can injure foreign nations by retaliation—what is it but an incitement to strike at others, without counting the cost to ourselves ? Resistance to attack, negotiation and bargain, competition and emulation, quickness to take and energy in pursuing an advantage—all these are necessary or good in national affairs. But, to be so eager to injure an adversary as never to consider the greater injury we may inflict upon ourselves, is neither good politics, nor business, nor patriotism.

EDWARD GREY

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY : A REPLY TO DR. SANDAY ¹

DR. SANDAY is the most courteous and amiable of controversialists. He is always ready, whether the difference between him and the criticised be great or small, to make admissions, to acknowledge points of agreement, above all, to impute no sinister motives, and to think the best of his opponent's heart, even when he cannot think well of his head. Such a method of criticism is by no means without its tactical advantages. Just as it is possible to damn with faint praise, so it is possible to give the impression that differences are greater than they are, just because the writer seems to be anxious to find points of agreement, and to suggest that the criticised must have a bad case, just because the opponent seems so fair and so reasonable. On the present occasion, Dr. Sanday has brought this method of controversy to such perfection, that I find it somewhat difficult to grasp exactly what is the position which I have to combat. I have spoken of Dr. Sanday as an opponent, for he seems anxious to be regarded as such. But, if I looked to the conclusions of his article and not to its arguments, I should hardly have regarded him in that light.

I.

I shall not attempt, in the limited space at my command, to indicate the extent of my difference from Dr. Sanday as to the use and value of the Creeds. In the sermons of

¹ *The Obligation of the Creeds*, Independent Review, Vol. I. No. 1.

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

my friend Canon Henson, and the article of my own which my critic does me the honour to quote, we were discussing, not the theological value or authority of the Creeds, but the extent to which clergymen are at liberty to subscribe to them, in spite of disbelief in the obvious and historical interpretation of some particular clause or clauses of them.

Our question is an ethical, and not a theological one. And, when we come to the purely ethical question, I believe that the difference between us is reduced to a difference of shades. Not only Dr. Sanday, but his more uncompromisingly orthodox colleague, the late Dr. Moberly (whose Christian courtesy and personal kindness to theological opponents I have reason to remember with grateful admiration), is prepared to admit great latitude in the interpretation of the Creeds. As to Bible and Articles, by which the clergy are exactly as much bound as by the Creeds, this is to both writers so much a matter of course, that they say nothing about them. Dr. Moberly does, indeed,¹ insist that all such interpretation must be "natural." I confess I cannot grasp exactly upon what principle Dr. Moberly draws the line between a "natural" and a "non-natural" interpretation. He admits that we may now legitimately understand by the words something that the "mind of the Church" at one time did not understand by it—perhaps meant positively to exclude. He admits that this principle may be applied to "the descent into hell, the resurrection of the body," or even "the forgiveness of sins." We are not told precisely what new interpretations this admission will cover. But on one point Dr. Moberly is explicit. Whereas by the "resurrection of the body" the early Church meant undoubtedly a body of material constitution, Dr. Moberly tells us that we may understand by it "the personal and individual spirit"—just, in fact, what the philosopher of antiquity would have called "a soul." So (if I may presume to carry the interpretation of Dr. Moberly's interpretations a little further than he carries it himself), whereas the early Church thought of Christ as literally descending to a local Hades, and addressing spoken

¹ In a paper quoted by Dr. Sanday in his article.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

words to the Old Testament patriarchs, Dr. Moberly was apparently prepared to understand by it that Christ really died, and that his soul entered upon the state into which all human souls enter after death.

I submit, that the kind of interpretation which sober Broad-churchmen claim is quite as natural as that which the two Professors are prepared to allow. If (as Dr. Moberly suggests, and Dr. Sanday explicitly contends) a candidate for Orders may justifiably express his belief in the resurrection of the flesh, when he means the immortality of the soul, an analogous liberty may surely be claimed for those who, while they believe in an actual vision of the risen Christ to the Apostles, are not disposed to define its nature, and are not prepared to accept an actual resurrection of the very body which was put in the tomb. So much liberty Dr. Sanday would, I feel sure, be prepared to allow. It is only when we come to the question of the clause relating to Virgin Birth, that he begins to hesitate. And it is just that clause which constitutes the chief difficulty with able and educated men who might otherwise be inclined to seek Holy Orders in the Church of England. And the difficulty is surely not an unreasonable one, whatever solution of it be adopted.

I do not intend to argue the question whether the historical evidence in favour of the Virgin Birth be sufficient or not. But I must respectfully express my amazement at the kind of evidence which appears to satisfy Dr. Sanday :—

“Supposing that we could not feel sufficient trust in the Gospels of St. Luke and St. Matthew, what should we still have to say to Ignatius, and Aristides, and Justin, and the clause in the Apostles’ Creed?”

That Dr. Sanday should regard the authority of “Ignatius, and Aristides and Justin” as adding anything appreciable to the evidence, does fairly stagger one who cannot claim Dr. Sanday’s intimate acquaintance with Christian antiquity, and is familiar only with the canons of evidence usually accepted by ordinary historians, and by ordinary men of the world. Let us suppose the event in question not to be miraculous at all. What credence should we give to some story about the birth or infancy of Napoleon

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

Bonaparte which could not be traced back further than to a Bonapartist memoir-writer, who wrote about the year 1872,¹ and did not mention his authority? Even if he declared that the story had long circulated, and was generally accepted in Bonapartist circles, would the case be much improved? The fact might indeed be true, but should we have sufficient grounds for asserting it to be true? And Justin, if he is a witness to the existence of belief in the Virgin Birth, is a witness also to the fact that there were in his day some Christians who rejected it.² As to the Apostles' Creed, I have no inclination to enter into a controversy with Dr. Sanday on a question on which he is a specialist; but I should be very much surprised to hear that this particular clause can, with any confidence, be traced back even to the time of Justin.

I cannot better state the difficulty than by quoting the cautious and well-weighed words of the Dean of Westminster, in the wise and thoughtful Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury which he has prefixed to *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation* (Lectures delivered by him in Westminster Abbey) :—

“No one will dispute the fact that in the minds of thoughtful men there is a very serious disquietude in regard to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth. It is only necessary to ask any doctor, any student of natural science, or any man who interests himself in scientific enquiries and their apparent conclusions, and endeavours to frame for himself a reasonable interpretation of the problems of life—to ask him not only what he himself thinks and feels, but what other men of his profession and class are saying to him, in order to discover that there is a real unsettlement of their minds in regard to a matter which hardly occurred to their fathers as a subject for enquiry.”

Moreover, laymen are now :

“learning for the first time that it [the Virgin Birth] finds no direct expression in the writings of the two great teachers who above all others have expounded to us the doctrine of the Incarnation—St. Paul and St. John. They are, indeed, confronted by the first and third of our Gospels. But here they discover that criticism has been at work : that it tells us without ambiguity that the earliest *stratum* of the evangelic narrative contained no statement at all as to the mode of Christ's birth. They learn that careful and orthodox critics do not attach from the historical point of view the same

¹ I am assuming the earliest possible date for the Ignatian letters.

² *Dial. cum Tryph.* 48.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

weight to narratives peculiar to St. Matthew as to the other parts of the Gospels. They find themselves left with St. Luke as the strongest historical evidence within the New Testament. They begin to wonder whether, after all, the tradition may not be an after-growth. They learn, too, that German scholars of the highest eminence have done what English scholars¹ of the highest eminence in the same studies have not yet done—have definitely rejected the narratives of the Virgin Birth as in their judgment historically incredible.”

The Dean then proceeds to urge, that the remedy for this state of things is patient thought, enquiry, teaching—not episcopal pronouncements. He goes on to show the inexpediency of such a pronouncement as has been demanded in some quarters, if any attempt is made to state the reasons on which it is based. For the real case for the belief could not be brought out in such a statement; while, if made without reasons, “it will be regarded as an attempt to close the door of enquiry by the hand of authority.” But a far more potent and effectual attempt to “close the door of enquiry by the hand of authority” would be, to pronounce that all whose studies lead them to reject, or even to doubt, the Virgin Birth, are henceforth to be excluded from the very profession whose business it is to study such questions, and to give the world the results of its studies; that, if they are already in Orders, they are to be hounded out of the Church by attacks on their “personal honour,” by professional boycotting, and by exclusion from all positions of influence, if not by legal prosecution or threats of it; that Professors of Theology in the Universities are to be selected exclusively from those who have arrived at the traditional opinions. Apart altogether from the merits of the question, I cannot see how any one, who has any belief in freedom of thought, or any confidence in the power of truth to prevail, should wish that the Ministry of the Church of England should be closed to those who have arrived at a particular conclusion, on a difficult and disputed critical question.

“But,” it will be said, “the question is not whether, if we had to consider the question *de novo*, we should wish it to be possible for a man who has more or less doubt about the

¹ I think the Dean should in fairness have said: “some English scholars of the highest eminence.”

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

Virgin Birth to take Orders in the Church of England, but whether, the Creeds, Articles, and terms of subscription being what they are, it is morally permissible for such a man to profess his adhesion to them." And that brings me to the moral question with which alone I am here directly concerned—and first to the general question whether it is right in any circumstances, for the sake of any ulterior good whatever, to make a statement which, within the knowledge of the speaker, is false.

II

It is somewhat surprising to find that Dr. Sanday seems disposed to contend that the rule of absolute veracity can be laid down without reference to the consequences. I say, without reference to the consequences; for, if once the morality of truth-speaking is made to depend upon the consequences, we cannot refuse to admit at least an *a priori* possibility that there may be exceptional cases in which the good of society may require occasional exception to a rule, the general observance of which is of unquestionable social utility. Teachers of Ethics have often to point out to their pupils to how large an extent the "Intuitionist," against whom the polemics of Utilitarian writers are directed, is a man of straw, whom it is almost impossible to identify with any actual writer known to the history of Philosophy. It is hard to catch the real Intuitionist who systematically and consistently bases a system of Ethics upon a set of *a priori* rules, which can be framed and applied without any reference to circumstances or to consequences. And if there have been writers who, at times, though hardly ever consistently, approximate to such a position—Bishop Butler, for instance (not in his Sermons but in the *Dissertation on Virtue*), or Kant in his weakest moments—this is just the side of Intuitionism which there is the most universal disposition to give up. I do not know the name of any living ethical writer of the smallest consideration, by whom it has been maintained that it is self-evident, that we ought never to make an untrue statement under any possible circumstances.

In Dr. Sanday, however, "Intuitionism" would seem to

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

possess a living exponent. He objects to the maxim that, the "end sanctifies the means," or, that we may "do evil that good may come." I should like to ask him how, without the admission of such a principle, he would justify a surgical operation, or the punishment of a criminal, or the most righteous and most purely defensive warfare. To make gashes in other people's flesh, and to cause them excruciating pain, is certainly in itself "to do evil," if we decline to look beyond the act to any ulterior consequences. Or, to come to the particular ethical question now under discussion, one would like to know Dr. Sanday's views on the morality of lying in time of war, in detectives, or even on the stage, where no one is really deceived.

Why then, it may be asked, has the doctrine that "the end justifies the means" got a bad name? Chiefly for two reasons. When it is maintained that the morality of actions depends upon their consequences, it is too often implied that the only consequences which are of importance are consequences in the way of pleasure or pain. The difference between Utilitarianism in the ordinary sense, and a more ideal morality, lies, as has been remarked by the late Professor Green, not so much in the fact that one does and the other does not make the morality of an action depend upon its consequences, but in the character of the consequences which are to be considered. The Utilitarian cares nothing about any consequences but pleasure and the absence of pain. The idealistic moralist likewise makes the morality of an action depend upon its tendency to realise the true good of human society; but to him that true good, if it includes pleasure and the absence of pain (as I for one should strongly maintain), does not estimate the value of pleasures simply by their duration and intensity. Not only will he recognise differences of quality as well as quantity in pleasure; but he will include in his conception of the true good many things besides pleasure—intellectual and æsthetic development, the higher emotions, and, above all, character or "the good will."

The other reason why the doctrine that the end justifies the means has got a bad name, is to be sought in the use which the Jesuits are, rightly or wrongly, accused of

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

making of it. When the Jesuit, or the jesuitically-minded person, uses the doctrine to justify proceedings from which the ordinary, unsophistical moral consciousness revolts, he generally means by "the end" some particular end which commends itself to him as good—the suppression of heresy, the spread of the true Church, the ascendancy of ecclesiastics, or of his own Order. Now, even if we assume that he is right in regarding these things as good, as conducive to or included in the true good of human society, that fact will not necessarily justify bad faith, or treason, or assassination. His mistake lies in attributing to these ends of action a worth greatly exceeding their true value, relatively to other elements in human well-being. Granted that the end may be good, the evil involved in the means may be much greater than that good. Heresy may be an evil; but it is a much smaller evil than the deliberate burning alive of a human being by one of his fellows. Jesuit ascendancy may be a good thing; but it is less valuable to the life of States than loyalty, and order, and respect for human life. If the Jesuit were really right in the value which he is accused of putting upon the ascendancy of his Order or of his Church, it would be impossible to deny the validity of his ethical reasoning, when he urges that all inferior goods should be sacrificed to this. The doctrine, that the end justifies the means, is an immoral doctrine, if it asserts that a good end will justify *any* means, no matter how evil; it is a perfectly reasonable doctrine, if it asserts that the only way in which any human action can be justified is by showing that it promotes, on the whole, the true good of human society. It is an immoral doctrine, if "the end" means anything less than *the* good—the one all embracing good or *εὐδαιμονία* in which all other goods are included. If "the end" means this, certainly any action which really conduces to it must be moral. Perhaps I may add, that it is difficult to see how any other view of the duty of veracity can be reconciled with the Christian doctrine that in Love—*i.e.* that in the promotion of the good of human society—all other duties are summed up.

Applying these doctrines to the question of veracity, I should maintain, that the rule of veracity, while it does rest

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

(like all other moral rules) upon its tendency to promote true human well-being, does not depend upon its mere tendency to promote social convenience, to promote a good other than itself. Truth—that is to say the truth-loving temperament and character—I do regard as an end in itself; but, like other particular goods in human life, it is one which has sometimes to be sacrificed to a greater good—the preservation of human life, the discovery of crime, the protection of the State against foreign enemies, and the like. The duty of truth is not a mere negative duty. It is, as it is important to remember in connection with the particular application of the duty which we are considering, a duty to investigate and to publish the truth. Yet nobody but a fanatic maintains that it is a duty to proclaim the truth upon all possible subjects, on all possible occasions. And this is a principle which Dr. Sanday (of all men) would be least likely to question. His present article is full of ingenious arguments for silence and reserve on many theological questions: many subjects are not to be publicly discussed: truth is not to be proclaimed *urbi et orbi*. To my own mind, Dr. Sanday greatly underestimates the importance of truth, and the duty of seeking and diffusing it. About some of the applications we might differ; but the principle is one which seems to me perfectly sound. And I should contend that exactly the same considerations which very frequently make it right to be silent about the truth on many things, make it (on far rarer occasions) legitimate to utter statements which are not literally true. Dr. Sanday deprecates my speaking of the statements actually made by more or less liberal clergymen upon their Ordination as “untrue.” Of course if “untrue” means “morally condemnable,” any one who attempts to justify such statements will admit that they are not in that sense “untrue.” But, after all, we do want some word to indicate statements which do not correspond with or represent the actual state of the facts; and Dr. Sanday, in his charitable desire that I should not prejudice my own case by the use of so ill-sounding a word, has omitted to suggest any more colourless term for denoting statements which convey an impression at variance with the facts. At all events, let it

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

be understood that, in this article, I mean by an "untrue" statement, a statement which, within the knowledge of the speaker, conveys an impression at variance with the facts of the case. This brings us to the second half of my subject—the application of this general ethical problem to the particular question of clerical subscription.

III

I have thought it desirable to accept Dr. Sanday's challenge to justify, as a moral philosopher, the position which I take up as an advocate of liberal theology in the Church of England; and I have therefore insisted that the duty of veracity is limited by considerations of social expediency, properly understood. But, for the purpose of the present discussion, it is hardly necessary to insist upon this principle. For the chief part of my contention in the article¹ on which Dr. Sanday comments was, that, by general consent, the "Declaration of Assent" imposed upon the clergy has come to mean something different from what the literal sense of the words imply. Even Dr. Sanday will admit, that words must be taken to mean what they are commonly understood to mean; and he has expressly conceded the principle that oaths, declarations, and professions of belief, made on taking office, are to be understood in the sense which the authority imposing them intends, and that this *animus imponentis* is to be sought in the present rather than in the past. Whether we look for the *animus imponentis*, in the case of the "Declaration of Assent," to Parliament, to Convocation, to the collective Episcopate, to the individual ordaining Bishop, or to the general public opinion of the Church and the Nation, there is a general consensus that a clergyman is not now bound to hold what

¹ *International Journal of Ethics*, Jan., 1897. I do not wish to repeat the argument of that essay, and so I pass over a number of points which might otherwise have been insisted on—the vagueness of the "Declaration of Assent," deliberately substituted by Parliament and the Convocations in 1865 for a much more definite Declaration, the various decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the position of the Bishop as the authorised representative of the Church, &c.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the words naturally imply, and what they certainly meant to the original compilers of Prayer-Book and Articles. With regard to the belief in the everlasting damnation of the heathen world (implied by Article 13), to the everlasting damnation of Nestorians and Monophysites (still more uncompromisingly asserted by the Creed which Dr. Sanday values so highly), to the discrepancy between modern geology and the first chapter of Genesis, this consensus may be described as practically unanimous. As we approach matters about which clerical opinion is more divided, the consensus becomes less explicit and less unanimous. But only very ignorant persons either believe the whole contents of Bible, Prayer-Book, and Articles, or suppose that the clergy believe them. There is probably scarce a bishop on the bench who does not admit that the Old Testament contains many statements of fact which are historically false, many ethical ideas which are erroneous (as the Christ of the New Testament explicitly taught), and many theological conceptions as to the nature of God and His relation to man which are inconsistent with those contained in the New Testament, and which, taken by themselves, are theologically false. A large proportion of the clergy—including many of those in the highest ecclesiastical positions—have accepted in their full extent the principles of Old Testament criticism for which the late Professor Robertson Smith was, not long ago, deprived of his position in the Church of Scotland, the ideas about future punishment for which Maurice was deprived of his Professorship at King's College, and ideas about the New Testament which at least involve the admission that it contains some internal contradictions, and some statements historically untrustworthy.

It is true that I desire to push this liberty of interpretation to certain points on which no general consensus has as yet been established. But I contend that these are *ejusdem generis* with the kind of discrepancy between verbal profession and actual conviction, which has already been removed, by this wide consensus, from the category of morally condemnable falsehood. Instances which I have already cited seem to me to show, that the latitude of

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

interpretation here claimed is no greater than the latitude which Dr. Moberly and Dr. Sanday allow to themselves or to others. If "resurrection of the body" may mean "personal immortality," the Virgin Birth may well stand for Incarnation however understood. One party or individual has no right to say to another : "I claim for myself liberty to hold (for instance) the Romanising doctrines which the compilers of the Articles wished to exclude ; but you have no right to apply the same latitude of interpretation to a formula which we happen to think of more importance than these ultra-Protestant Articles, or the first chapter of Genesis."

In so far, then, as the consensus to understand the clergyman's Declaration of Assent in a broad and liberal spirit is universal, his statements are *ipso facto* removed from the category of lying, by the same principle on which the ordinary language of politeness, or an actor's words on the stage, escape moral condemnation, however widely they may diverge from his real sentiments. Statements which are not intended to deceive, and do not deceive, are not lies. When latitude of interpretation is carried beyond this point, I should contend that the latitude which is more or less questioned is exactly the same in character as that which is universally allowed, and that the objection that is felt is, therefore, not really ethical, but only theological. Those who allow a clergyman to criticise the Old Testament, but forbid him to criticise the New Testament or the Creeds, do so, not because the one kind of criticism involves mendacity and the other does not, but because they think the one kind of criticism desirable, and the other undesirable, in the highest interests of the Church and of religion. And about this everyone must judge for himself. When the principle is once admitted, that the Declaration cannot be taken literally, the lawfulness of applying, in one direction, the principle which is allowed in another, tends to become one of what we may call religious and social expediency rather than of veracity or personal honour.

And, from this point of view, everything depends upon the importance of the object which we hope to attain by encouraging young men to take Holy Orders in the Church of England. To express my sense of this importance would

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

carry me wholly beyond the limits of this article. I can only hope to appeal to those who are already convinced of the wide discrepancy at some points between traditional beliefs and the beliefs which science and criticism and philosophy combine to force upon the modern world, but who believe, on the other hand, that there is no essential inconsistency between these new ideas and those moral and theological beliefs to which Christianity owes its power, and who realise the importance of making the inevitable transition from the old to the new without any violent breach of continuity, without schism or secession, without a general break-up of the habit of public worship, without the complete alienation of educated lay opinion from the Church and the clergy, without the general lowering and weakening of religious life which these things would inevitably carry with them.

What are Dr. Sanday's objections to the contention which I have summarised ?

(1) He denies that any consensus can justify such a violation of truth. He objects to my saying that "my apology for minimising the unverity involved in the practice [of such subscription as I contend for] must consist very largely in maximising the extent of the formal difference between the accepted doctrinal standards of the Church of England and the actual beliefs of her clergy." "What do we want," Dr. Sanday asks, "with either 'maximising' or 'minimising' ? Just in so far as we do either, the argument is vitiated. What we really want is to state the facts precisely as they are." I should have thought that the general tenour of my article made it sufficiently evident that by "maximising" I merely meant "bringing out the full extent of the discrepancy in question"—not making it out to be greater than it is. He goes on to say : "I think it not unfair to summarise the second step in Dr. Rashdall's argument in the innocent formula, 'Two bads make a good.'" And this proposition he shows a disposition to deny. Of course there are senses in which it is true that "two blacks do not make a white" or "two bads a good." If by "bad" is meant "morally wrong," then of course the fact that one man has done a wrong action cannot

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

justify somebody else in doing another. But anyone who contends that one man's conduct will sometimes justify what would otherwise be wrong in a second man, holds, *ex hypothesi*, that this last action will, in the circumstances, be right. In that sense, therefore, there are not "two bads" in the case. But does Dr. Sanday deny that the rightness of a particular action does very often depend upon what others do? It is generally held, for instance, that it is right for an individual or a nation to do acts which would otherwise be immoral, provided that he or it has been first unjustifiably attacked by others, or even is likely to be attacked. Conduct, which otherwise would be bad, constantly becomes not bad in consequence of another bad. To choose the less of two evils is often all that the best will in the world can effect. And the choice of the less evil is, not relatively, but absolutely right. I am not contending or asserting, that the discrepancy between the formal statements of our clergy and their real beliefs is a good thing. Far from it. I realise that it is a great evil. I should heartily welcome any attempt to remove it, provided the attempt were thorough and comprehensive, and not a mere attempt to increase latitude in one direction while diminishing it in another. But such a change in the terms of subscription as I desire is not to be thought of in the present state of clerical opinion. At least it cannot be effected in a moment; and most candidates for Holy Orders must be ordained now or never. Meanwhile, I do distinctly consider, that to do what all the clergy do more or less—to carry one step further (if it be a step further) a principle which is in practice admitted by all sensible persons—is a smaller evil, than to close the doors of the Church's Ministry to able young men, because they have more or less doubt about this or that Article of Belief, about which wide differences of opinion exist among Christian scholars and educated Christian laymen.

(2) Dr. Sanday appears desirous to deny, though his contention is rather implied than explicit, that there does exist this wide discrepancy between the professions of the clergy and their real beliefs. I do not think it would be difficult to show, that Dr. Sanday has committed

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

himself to a great variety of statements which, for the want of a more subtle and discriminating vocabulary, I am compelled to call "false." Numerous contentions and suggestions in Dr. Sanday's admirable, though very cautious, article on Jesus Christ in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in his other writings, admit the possibility of untrue statements in the New Testament—the resurrection of the bodies of the Saints recorded in the first Gospel, for instance—which I cannot reconcile with an "unfeigned" belief "in all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." But we need not go further than the present article for proof of my contention. If the statement that any one who "divides the substance" or confounds the "Persons of the Trinity" shall "without doubt perish everlastingly" can be held to mean "(1) that wrongness of belief is not to be dismissed as an unimportant thing, and (2) that corresponding to the blessedness of a right belief there must be serious loss in a belief which is not right,"—then, surely, we have a principle of interpretation which will cover any latitude for which I have the smallest inclination to plead. Suppose a schoolmaster were to declare that if a boy made a false quantity he should without doubt be burned alive, and then (when the offence was actually committed) to say that he only meant in a general way to impress upon the boys the importance of avoiding false quantities and to set the offender a moderate imposition, should we call him a man of his word? By what term other than "untrue" should we describe his prediction of the boy's future? If (as I strongly hold) Dr. Sanday is justified in signifying his assent to the Athanasian Creed, when he interprets a threat of everlasting damnation as a reminder that there is such a thing as moral responsibility for belief, a candidate for Orders may surely be justified in using the word "virgin" to mean merely "young woman" (according to the original sense of Isaiah viii, 14), and in understanding the whole clause as expressing exactly what was expressed by St. Paul's teaching, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself," or by the fourth Gospel in its declaration, that "the Word was made flesh

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

and dwelt among us." I have no desire to extend the liberty for which I plead to those who cannot give some real and not illusory meaning to the doctrine of the Incarnation, though they may feel that the Creeds express that doctrine in the terms of old-world metaphysic.

I should be sorry to take leave of Dr. Sanday in a controversial spirit. If he seems somewhat over-anxious to propitiate the dominant school of ecclesiastical opinion ; if, in his desire to harmonise the new truths of criticism with the old truths of tradition, he seems to some of us to invert the emphasis needed in the present ecclesiastical situation ; if just now the claims of open-minded enquiry within the Church of England are in more need of assertion than the value of authority and the duty of consideration for weaker brethren ; I still feel that, in this controversy, Dr. Sanday is more on the side of liberality and of comprehension than of narrowness and exclusion. There is much in his article for which I feel heartily grateful. I thank him for his valuable distinction between the corporate Creed of the Church and the personal opinions of its individual members—a distinction which would become wholly illusory and unmeaning if it did not imply that an individual is free, as a member, and even an officer, of a community, to accept a creed with which he is in general sympathy, but some particular clause of which he is compelled to understand differently from its original framers and from many of its present adherents. I thank him for his emphatic declaration that he agrees with me in thinking that "some mitigation to the strictness of subscription even to the Creeds, is not only desirable but inevitable," though he seems to me wholly to fail in differentiating the latitude which he allows, from the latitude which he condemns or scruples to approve. I thank him for his protest against the imposition of special and personal declarations of belief by two or three of our more ignorant or narrow-minded prelates. I thank him, above all, for his refusal (very welcome in view of the recent deplorable conduct of the Bishop of Worcester in the case of Mr. Beeby¹) to countenance the accusations of "disingenuous-

¹ In *The Guardian* of October 14th, 1893, the Bishop of Worcester is reported to have said that "he would gladly see some means devised by which

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ness" which have been freely launched against those who claim for themselves, or for others, a larger measure of latitude than Dr. Sanday is personally in need of. Above all, I welcome the emphatic assertion : "I do not think that we can prevent, or that it would be right to attempt to prevent, a competent scholar from forming his own estimate of the evidence (in the narrower sense) for the Virgin Birth." Such a declaration would be wholly illusory, if it did not mean that such a scholar may, in certain circumstances, take Holy Orders, or retain the clerical office which he has already assumed. And, in view of his unwillingness "to induce our young men to commit themselves to more than their knowledge or clearness of head would perhaps justify them in committing themselves to," can we suppose that Dr. Sanday would refuse the like liberty to a young man who, without pretensions to being a very "competent scholar," knows that scholars, theologians, and philosophers are divided about this matter, and sees nothing, in the reasons brought forward on one side of the question, to compel his assent to their conclusions? But Dr. Sanday goes further than this in accepting the main contention of this article :

"If I felt assured that, on the central point, which is also the sum and substance, of the Creed, the candidate was 'heart and soul a Christian,' then I think that I should see my way to regard the 'open question' as something short of actual 'unsoundness,' and I should let the ordination take its course."

"Let it suffice that, by subscribing to the Creed as a whole, the man declares himself heart and soul a Christian."

I could not better sum up the position which I have been trying to defend. I do not see how to reconcile the earlier part of Dr. Sanday's article with its conclusions.

the [Athanasian] Creed's teaching as to the necessity of belief and danger of unbelief might be emphatically asserted in terms which would not at the same time convey an impression inconsistent with our conception of the goodness and justice of God." The Bishop, therefore, holds that the Athanasian Creed (naturally interpreted) contains false teaching about the nature of God. Yet he tells Mr. Beeby that "consistently with public honour, a man cannot hold his official position in virtue of constantly saying 'I believe' such and such a proposition to be true, unless he do believe it." (*Times*, December 16, 1903.) Surely inconsistency can no further go.

THE CREEDS AND THE CLERGY

He argues against the reasons which I have given for allowing a man to take Orders without belief in the Virgin Birth, and ends by saying that, after all, in certain cases he should be prepared, as a bishop, to ordain such a man. I can only suppose that Dr. Sanday finds it difficult to suggest a logical or ethical defence, on general principles of action, of a course which his own tolerant spirit and sympathy with "honest doubt" would prescribe to him in the individual case. I venture to hope that, in the present article, I may have done something to bridge over the gulf which at present separates the conclusions of Dr. Sanday's somewhat dogmatic head from those of his sympathetic and catholic heart.

H. RASHDALL

EARLY VICTORIAN CHARACTERISTICS

OLD men so often tell us of the decadence of the younger generation, that it is perhaps sometimes legitimate for young men to express their frank opinion of their immediate predecessors ; and, in essaying this apparently invidious task, none can feel so well equipped as one who admires few qualities more than those of the Early Victorian age, and who labours under the unpleasant conviction, that this generation has probably lost in singleness of purpose whatever it has gained in enlightenment. Moreover, paradoxical as it may seem, the young may be well able to see certain characteristics in an age which has only just passed away, simply because they are not personally concerned with it, and possess some detachment of view.

The most salient feature in the Early Victorian age—which one may perhaps roughly define as 1840 to 1865—is the emergence of the middle classes, not only into a definite political consciousness and force, but also into a keenly intellectual life. In other periods of history, we do not seem to see this stage of development very clearly ; we only see the consummation of it. Thus, for example, in the Italian city States of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, the middle class is already highly educated before it attracts the attention of historians.

In this country, however, the middle class was, as a whole, comparatively inarticulate in the eighteenth century. The landed gentry are often heard of, but the bulk of the professional and trading classes are in theory as negligible in the intellectual life of the nation as they are in the Statute Book. One tends to forget that all but a few very eminent writers of the eighteenth century were mere

EARLY VICTORIAN CHARACTERISTICS

hangers-on of the aristocracy ; that even a man like Johnson was probably regarded, outside his particular circle, chiefly as a learned man who could be employed to write on behalf of the Tories. But the Reform Bill of 1832 made the middle classes a living force, and the industrial changes of that period gave them a chance of imposing their ideas on the community at large. The study of a career like that of Mr. Gladstone from start to finish corroborates this impression in a very concrete way.

The strain of the Napoleonic wars, the laxity and irresponsibility of the Court and upper classes under George IV. and William IV., and, contemporaneously, the political upheavals and intellectual ferment of the Continent, all to some extent explain the predominant characteristics of the Early Victorian age. The class that suddenly found itself in power was primarily inclined to be destructive, and had to clear away many relics of the old *régime* before it could advance to constructive measures. Hence there was a certain negativity in Early Victorian Liberalism, which later Liberalism has never quite lost. It was anti-clerical, anti-monarchical, and, above all things, individualistic. It knew what it did not want much better than what it did want. It drew to itself Rationalists, Nonconformists, Free Traders, Republicans, Teetotalers, Universal Suffragists, and a whole host of Philanthropists. Even down to 1880, Liberalism seems to have attracted the keenest intellects of the time, and was probably the most characteristic expression of Early Victorian thought. Reading Mr. Bryce's *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, one is impressed by the unexpectedly large number of his eminent friends who were not only Liberals, but also Home Rulers, long before 1886.

As might be expected from its origins, the most marked characteristic of the period seems to have been a curious simplicity, not only of thought, but also of character. It was a period of good hard "brickbat and bludgeon" controversy, of fixed ideas, of genial optimism and confidence in the possibilities of human nature, coupled with a devout belief in political panaceas such as self-governing democracy, small nationalities, "religion without theology," pure individualism, universal peace, an incessant "progress" in

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

human affairs to "something better," and many more equally desirable though vague ideals, the advent of which seemed as imminent as did the millennium to the early Christians. The mere mention of names as various as Macaulay, Buckle, Mill, Spencer, Bright, Cobden, and Palmerston, gives one a vivid realisation of the intellectual atmosphere.

This vague idealism prevailed as much in religion as in politics. Though Hume had logically demolished much of the old fabric of belief in the textual inspiration of the Bible, Englishmen are practical, and the whole creed was indeed not greatly shaken, till Colenso called Scriptural arithmetic in question. The Oxford Movement had also tended to vague beliefs, and seems now to be chiefly significant as showing a certain growth of historic imagination and æsthetic instinct, for which the Napoleonic wars had left neither time nor money in the earlier decades of the century.

The Broad Church Movement was, however, in its origin, perhaps more typical of the period. The Early Victorian was puzzled by the apparent subsidence of the old landmarks, and his mind was no less susceptible to the fallacies than to the truths of physical science. For him, therefore, any reconciliation of scientific propositions with cosmic verities was extremely difficult; and he was disposed to shirk discussion altogether. The average Early Victorian attitude towards religion rather resembled the reserve of a family in alluding to the skeleton in the family cupboard. It could only be mentioned by implication. "Dear George is picking up very nicely on the South Coast," is often a happy way of expressing the fact that "dear George" is leading a placid but edifying existence in a Home for Inebriates. In a similar strain, the Early Victorian would say that his religion was the religion of all sensible men. The more educated classes seem to have relapsed into a vague theism, which necessitated little more than a belief in a personal God and personal immortality, together with a willingness to accept the more important and plausible miracles, and to acquiesce in the rest as being what Sir Leslie Stephen admirably calls "congenial incidents." Like

EARLY VICTORIAN CHARACTERISTICS

the late Mr. Lecky, they were inclined to "believe that the radii of a circle have a tendency to be equal," though they did not wish "to push the spirit of geometry too far."

Even those who most strongly denounced the *formulae* of the age, were admired because they were in some way congenial to it. Thus, Carlyle and Ruskin were admired as sturdy individualists, even when their utterances were most unpalatable; for a fine rude irresponsible vigour in speech and action was essentially an Early Victorian ideal, and an ideal like this was catholic enough to comprehend men as diverse as Palmerston, Carlyle, and Garibaldi, though not perhaps a highly complex genius like Mr. Meredith.

I have alluded before to the simplicity of Early Victorian thought; it found its complement in a corresponding simplicity of character. Putting aside concrete examples of the past generation within one's own knowledge, the *Punches* of the period, the novels of Thackeray and Dickens, and biographies like that of the late Master of Balliol, give the mere reader an excellent idea of what the Early Victorian did and did not approve.

The Early Victorian seems to have had generous impulses, coupled with a perilous tendency to cant, a robust sense of humour, tempered by a somewhat barbaric prudery, and a profound conviction that no one "deserved" to be alive who did not find life worth living. His attitude to women (if I except one or two writers like John Stuart Mill) was quite consistent with his attitude towards life, and had all the elements of a somewhat unenlightened chivalry. A woman ought *par excellence* to be guileless, fragile, inconsequent, loyal, and virtuous to the verge of imbecility; though the dim recognition of a disproportionately increasing female population allowed of obviously unmarried women writing novels or looking after the poor. But in no case did it seem proper that a woman, except in quite exalted circles, should possess, or, at any rate, show, a sense of humour. Those lines of Kingsley which have won an immortality in copy books, beginning, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," are more characteristic of the time than one likes to think, and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

admirably illustrate the Early Victorian enthusiasm for the obvious, and for the "Nonconformist meat tea" style of thought and expression.

This conception of women was of course bound up with all the prudery of an imperfectly civilised society. Most elderly people now alive must have known in their youth of at least one household where the bare mention of George Eliot's name was tabooed; and young ladies about to be married were often prevented from looking at their marriage settlements, because these documents made provision for possible children.

Such eccentric reticence was quite in tune with the pseudo-asceticism of the Early Victorians, which made a positive virtue of ignoring the plain facts of physiology. A generation which in all stages of life so plentifully consumed muffins, pastry, and sweet wines, was certainly not alive to the great ethical truth, that a certain discrimination in diet is a very essential part of one's duty to one's neighbour. Comfort with frugality seems to have been an idea quite as incomprehensible to the past generation, as comfort without luxury seems to the present.

Major Pendennis's description of the Early Victorians is as concise as one could wish. In the bitterness of his decline (which has perhaps more real pathos than Colonel Newcome's) he calls the then rising generation: "a parcel of damned cotton-spinners and utilitarians and young sprigs of parsons, with their hair combed down the backs of their heads." Yet, though few ages appear so unattractive and unpicturesque as the Early Victorian age, it is impossible not to recognise its sterling virtues, which were intimately bound up with its seriousness of temperament.

The Early Victorian had a keener sense of honour than our generation; he was readier to resent imputations on his character, and much less inclined to haggle over small gains. He paid his doctor's and lawyer's bills like a man, and was, in every sense of the word, more incorruptible. He respected professional etiquette to what we should now think a Quixotic extent; for instance, in the early 'forties, briefless barristers often refused to accept money from newspapers to which they contributed. He took the

EARLY VICTORIAN CHARACTERISTICS

trouble to arrive at convictions on important subjects, and even to act on them. He would fight for a principle even to the extent of spending money on its behalf. He thought it his duty to read, and often to buy, books purporting to deal with serious subjects. And, above all, he really wished to help the poor without allowing them to be indirectly oppressed by the legislation of faddists. We may well feel of the nineteenth century what Mill said of the eighteenth, that it was an age of "strong and brave men."

E. S. P. HAYNES

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

THE Select Committee which enquired into and reported upon sweating, 1888—1890, shirked a definition, but it considered that three main evils characterised the system. In the first place, the rate of wages was inadequate to the necessities of the workers or disproportionate to the work done ; secondly, the hours of labour were excessive ; and, finally, the houses in which the work was carried on were insanitary.

To-day, sweating is practised mainly in two ways. There is the process by which (as a rule) a middleman, under a very highly organised method of exploitation, employs in workshops people, chiefly aliens, living at miserably low standards ; and there is the unorganised process of home work, under which certain employers take advantage of the helpless, principally of women who work in their own dwelling rooms either regularly or casually, and who are paid upon low piece-rates. I am to concern myself almost exclusively with the latter form of sweating. The problem it presents is more recondite than that presented by the other ; and its existence is more fraught with evil to the community.

I

In the Factory Inspectors' Report for 1884, an interesting account is given of East End workshops, 1,478 of which were visited by the Inspectors ; and periodic references to sweating in its various aspects, and in various parts of the country, have been made since then in these Annual Reports. In 1902, Miss Squire, one of the Lady Factory Inspectors,

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

reported that she visited no fewer than 6,000 home workers engaged in the tailoring trade alone,¹ centred in London, Leeds, Bristol, and Colchester. Reference is also made in this Report² to brush-making at home :—

“We are of opinion, that the introduction into the home of this dusty hair and bristle is a serious danger to the health of the family ; and especially so where the work is carried on, as we have seen it, in the one small living and sleeping room, one table serving at the same time for the preparation of food, or the taking of a meal, and the making of brushes.”

The most important investigation made recently into home work conditions was that conducted by the Women's Industrial Council in 1897. Says one member of this Committee of Enquiry :—

“What struck the investigator most forcibly in visiting about fifty of these home-workers, was the utter drudgery of their lives. Day after day the same round of unskilled work, the same journeys to and from the factory, and the same rush to fit in the work of the household, whenever time can be snatched from the industry which has stepped in to take the first place in the home. . . . Time is worth about 1½d. an hour. . . . Many of the workers say they would have scorned to do the careless work they are doing now ten or twenty years ago. . . . How most of those workers escape starvation is a marvel.”³

This extract refers to Shoreditch. Of Southwark, another investigator stated :—

“It would appear that a good many of the houses ought to be registered as workshops, as some had as many as five women, not relations, working in them. Occasionally, there were workshops, set apart for the purpose, but more often the party worked in the living room of one of their number.”⁴

As an illustration of the way in which home work is arranged for, I quote the following :—

“A great deal of this shirt work is farmed out. One woman who had been a ‘finisher,’ now having married a publican, gets large quantities of shirts from the City, and farms them out to her neighbours, and ‘that hard she is on us, like nails ; always tries to get the work done for ½d. less than any one else.’”⁵

In 1896, the Scottish Council for Women's Trades conducted an investigation into home work conditions in

¹ *Chief Inspector's Report*, 1902, p. 188. This contains interesting information about home work (pp. 184–188).

² P. 213.

³ *Home Industries of Women in London* (Women's Industrial Council. Price 1s.), p. 7.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 31.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Glasgow, and published interesting Reports on the subject.¹ The following extract from the first Report is typical of the results recorded. Shirt-finishing is being dealt with :—

“As nearly as my direct information allows me to form an estimate, I would conclude the work is usually paid at about 1*d.* or 1½*d.* an hour, although cases have been met with where the rates were as low as ½*d.* per hour. . . . One highly intelligent and skilled worker told me that, for what nineteen years ago she got 2*s.*, she now gets 5*d.*, and that formerly she could make 30*s.* in a fortnight of work that now brings her in only 10*s.*”

In the *Englishwoman's Year Book*, 1901,² reference is made to a Report by Mrs. Muirhead on home work in Birmingham, from which it appears that the following wages were then paid :—

“Hook-and-eye carding 24 gross (large) at 8*d.*, 50 gross (large) at 1*s.* 3*d.* Two people, assisted by three children out of school hours, made 9*s.* a week by this, single people making from 3*s.* to 4*s.* Brush-bristling, 1,000 holes for 6*d.* (fastening bristles of scrubbing brushes with wire). A skilful worker could earn 1*s.* 3*d.* a day in full work time.”

It is difficult to estimate with any accuracy the extent to which this form of sweating is carried on in this country. Lord Aberdeen was instrumental in obtaining a return of the lists of outworkers sent by the givers-out of work to the Factory Inspectors³ in 1899. From this it appears that there were 73,174 outworkers in the industries affected. The apologetic explanations which the Chief Inspector offers show, however, that the figures are untrustworthy, and that the lists had been very imperfectly kept by the Home Office officials. This, together with the nature of the evil, is shown in the report presented by Miss Gray, Special Workshop Inspector for Islington, in 1901. She states :—

“I have made 188 calls at the homes of women whose names were found on the lists of outworkers of employers in Islington and other districts.⁴ I found that in 42 cases the outworkers were not known at the addresses given, or had given up work. In the remaining 146 cases, I inspected the

¹ *Home Work Amongst Women*. Glasgow, 58 Renfield Street, 6*d.*

² *Art. Home Work*, p. 100.

³ Published in the *Chief Inspector's Report for 1898*, pp. 76, 77. This includes only the industries scheduled at the time, viz., the manufacture of articles of wearing apparel, of files, of electro plate, fur-pulling, cabinet and furniture making, and upholstery work.

⁴ The women were resident in Islington, however.

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

rooms in which the work was done, and found that in 8 cases the rooms were used exclusively as workrooms; in 85 cases the work was done in kitchens or sitting-rooms (in 10 of which there were beds); in 17 cases bedrooms were used as workrooms; and in 36 cases the work was done in living rooms, which thus combined the uses of kitchen, sitting-room, bedroom, and workshop. The outworkers were engaged in making articles of wearing apparel, such as mantles, blouses, ties, underclothing, children's dresses and shoes, &c."

II

There is no heroic cure for sweating conditions, because they are the result of a complexity of causes. Beyond the well-defined main channels of industry and social legislation, are unclaimed marginal morasses where individual liberty of a primitive kind flourishes, work is done under conditions which law can hardly touch, owing to special circumstances, and labour is employed in such a way as to prevent public opinion and the public will from protecting it.

I need not discuss the business reasons for or against sweated home work, as this has been done again and again. But, summarised, they are, that the giver-out of work saves in the rent he has to pay for his workshops; he economises in fire and light; he is less troubled by the visits of Factory Inspectors; he gets his workpeople, as in the case of tailoring, to supply some of the material for his work, such as thread, and to provide their own machines and tools for his manufacture; his wages bill is reduced; if his trade is irregular, it is convenient for him to be able to put part of it out, either habitually or occasionally. Some of these economies are, however, only apparent, or apply only to special production of a low class, which, from its nature, cannot be carried on profitably whilst bearing the capital and other charges of factory conditions. Such production is illustrated by the cheap boot and shoe trade which, apparently, must ever be a village and sweatshop industry, and by the cheap tailoring industry, which has been the contribution to our national trade made by the modern immigration of aliens into Leeds, London, and elsewhere, just as previous immigrants brought with them the crafts and mysteries of wool and silk handling. It, therefore, becomes a problem

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

in national economy, how far we should attempt to supply our market with such classes of goods, and how far we should compel our consumers of them to rely upon foreign production. But that question I cannot discuss here.

Home work is, however, not all economy to the employers. Material runs great risks of being spoiled in dwelling rooms (this risk has been one of the chief reasons why printers' folding has practically ceased to be done at home); a uniform standard of quality cannot be assured; the inconvenience of work being taken away is often real; wages, though low nominally, are often high actually; there is always the danger of an outbreak of infectious disease.¹

Sweating and home work become the legitimate subjects of legislation in respect of their bearing upon national economy and efficiency; and, in considering the question from this point of view, one is met at the outset with the demand for a minimum wage. The Sweating Commission drew attention in their Report to the desirability of some movement for the increase of wages in sweated industries, but were unable to make any practical suggestions.

A good deal of plausible superficiality has been written on the proposal of a national minimum wage. I object to the proposal, mainly from the point of view of administration. It is perfectly true, as the authors of *Industrial Democracy*² contend, that, in nearly every well-organised trade, there is some machinery for fixing wages; but in such trades there is organisation to begin with, and, when the mechanism breaks down—as the miners allege that the existing Conciliation Board has done—it is ended or mended, and its purely voluntary nature adds to its success. It is also true, that the State has from time to time specified sanitary requirements; but a sanitary requirement is a definite thing, the existence and

¹ A recent investigation into one of our great trades shows that the majority of employers, on being questioned about home-work, thought of it first of all as "troublesome."

² *Industrial Democracy*, by S. and B. Webb, vol. ii. pp. 766-784.

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

condition of which can be inspected at any time. On the other hand, whilst it may be quite simple to fix a standard of wages on paper, it is practically impossible to guarantee that, under industrial conditions such as those with which this article is concerned, the standard will be properly observed. It is true that employers, both public and private, offer certain standards of pay for certain kinds of work, and do not ask their employees to name their own price ; but it is not true that these standards are satisfactory, or that their general enforcement by a public authority would be a very great gain. It is also true that, when public authorities are themselves employers, a moral minimum should be established ; but, unless the State is prepared to put a Labour Department auditor into the counting house of every factory and workshop in the kingdom, the administrative machinery for enforcing the proper payment of a minimum wage in private workplaces will not work. It is quite true that even a feeble and ultimately ineffective attempt to enforce a minimum wage standard would tend to hasten the concentration of industry in properly equipped factories and workshops ; but that tendency is already in as active operation as circumstances will permit, and, with this object in view alone, the creation of National Wages Boards is a cumbersome, misleading, and probably dangerous proceeding. Finally, in spite of the reply made by the authors of *Industrial Democracy*, a minimum wage in home work and under sweated conditions would run the greatest danger of becoming fixed as a maximum, because, whilst it is true that Factory Legislation has induced good employers to provide sanitary and other conditions above the standard of legal requirements, yet, where conditions (either of trade or individual employment) approximate to sweating levels, legal standards are, almost universally, the utmost concession made to the health and comfort of the workpeople. The 250 cubic feet standard of air space may be instanced. In workshops this is rigidly worked out, and, though the exigencies of spurts in trade make it impossible that the number of employees should always be within the legal limit, the ordinary sub-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

contractor's workshop has hardly ever been designed on any better standard than that the law lays down.¹

But, apart from the inaccuracies in the analogies detailed in *Industrial Democracy*, I find it impossible to grasp any clear notion of how a minimum wage is to be secured. Some of the advocates of the proposal have gone the length of drafting a Bill²; and we may turn to it for guidance on these important points of practical detail. The Home Secretary is to decide what trades are to be made subject to Wages Boards. The Boards are to be composed of equal numbers of employers and employed, belonging to the trades and elected by the trades affected, with a neutral chairman; and they may decide either on time or piece wages.

But, if we reflect on the circumstances under which those people, about whom I have given some particulars above, work, the state of mind in which they approach industrial questions, their disorganisation, their mutual jealousy of each other, their willingness to cut and undersell, their helplessness between the upper and the nether millstones of want and competition, we shall understand the pitiable position of such a Wages Board as is described in this Bill. The proposal is simply one of those dangerous and ill-considered attempts to apply the methods of Socialism to circumstances which forbid their application in that particular way. Only in well organised trades is a legal minimum wage practicable at present.

III

The law which, at the present moment, ineffectually strives to deal with sweating conditions relates to Public

¹ For instance, in a report on the Soho workshops presented to the London County Council by the Medical Officer of Health in 1893, it is stated that only in four cases was actual overcrowding discovered; but "under the conditions which were found to obtain in the workshops visited, it is unlikely that the air of the rooms was renewed more often than once, or at most twice, per hour, and, under these circumstances, pollution to a very serious extent is quite compatible with the full allowance of 250 cubic feet of space per head." That report might have been written yesterday, instead of ten years ago.

² Introduced by Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., in the last Session or two.

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Health and Housing, Workshop Inspection, and Education ; and, if these codes were properly strengthened, sweating conditions would rapidly disappear.

Under the Public Health and Housing Codes, overcrowding and general insanitary conditions may be prevented, and slum areas removed ; and one of the most persistent features of objectionable home industry is the overcrowded state of the domestic workshop. When the dwelling-house becomes the workshop from which issue articles of general consumption, the law should frankly recognise that the fiction, that an Englishman's house is his castle, can no longer be accepted.

Two points must be emphasised. In the first place, the administration of these laws is in the wrong hands ; in the second, the provisions of the law are inadequate.

The administration of the sections of the Factory and Workshop Law regulating sanitation in workshops is in the hands of the local sanitary authorities, so that standards of administration vary with every borough ; and, as the sanitary committees are too often interested, either directly or indirectly, in house property within their jurisdiction, the standard varies with the membership of the committees. The tales of sanitary committees controlled by interested persons are endless amidst the gossip of municipal life. Nor are sanitary inspectors, by training, habits of thought, or general occupation, the best possible officials for administering what is essentially an industrial law, though its provisions may relate to sanitary conditions.

The natural administrators of a workshop law are the Factory Inspectors ; and it is to be regretted that recent Factory Legislation, both from Liberal and Conservative Ministries, has, in this respect, departed from sound principles. Mr. Ritchie, it is true, tried to undo the mischief for which Mr. Asquith is mainly responsible, by providing, in the Factory Act of 1901, that, in the Annual Reports of the Medical Officers of Health, special and specific reference should be made to workshop inspection, and that such Reports should be sent to the Home Office. The letter of the law has been carried out ; and every Medical Officer of Health now reports to his Council what his department has done

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

under the Factory and Workshop Act. In most cases, this practically amounts to nothing ; but I have not heard that the Home Office has brought any pressure to bear upon backward Councils in London—for instance, to secure that the efficiency of Islington or Kensington shall become general.¹ On the other hand, I know of a certain large Factory Inspector's district where, in spite of Mr. Ritchie's provisions, some scores of workshops were known to the Assistant Inspectors, not one of which had been reported to them by the local authorities concerned.

At the present moment, when we are threatened with an anti-Alien agitation as “an enlightened sequel” to the Protection campaign, it cannot be too emphatically urged, that there is no alien problem, as such. There is an overcrowding and insanitary problem ; and, if the Stepney Borough Council had the courage to administer the various laws existing to protect public health, and impose upon Jews and Gentiles alike the sanitary minimum, the alien problem would settle itself.

The problem of home work is a difficult one. The places concerned are dwelling-places inhabited twenty-four hours of the day. The work is casual and intermittent, the number of people in the living-work-rooms fluctuates. The lists of these places are very imperfectly kept ; and so little can be done by inspection, that the law is considered by the workpeople, the employers, and the administrators alike, as being little more than a dead letter.

The problem has reached very acute proportions in America, especially in New York, Boston, and Chicago ; and it was during a round of inspection under the guidance of one of Mr. Rufus Wade's Boston officers, that some clear light came upon my mind as to its treatment.

The American system is to proceed by licence ; and I would apply the method to English conditions.²

Home workers should be required to apply to the

¹ See *Report on Sanitary Officers*, issued by the London County Council, March, 1903.

² The Bill for the Better Regulation of Home Industries, introduced during the last two or three Sessions by Colonel Denny, and supported by the Women's Industrial Council and the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, embodies the proposals I make in this section.

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Factory Inspector of their districts for permits to work, their places should be inspected, and licences issued, stating the number of people who may work in the inspected rooms, and the kind of work which may be carried on in them; and only on the production of such a licence should work be given out. If work is found to have been given out to workers not holding valid licences, or not holding licences at all, the employer should be prosecuted. The licence would have to be renewed at stated times. In this way, uniformity of administration could be secured, the reasonable practice of home work could be carried on, and dishonest employers could not for long evade the law. The method would, of course, entail a further addition to the staff of Assistant Factory Inspectors; but this would be serious only in London, and, in any event, one of the very first reforms which an efficient Home Secretary will have to effect is a substantial increase in the number of Factory Inspectors.

This is exactly the sort of work which the characteristics of American administration find it most profitable to neglect. The Inspector comes into direct contact with so many interested parties, that corruption is almost inevitable. But I have been agreeably surprised to find how satisfactorily the licensing clauses of the American Sweatshop Laws have been worked. The licensed houses in Boston show a higher state of cleanliness than the unlicensed ones¹; and the same is true of New York² and Philadelphia. Upon the general working of this legislation the American Industrial Commission which was appointed in 1901, by

¹ The Report of the Chief Inspector of Massachusetts for 1900 states: "By the enforcement of that provision of the law requiring the licensing of home-workers, the standard of cleanliness and healthful conditions surrounding the manufacture of wearing apparel within this Commonwealth has been very materially improved."

² "From December 1, 1899, to November 30, 1900," says the New York Factory Inspector's Report, 1901, "the Department carefully investigated 22,601 applications for licences received from the territory of Greater New York. Our investigations established the right of 16,519 applicants to manufacture in their apartments, workrooms, &c., and licences were accordingly granted to them, as required by law, while 6,082 were denied the privilege, owing to unlawful conditions existing in or about their premises. During the same period 2,354 licences were revoked."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Congress, to investigate Labour conditions in the various States, and to "suggest such legislation as it may deem best upon these subjects," reported as follows :—

"The Sweatshops Law, also, which is now practically identical in the important States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio, is recommended for general adoption."

In London, the scarcity of houses would offer special difficulties to the operation of such a law. But already, thanks to the constant pressure of the Public Health Department of the London County Council, the Borough Councils are beginning to do their duty under the London Public Health Act; and, in a very short time, owing also to the activity of the Council's Housing Committee, there will be sufficient provision of licensable dwelling-houses available. Moreover, the extra pressure of such a law upon the Borough Councils to perform their duties, and upon the slum owners to keep their property in a tolerable state of repair, would be of the greatest service to housing reform in London.

The proposal I make has three great advantages, in addition to its administrative simplicity. It will not put an end to home work, but will organise it. The genuine home-worker suffers from the casual and non-descript nature of the employment, caused largely by the great proportion of home-workers who work at odd times for pay to supplement other family and personal income. When all home-workers require a licence for their places, the genuine wage earner will find a more steady demand for her work, and she will, in consequence, be brought nearer to an all-round improvement in her conditions.

Then, my proposal would lead to closer co-operation between Sanitary and Factory Inspectors, with the result that the Public Health Acts would be administered more efficiently, and the pressure for improved housing accommodation reinforced.

Finally, though I do not propose to touch hours of labour directly, by bringing the domestic workshop more frequently under the eye of the Factory Inspector, the enforcement of section 111 of the Factory Act of 1901,

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

which was intended to put an end to the excessive labour of young persons and children, but which is a dead letter,¹ would be more practicable.

IV

A considerable sacrifice of child life is essential to any system of home work and sweating. Mrs. Hogg, in a paper read to the National Union of Women Workers at Norwich in 1898, said that this was the "saddest and most serious aspect" of home work; and she proceeded to give particulars. In one school, out of 307 girls, 65 were employed "at every possible hour before and after school," in some industry carried on by their parents at home. At Dalston, children of nine and ten were "experts" in pasting down boot uppers, and so on.² Evidence of this kind is overwhelming.³ As soon as this sacrifice of the children is limited, the volume of sweating is bound to diminish. To this limitation the Employment of Children Act, which has just come into force, is a valuable contribution. But, though, in the hands of competent public authorities,⁴ this Act will be of great use, it does not go nearly far enough.

The State should boldly recognise that the rights of parents over children are much more limited than the law at present assumes—that, in fact, the child itself has rights, for the enjoyment of which it must look to State protection against parental encroachments.

In this connection, I propose to mention but two of these child rights. The first is the right to be educated, and the second the right to fair opportunities of retaining health. In respect to the first, the State should immedi-

¹ This is largely owing to the provisions of section 114 of the Act, which exempt domestic workshops from inspection, "where the labour is exercised at irregular intervals, and does not furnish the whole or principal means of living to the family."

² *Official Report of Conference*, pp. 140—147.

³ *Cf.* also the evidence given before the Inter-Departmental Committee on the Employment of School Children, 1901.

⁴ See model set of by-laws drafted for the guidance of Local Authorities by the Committee on Wage-Earning Children, 6 Craven Hill, London, W.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ately proceed to strengthen and make definite the existing provisions of the Education Law, by which no child can be employed in such a way as to make it unfit for receiving education at an elementary school. Let it be clearly laid down, that a child helping its parent in home work so late at night, or so early in the morning, or for such a long time at a stretch, or upon such wearying work, that it appears at school, in the opinion of its teacher, in a state unfit to benefit by the instruction provided for it, has suffered a violation of its legal rights ; let Factory Inspectors be empowered to pay surprise visits to any domestic workshop for the purpose of ascertaining whether children are working outside prescribed hours ; let employers, as well as workpeople, be responsible for breaches of this law, on the ground that, presumably, either owing to low wages or to rapidity of work, the employer is benefiting by the labour of the children—and one of the most objectionable features of sweating and home work would disappear in the course of a year or two.

I need not deal with the second point, as it is involved in what I have written upon the first.

The only objection that is likely to be taken to this proposal is, that it will increase the poverty of poor parents. I do not think that it will. It will most likely be the upward pressure to which wages and conditions will respond when sweating becomes impossible. But, even if the parents do suffer, the children's only chance of being better than their parents must not be taken away. Those familiar arguments for letting bad alone, which survive, owing to the blinding pathos rather than the convincing reason which they derive from the dramatic figure of the "poor widow," are only expressions of the most refined form of cruelty—the cruelty which makes permanent in society the figure upon which so much tearful sympathy is spent. The "poor widow" can never be helped out of existence by her poor broken-down wreck of a child.

None of my proposals directly touch the question of wages. But wages rise and fall independently of Wages Boards. Let us eliminate the chaotic and casual nature of

SWEATING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

home industry ; let us systematise it, limit it, order it.¹ Then we shall find, that we have been creating the conditions under which wages rise to fair levels, and without which no attempt to regulate the reward of labour can possibly be successful. One substantial step in the right direction has, however, been taken, in the provision now in force compelling givers-out of work in certain trades to supply particulars of wages to their workpeople. If, in addition to the strengthening of the Sanitary and Education codes, this clause were applied to all home-work trades, and some expedient were devised by which such rates of wages should be published, the force of public opinion could be enlisted in cleansing these industrial Augean stables, and home work conditions would soon become tolerable, even if never very ideal.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

¹ It may be interesting in this connection to quote from the Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, Massachusetts, 1902, which states : "We positively feel assured that, as it now stands, it is impossible for a tenement house sweatshop to exist in this State."

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

THE report of the War-Commission, and the speeches of eminent soldiers and statesmen, have brought into prominence the question, whether our Public Schools and Universities are doing what they might to develop the intelligence of those whom they profess to educate ; commercial and scientific men have taken up the cry in common ; and there has been a recrudescence of the animosity always felt by many against the pursuit of Classical Studies, which is supposed to be the main work of the Public Schools and Universities. The student of the Classics has been represented as "dwelling among the tombs," studying "the meanings of words and expressions in ancient books, representative of a once-living civilisation," "dealing only with books, and having no touch with nature." It is urged that the exclusive study of the past is no education for life in the present, and that those educated on Classical lines often end their education very ignorant of their own country and language, and of the world of nature and of men in which they have to live. There is much truth in the charges brought against Classical Studies as at present pursued in England, though the assailants have shown themselves ignorant of much that is to be said on the other side. If the Classical curriculum is to retain its present position, it must at least be shown to be not only a good basis upon which a knowledge of the modern world can afterwards be built, but also itself a training in real and important aspects of life ; it must be proved capable of contributing a store of ideas and habits of mind which are of present value ; and much that is of interest to specialists may have to be excised from a Classical course which is to

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

be part of a general education for ordinary people. His Classical work must not occupy so much of the student's time as to leave him no opportunity for acquiring that knowledge of modern life and thought which will make him a useful and intelligent citizen. He ought not to have to pick up his knowledge of the institutions of his country and their *raison d'être*, of its relations to the rest of the world, and of the social and economic conditions of his time, from newspapers coloured by party concerns, from casual conversation, or from such books as his whim may lead him to read. He ought not to remain almost entirely ignorant (as at present the best Classical student may) of those methods and ideas of modern science which are transforming, not only practical life, but the whole texture of modern thought—to know “all about pious Æneas and Cæsar,” and “nothing of Dalton, Darwin, Faraday, and Liebig.” Further, it is becoming increasingly clear, that the value of a thorough knowledge of at least one or two modern languages has hitherto been greatly underestimated in England. It is undeniably possible for a boy to pass several years on the Classical side of a great Public School, to obtain high honours at the University, and yet to know very little of his own country, and next to nothing of modern languages, of the natural world, and of scientific method. No doubt those who attack such a state of things sometimes use exaggerated expressions; they often neglect the real educational possibilities of the studies which they incriminate, and the genuine cultivation of the intelligence which at least a few of the great schools effect on their Classical side. But they have so strong a case, that it is imperatively necessary for the friends of the Classics both to justify and, if necessary, to reform their methods, in view of modern needs.

The justification of Classical studies has been so often repeated, that a brief recapitulation of the main points will suffice. The study of the Classics, as most fully pursued in this country, consists of (1) the reading and translation of Classical literature, comprising (to sum up roughly) poets, orators, historians, philosophers, and literary critics; (2) the study of the history and civilisation of Greece and Rome; (3) the acquisition of some clear principles of literary

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

criticism—of standards of judgment in matters of style, taste, arrangement, &c., as regards both poetry and prose ; (4) the study of ancient philosophy, particularly of Plato and Aristotle ; (5) grammar, and composition in the Greek and Latin languages, mainly in the form of translation from English prose and verse into Greek and Latin prose and verse, original composition in the ancient languages being now comparatively seldom practised. In the Public Schools, composition, grammar, and translation occupy most of the time, together with occasional study of periods of ancient history. History, philosophy, and literary criticism belong mainly to the later stages of the student's career : the first half even of his University course is, for the most part, an extension of his school work, but a higher standard is adopted than when he was at school.

In the first place, such a set of studies may provide an invaluable discipline in the use of language—in accuracy of usage and refinement of taste—and the Greek and Latin languages are peculiarly suited for this purpose. The teaching of them admits of greater exactness than is possible with a living language, in which usage is continually fluctuating, so that there is no absolute standard, either of accuracy or taste. The data, in a Classical language, are virtually as complete as they can ever be ; the standards of style are acknowledged ; the principles and rules of the language are worked out with scientific accuracy ; and hence, to a greater degree than in any modern tongue, it is possible to say with confidence what is right or wrong, good or bad. When it is remembered that to acquire the accurate use of language is to acquire, unconsciously, exactness of thought, and the habit of constant reference to principle, and that, as a matter of experience, these habits extend far beyond the particular sphere (whether that of language or any other) in which they have been acquired, the importance of the service which the study of the Classics may render will be plain. The comparison of the idioms of different languages is itself a training in method, and the progressive knowledge of English acquired by the Classical student is often as great as his knowledge of the Classics, if his teacher makes the most of his opportunities. It must be generally admitted,

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

that nicety of taste and a feeling for idiomatic expression in English and other modern languages, are more readily acquired and most often found (in spite of some conspicuous exceptions) in those who have had that preliminary training in those qualities which a Classical education claims to give ; while the fact that Latin, and in a less degree Greek, are the basis of large parts of most European languages, gives the Classical scholar a readiness in dealing with the latter which it takes his neighbour on the "modern side" considerably longer to acquire.

In the second place, a Classical student may become familiar with literature which is on all hands admitted to be quite first rate, if not the best, in its several kinds, and without which an intelligent appreciation of most modern literature is not completely possible. There is no need to insist on the importance of maintaining and inculcating some standards of good and bad literature, in an age when ephemeral and inferior writings form the greater part of our mental sustenance, and poetry and oratory are marred by every kind of vulgarity. A real knowledge of the great Classics was never more needed than now.

In the third place, a knowledge of Greek and Roman history and civilisation may become a thing of the highest worth. Included therein is the record of nearly every simple type of constitution that is conceivable ; and, though modern civilisations have blended these types into many strange combinations, there is no other sphere in which the essential features of each, and the laws of their growth and working, can be so clearly discerned. It is a commonplace of scientific logic, that laws of nature working in combination are only intelligible if the operation of the single laws is known. This is as true in politics as in science ; and the study of the aristocracies, the plutocracies, the tyrannies, the democracies of Greece, and of the Republic and the Empire of Rome, is an education in political ideas that can scarcely be so well supplied in any other way. Careless as the ancient historians sometimes were in matters of detail, they are marvellously vivid and accurate in seizing the broad features of the times whose history they narrate ; and some at least of them were conscious that they were presenting a picture of those work-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ings of human nature, which (as Thucydides says) are the same wherever human nature exists. In an age like our own, when moral and political principles are being perpetually combined and contrasted in an endless variety of ways, and the issues at stake are involved in bewildering confusion, the familiarity with those ideas and laws which a careful student may find realised concretely in the object lessons of ancient history may well be a thing beyond price ; and it can be obtained in full degree only from the direct study of the orators and historians themselves.

Nor is the value of ancient history limited to this. The store of experience contained therein concerns the individual no less than the political life ; and those who are conscious of the value of biography in education—of familiarity with great typical men—will not willingly sacrifice the knowledge, which in some cases may be gained at first hand, of some of the greatest personages who have influenced the course of human history. The intimacy with political and moral principles, thus obtained from ancient history, is of special value, because it is free from any admixture of the modern passions and prejudices which influence the judgment when it is exercised even upon comparatively remote periods of modern history ; and it thus forms a sound basis upon which to found the study of modern life. It need hardly be said, that the enlargement of the outlook and the sympathies which is a result of all worthy historical study, is to be won from Classical history, as from any other.

The growth of ideas, in the several ways described, is the most important educational gain to be got from the pursuit of Greek and Roman history. A second claim may be made for it, of almost equal weight, though it is not a claim which separates it from many other branches of study—that it affords practice in the estimation of evidence, and in drawing conclusions from given material—a practice which is a necessary part of all progress in scientific method. It is an unfortunate thing, that the advocates of a fuller scientific training than is now ordinarily given in schools and universities often speak as if scientific methods were the peculiar property of some or all of the physical sciences—whereas, in fact, the pursuit of history and of literary

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

criticism may be just as scientific, both in theory and in practice, as chemistry or biology. The general rules governing the estimation of evidence are the same in both; the same logic applies in either case. It is only the greater concreteness of the historical subject-matter which makes it more difficult in many cases to draw conclusions with the precision desired in science; and the scientific habit of mind may be acquired in a great measure through the investigation of the past. A good teacher of history constantly sets his pupils on the track of evidence, and bids them collect all that they can and draw their conclusions therefrom; their minds are exercised in discovery and in scientific inference just as much as in the laboratory; the formation and testing of hypotheses is their daily work; and, in the case of ancient history, there is this advantage (especially for young students) that the evidence usually falls within a reasonable compass, and the issues are not so confused as to be bewildering.

It cannot indeed be maintained, that the study of any and every aspect of ancient civilisation, or of fully detailed evidence in every department, is of value for the ordinary student, however interesting to the specialist. The attempt, for instance, to force a quantity of archaeological "special" learning into the regular curriculum of the universities, on the plea of giving a training in scientific method, is probably a mistaken one. The study of the most important aspects of ancient life—those which contribute ideas of high value and significance to modern men—will itself, if rightly conducted, afford ample training in method, and exercise for the imagination, without prying into dark corners. The archaeologist's work is highly interesting, and must indeed be done by someone, in order that the more general picture presented to the ordinary student may be true, and based on a sufficiently wide range of investigation; and it is true that the study of ancient art has been too much neglected. But, if "Classical Research" of a minute kind is to occupy much of a student's time, it is not easy to see when he will have leisure to acquire that modern knowledge which is imperatively demanded in modern men. The study of ancient history needs to be kept within bounds, and carefully regulated; but, with this proviso, the study

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

is an invaluable training in ideas, and, incidentally, in scientific method.

Finally, it is, perhaps, from the study of ancient philosophy, and above all of Plato and Aristotle, that the finest fruits of Classical study are to be gathered. As is the case with the historians, so it is with the philosophers. The ideas and laws which seem to play in inextricable confusion in modern life, are presented by Plato and Aristotle in a form which is as free from confusion as matters of such complexity can be. Nearly all the problems which bewilder us by their mutual entanglements in modern thought and writing, we find attacked straightforwardly by the ancient Greeks. The questions raised by the Greek Sophists are, in a great measure, the questions of to-day, whether they are concerned with morals, or politics, or the nature of knowledge; and it is an inestimable advantage to study them in their plain and straightforward form, before discussing the complex combinations which they assume in the present. As a school in which a knowledge of man can be acquired, the ancient Greek writers are without a rival; and, great as has been the progress of modern philosophic and scientific thought, the broad lines of that thought were laid down in Greece, and from Greece they can best be learned. If the student can extend his studies to the later schools—the Epicureans and Stoics and others—so much the better; but most of what is fundamental can be found, it is not too much to say, in Plato and Aristotle. The necessity of some study of philosophy is all the greater nowadays for educated men, first because the great expansion of scientific knowledge has led very many to estimate too highly the possibilities of science, and the range within which the methods of the natural sciences are applicable, so that the wider view of the philosopher is required as a corrective; and, secondly, because many of the questions termed religious, the most fundamental questions that man can ask, are in their essence philosophical, and must be met on philosophical grounds. And if some study of philosophy is thus necessary, there can be none more valuable, at least as a sound basis for all future study, than that of the philosophy of the ancient Greeks.

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

Much more might be written on the educational value of Classical studies ; but it is time to pass to the further question whether, under the systems at present in vogue, our Public School and University men are really put in the way of obtaining any such benefits as those which the study of the Classics is capable of conferring. There can be no doubt that a good many of the ablest of such men do profit by their educational career, in some or all of the ways described ; and it would be possible to name three or four at least of the great Public Schools in whose case it would be fair to assume, that a Classical Sixth Form boy, on leaving the school, had acquired a real interest in literature, and a power of thinking for himself and grappling with problems, which would stand him in good stead through life. The ranks of those who have rendered the highest services in Church and State, in literature and in many great professions, contain many men who would admit that the foundations of their career were laid in an education based on Greek and Latin studies. But such schools and men are a very small minority of the whole number ; and much reform seems to be needed if the average Public School boy or University man is to get from the Classics those advantages which, with the capacities he possesses, he might win under a better system, as well as at least that amount of modern knowledge which every educated man ought to have.

It must be granted at once, that, in order to secure the special intellectual training which, as it is claimed, the Classics can give, the student must reach a certain degree of proficiency. Now the most serious feature of the present situation is, that very few Public School boys and University men ever reach the point which, even if they possess only a moderate capacity, might reasonably be expected of them, the amount of time spent on the subject being considered. A parent, who has not hitherto troubled himself much about the education of his son's mind, is surprised to find that his boy has mounted the school ladder, finishing with a year or two in the Sixth Form, and is still unable to translate a piece of simple Latin or Greek with sufficient accuracy to pass an easy examination, and that there is no subject, except games and sports, on which

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

he seems to have any exact or systematic knowledge. A college tutor soon finds out that of the boys who come up to the University, after having spent a larger amount of time on the Classics than on any other school subject, and having reached the highest Form, and even obtained prizes, the majority display a want of accuracy, thoroughness, and interest, that are simply astounding. The most elementary parts of the subject are ill-known; and it is hopeless to expect any of the higher advantages of Classical study for those who are very badly acquainted even with the rudiments. Unless schoolmasters aim at, and ensure, a higher standard of work in their boys, the Classics are as useless as any other subject that is badly taught and learned; and, under such conditions, no one can complain if the Classics go, and the number of such useless subjects is thereby diminished by one. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as a rule, there is little sign that an attempt has been made to teach the Classics at school in such a way as to develop the intelligence; and the alleged uselessness of the Classics is thus largely due to the refusal to use them. It is for schoolmasters to discover the reasons for this. No doubt the multiplication of the subjects of which boys are expected to have a smattering is partly at fault; and, if so, the sooner the number is diminished by the leaving of some subjects for later study, the better; for it is certain that the boys on the Classical side are not, as a rule, notably proficient in any other subject. The question is one of organisation; and there are many indications of the need which exists of a well-thought-out programme of national higher education, and of a strong central authority to control its execution. Partly, again, the size of the classes in many schools is responsible for the imperfect development of the individuals. But it may be suspected that the evil is mostly due to the fact (admitted recently in so many words by one of the most distinguished schoolmasters in this country), that "intellectual things are, to put it frankly, unfashionable," both with boys and masters. Indeed, it is only too plain that, in very many cases, the parent himself is far more proud of his son's athletic distinctions, and of the notice which the newspapers accord to them, than anxious for the growth of

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

his son's mind ; and the general current of opinion in England (as compared, *e.g.*, with Scotland or Germany) seems to be strongly set against putting the mind on a level with the body. The experience of many a college tutor, dealing annually with many Public School men, most of whom have stood high in their schools, and the experience of any examiner of schools, must have convinced them of the terrible waste of opportunity (and, incidentally, of the parents' money) which is to be charged against the Public Schools. Whatever be the cause of the evil, it must be remedied in some way or other before any one can contend seriously for the supremacy of Classical studies over any others. As a mere discipline for young boys, they have little inherent superiority ; and the utter inadequacy of the teaching of the elements at school makes it impossible from the outset for University teachers and students (except in the case of a few who are specially interested and gifted) to attain the finer results which might reasonably be expected. The contrast between the Scotch student who comes to an English University well taught, thoroughly interested, and able to make the most of his opportunities from the first, and the English Public Schoolboy, his contemporary, is not to the advantage of the latter, in spite of some attractive qualities which a Public School (or is it the home from which the schoolboy comes ?) in many cases confers ; nor can it be said that, as a rule, the Scotch student is less manly, or less capable of dealing with other men, than the English, though manliness and *savoir faire* are among the qualities which the Public Schools especially claim to produce.

The only remedy for this condition of things, which seems even remotely feasible, is the undertaking by the State of the control of Higher no less than of Elementary Education. The thorough and compulsory inspection of all Public and Secondary Schools, without exception, with power to disqualify masters and to order reforms, would probably do much to call the attention of schoolmasters to some neglected aspects of their work ; the publication of the results of such inspections would probably be highly edifying to parents who suppose that their sons are being

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

well educated, and would certainly enable them to make a better choice between schools. Before long, it would probably appear that a less haphazard organisation of subjects was necessary ; and something like a national programme of Higher Education (hinted at just now), and a sharper differentiation between different classes of schools, would have to follow. All this would entail expenditure of public money, no doubt, and virtually the creation of a new department of Government ; but the matter is one of far greater importance to the nation than many so-called "imperial" interests, on which millions are squandered. For a long time the work of government in every sphere must mainly be done by the richer classes ; and they will practically have the leading voice in the formation of public opinion. On every side we are bidden by statesmen, soldiers, Commissions, to foster the development of intelligence in the boys and young men of these classes ; on every side is the evidence that this is what our schools signally fail to do. It is impossible to imagine a stronger case for State interference, even at considerable cost.

The methods, or want of method, of the Public Schools, are the first great obstacle to the success of Classical Education. But the older universities also are not by any means beyond criticism. The high place taken by athletic interests, and the comparative indifference of a great number of parents, are adverse to an intellectual atmosphere in the undergraduate as in the schoolboy world, though the student who wishes to get the best education is far less fettered than at school. But the most obvious evil is the unjustifiably low standard of knowledge and education required by Oxford and Cambridge, and by their colleges, as a condition of admission. At Oxford, the merest smattering of Latin, Greek, and Elementary Mathematics suffices for Responsions ; and all suggestions that the standard should be considerably raised, and, moreover, that some knowledge of history and science at least should be demanded, are met by the reply that this would involve the failure of a very large proportion of candidates, and that the finances of the University and the Colleges could not stand the fall in the number of undergraduates. If this is so, it is time for

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

another Royal Commission on University Education and Finance ; it might be found that much of the money now spent is being almost wasted ; and, in any case, the lowering of the educational standard of the University (and thereby also of the Public Schools) from supposed financial necessity, is a matter which calls for minute enquiry.

Again, the examination system, with its consequences, stands greatly in the way of any real education, and, for the best students, the tyranny of the Civil Service Examinations, for which so many of them intend to enter. Badly equipped with knowledge at school, men who have any leaning towards the Classics nevertheless usually wish to enter for Honours Examinations in the subject at the University. The amount of work required for these is not (though I can speak from personal knowledge only of Oxford) at all excessive for students who have really made the most of their time at school ; but, for the great majority, even of those who work well at the University, it is so large, that they have no time to do it in any liberal or educative way, and are practically forced to "cram" ; while their tutors, interested as they usually are in securing a fair number of first or second classes for their college, and seeing also how far their pupils' practical advancement afterwards depends on their class in examinations, are only too likely to adopt the methods of the crammer, and to do for their pupils much of the work that the pupils ought to do for themselves ; with the result, that the latter succeed in their examinations, and are not much better educated or more interested in intellectual things than before. Add to this the pressure of "extra subjects" to be "crammed" for Civil Service Examinations, and the claim that (under present conditions) a Classical course has any special advantages, breaks down.

The level of intellectual interest in the country is at present so low, that it is out of the question to expect most undergraduates to work except as their examinations require ; but academic ingenuity ought to be able to devise a form of examination in which real intellectual power and development count for more than anything else, and in which first classes (at least) can only be won by men whose minds have not been left out of account during the greater

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

part of their years of education. Some of the Oxford Final Schools (but certainly not Classical Honour Moderations) perhaps come as near as any examinations to this ideal; and in them the first class is correspondingly very small. But there is, at least in the "Greats" School, a most unfortunate tendency to overload the examination, both on the philosophical and historical side; much more prepared work is practically required now than ten years ago, and the efforts of a few specialists to force their hobbies into the regular curriculum would, if successful, be little short of disastrous. A great step would be gained if tutors declined to do their pupils' work for them, and confined themselves to their proper functions. But tutors are, as a whole, a good-natured class, and are not likely to do this. Something would also be gained if the details of the curriculum were more frequently changed (as in some Scotch Universities); the teaching would be far more fresh, and the temptation to perpetual repetition (and consequent dullness) on the teacher's part, would be more remote. In fact, anything that would put more life into the Classical course would be a welcome boon.

But, besides some freshening influence, we need also to make room for modern knowledge; and at present this can only be done by finding a place for it in examinations. At Oxford, no very extensive modifications would be required in the "Greats" School, to encourage some study of modern political and economic conditions and of scientific thought; and room could be found for these by a curtailment of some subjects which have crept into the examination paper, but which would be better relegated to the list of "special subjects," and perhaps also by some reduction of the specially prepared work. As regards economy of time in reference to other examinations, it may be suggested that, as things are, far too much time is given to Greek and Latin composition—an invaluable training in accuracy of thought and expression, but one especially suited to the earlier stages of the classical course, and only useful as an occasional exercise later, though at present allowed to absorb more attention at the Universities than it merits. The lessons learned by means of the minute study of language and com-

THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES

parison of idioms can be connected with translation into English, and with work upon classical authors, without any serious alteration of teaching methods, or any very great loss to the scholar ; and much time can thereby be saved. The most advanced students, in particular, appear to spend far too much time and effort in performing *tours de force*, rendering into Latin and Greek very difficult passages of English, quite unlike the best Classics in style and thought—a good gymnastic display, but surely not to be compared with the study of great authors, or of modern life and thought, for educational value. And, since it is above all necessary that the ablest men at least shall get the best education that can be given them, they may well be spared some part of such elegant but rather unprofitable exercises. There is also another way in which some of their time may be liberated. For at present it is not only the first-rate Classical authors that they are encouraged to study. The higher the prizes at which they aim, the more of the inferior or fragmentary literature of Greece and Rome they are expected to read ; the Hertford, Ireland, and Craven Scholarships are not infrequently decided, in the last resort, by papers which test the student's familiarity with all kinds of out-of-the-way knowledge, otherwise of little value, or his proficiency in translating bad or eccentric authors. It cannot be too strongly contended, that the permanent value of Classical literature is to be sought, not in all classical writers, nor yet (roughly speaking) in the hardest, but in a few great authors only, and not necessarily in the whole even of their writings. We have ample inferior literature of our own, and need not go back thousands of years for more. But the great Classical writers fill a place that nothing else can occupy ; and to be relieved of the necessity of considering any Classical authors but these would be an inestimable boon to young scholars, and would enable them to forward their education in other ways, in a manner now impossible.

The study of the Classics, then, has advantages which make it perhaps the best basis for the liberal education, not only of the ablest scholars, but of all who have not a marked special bent in some other direction. But at present these advantages are being obscured and lost, by the inefficiency

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of the teaching and learning of the subject in schools; by the defects of a number of examinations and courses of work ; and by the lack of intellectual interest in schools and Universities, and in the country as a whole. Further, the study of the Classics, even if thoroughly pursued in all its branches, will not alone make a man into an educated citizen of an imperial democracy, in an age of rapid progress in scientific thought and on every side of life. He needs systematic instruction in modern political and economic conditions : he must realise, *e.g.*, how he is governed, how his country is fed, what is its place in the world, and on what its prosperity depends. He needs to be abreast of the main currents of scientific thought. Still more, he needs a training of his powers of observation, which no literary education can give, and which is generally not given at all under most of the educational systems now in vogue. It would be far better if all this additional teaching and learning could be done without reference to examinations at all ; but, in the present condition of public opinion, any changes that are made will probably have to begin with the examinations, if they are to have any effect, since work now-a-days, at school and college, means work for examinations, and little more. But, whatever means are adopted, if the Classics are to be retained as the substratum of a liberal education, there must be a constantly fresh effort to adapt the study of them to the development of intelligence ; a vast improvement in school teaching ; a readiness to modify stereotyped methods, and to impart life and freshness to work which is always in danger of becoming hackneyed and stagnant ; and a discarding of the study of all that is not of high and universal value in ancient civilisation and literature, in order to make room for training in matters of greater moment to modern men. Under such conditions only, is it worth while to fight for education on a Classical basis.

A.W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE

GEORGE GISSING

IN the history of literature, the Victorian epoch will probably stand out as the golden age of English fiction. It was then that the novel reached its complete development, and first became fully conscious of its mission to reflect and to criticise contemporary life. The tumult of the revolutionary period had subsided, the lyrical cry of rebel and idealist had died away in fainter and fainter echoes, and men turned from vague dreams and daring speculations to the ordinary facts of life as they found it. It was an age of prose succeeding a great outburst of poetry; and those who had something to tell the world tended more and more to express themselves in that medium which allowed most freedom to concentrate on the matter, and imposed fewest restrictions of form and manner. More and more the novel became the common dialect for those who reflected on life, and desired to win the public ear for their reflections. The day when fiction and frivolity could be regarded as synonymous was past; Jane Austen was vindicated; and none could now dare to say of works in which the best thoughts of the deepest thinkers were conveyed: "Oh, they are only novels." Charlotte Brontë, when she defied society, at its peril, to disregard the teaching of Thackeray, was one of the first to recognise the supreme seriousness of the new form of fiction. Since then it has become increasingly clear that the Muse of Romance has exchanged the gaudy draperies of the stage for the gown of the philosopher, not to say the surplice of the preacher.

For all the great novelists of this age have been conscious of a mission. They have, it is true, depicted life as they found it; but, in composing their picture, in selecting

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and grouping the details, they have been guided by definite ideas which they wished to inculcate. Thackeray exposed the squalid ugliness beneath the bright surface of "society"; and England did not dare entirely to neglect his fellow-worker's warning. Dickens preached the gospel of the heart, and, strong in his faith, tilted against wrongs and abuses innumerable; many reforms in our statutes can be traced directly to his writings. Meredith uses the novel to write out in full the deep philosophy of life, of which his poems give the abstract; our outlook on the world, and, above all, our conception of women, have been radically altered since he first won fiction to wed philosophy.

Equally serious in purpose, and scarcely less skilled in adapting fiction to interpret life, is the great writer whose all-too-early death saddened the close of the passing year. George Gissing's first work appeared in 1884; his last is yet to be published. In the interval, he wrote some thirteen novels of the first rank, several volumes of short stories, a masterly study of Dickens, and a series of pictures of travel in Southern Italy. It would clearly be impossible to attempt a detailed review of such a great body of literary achievement within the limits of a short article. The most that can be done is, to indicate the general drift of Gissing's work, and the nature of his special message to his contemporaries.

The two things that Gissing saw most clearly and emphasised with the greatest wealth of illustration are, the vital importance of culture, and the degrading effects of poverty on all above a certain low level of spiritual development. Both these items of his creed are, as treated by him, something new in social criticism. In theory, of course, we have long learned of Matthew Arnold to pay at least lip-service to culture: and, as for education, is it not the favourite theme of every political platform? Are not Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain at one, at least on the need of fighting the foreigner with increased efficiency in instruction? But we realise what culture and its absence mean in practice far more vividly from Gissing's pictures, alive as they are with the very breath of reality, than from any essays of the moralist, writing in the study and dealing

GEORGE GISSING

with abstractions ; while the education for which politicians clamour has little in its nature, and nothing in its aims, in common with education as Gissing understood it. What Gissing meant by education was the development of the feeling for the beautiful, the cultivation of interest in the things of the mind for their own sake. For this culture he found the readiest instrument in the study of Greek, and of the great civilisation which Hellenised Rome imposed on the world. The Græco-Roman age, he tells us, was his Land of Romance ; and visions of that gorgeous past were ever with him as a refuge from the squalid present which conscience, character, and circumstance compelled him to study. That study taught him, that modern life is on wrong lines, because its endeavour is not towards spiritual things. Progress, so-called, aims at merely material goods ; education, as at present understood, aims at fitting men to make merely material acquisitions. The result is, that progress does not bring happiness, education does but intensify our power of causing misery, civilisation is simply the process of putting more and more deadly weapons into the hands of "ravens and reckless barbarians."

What is wanted is to Hellenise the barbarians. Seek first the things of the mind, and the evils of society will disappear. The social order is the outward expression of the character of the people ; as long as that character is savage, society will remain as we see it, a pandemonium of triumphant commercialism. This is the Anglo-Saxon's great defect : indifference to the beautiful, hatred of ideas that cannot be turned to immediate profit, contempt for intellectual things, stamp our civilisation as at least undeserving to survive in its present form. "Is it really so certain," Gissing asks of the Anglo-Saxon, "that all virtues of race dwell with those who can rest amid the ugly, and not know it for ugliness?" Again, after describing the conversation of shop-boys and clerks at the café of a small and obscure Italian town, he remarks :

"The tone of conversation was incomparably better than that which would rule in a cluster of English provincials met to enjoy their evening leisure. Here, personal gossip was the exception ; they exchanged genuine

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

thoughts, reasoned lucidly on the surface of things ; the choice of topics and the mode of viewing them were distinctly intellectual. No, it is not merely the difference between homely Anglo-Saxon and a language of Classic origin: there is a radical distinction of thought. These people have an innate respect for the things of the mind, which is wholly lacking to a typical Englishman. From many a bar-parlour in English country towns, I have gone away with tedium and disgust ; the café at Catanzaro seemed in comparison a place of assembly of wits and philosophers."

That is one side of Gissing's teaching : it is to the spread of culture that we must look for the reformation of society. The second lesson which experience taught him is, that, as things are, culture, and indeed all that goes to form a noble life, are incompatible with poverty. At first sight the two doctrines might seem to conflict. On the one hand, wealth is not to be the aim ; on the other hand, without wealth we cannot attain the possibility of a decent life. There is an element of paradox in such a doctrine ; and it is just this contradiction that produces some of the most poignant tragedies.

We recognise that Eve was right to desert her poor lover for his wealthy friend ; we cannot but pardon her treachery, when we realise the horrors of poverty from which it rescued her. Nor can we condemn Godwin Peak, pushing snob and hypocrite though he is, when we realise, that it was only by such means that he could enter the world of refinement and intellect, his natural birthright, from which vulgar circumstance debarred him. But, though Gissing forces our sympathy for those who, having spiritual capacity enough to know that poverty means the death of all that is good in them, shrink at no meanness in the endeavour to extricate themselves from the abyss, he still leaves it clear that the struggle for escape at all costs, though justifiable, is not made without debasing the character of those who make it. Eve will never grow to her full stature. She will remain a delightful hostess in the midst of material comfort ; but the world of emotions, the life of the heart, for which nature had fitted her, will never be hers : that is the price she pays for her ransom. For beings, then, who have reached a certain stage of development, a certain standard of material comfort is necessary to their spiritual welfare ; but circumstances are such that, in the endeavour to attain

GEORGE GISSING

that standard, they may have to sacrifice much of what is best in them. Hence a series of tragedies.

But a more touching tragedy is that of those who, having the impulse to the life of beauty and intellect, are doomed by circumstances never, by any efforts, to attain it ; and are conscious of this doom. It is for these that Gissing reserves his deepest sympathy, for Casti, the chemist's assistant, reading Plutarch, planning a drama on Stilicho, glowing at the mere sound of the Greek and Roman names ; for Gilbert Grail, the factory hand, open to all noble influences, lifted up for a moment to a prospect of intellectual life, and then thrown back, by the caprice of circumstance, to his round of manual toil. Dickens, if he had met and could have sympathised with such aspirations, would have done differently : Casti would have risen to fame as a poet, Gilbert Grail would have ended as a great librarian. Not so with Gissing. His sympathy is as deep as Dickens's ; but his fidelity to fact is greater. In real life such things are not the rule ; and he will not falsify reality. Hence his alleged pessimism. But it is a pessimism that presupposes a great optimism for its very existence. If it were not for the great upward movement towards noble things, these tragedies would never have been enacted. It was Godwin Peak's thirst for culture that drove him to meanness and hypocrisy : "of mere wealth he thought not, might he only be recognised by the gentle of birth and breeding for what he really was." On Gilbert Grail, none would have needed to waste sympathy, but for the man's fine aspirations. All through English society there is a great pulse beating, impelling the children to rise higher than their fathers ; and what social enquirers note on the material side, Gissing shows to be true of intellectual things. The movement certainly is not always in the best direction, nor is it always prompted by the best motives. The son of the ignorant mechanic, who aspires to such knowledge of natural science as may increase his market value, may not elicit our fullest admiration. But the fact remains, that he is on a higher plane intellectually than his father ; and, materially too, he is nearer to that standard below which culture is impossible. Gissing admits

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

that, with the uneducated man, financial prosperity often means degradation : "all his better qualities," he says of the typical Mr. Bower, "took an ignoble colour from the essential vulgarity of his nature, which would never have so offensively declared itself if ill fortune had kept him anxious about his daily bread." Still, the essential basis for culture is there ; and, if the son has the impulse, his chance will be less hopeless. What Gissing says of Jack, the child of the crude atheist Bunce, is also typical, and, viewed aright, as far from pessimism as it could be:—

"He was, as I have said, a sharp-eyed boy, and Luke [his instructor in Natural Science] could have given wonderful reports of his keenness of brain. It is often thus. A father has faculties which never ripen in himself, and which, as likely as not, cause him a life's struggle and unrest ; they come to maturity and efficiency in the son. What more pathetic, rightly considered, than the story of those fathers whose lives are but a preparation for the richer lives of their sons ? Poor Bunce, fighting with his ignorance and his passions, unable to overcome either, obstinate in holding on to a half-truth, catching momentary glimpses of a far-away ideal—what did it all mean, but that his boy should stand where *he* had been thrown, should see light where *his* eyes had striven vainly against the fog !"

Gissing is usually called a realist and a pessimist. If idealism means the deliberate misrepresentation of life as being what the writer knows it not to be, Gissing is certainly no idealist : nor is he an optimist if those alone can claim that title who, through natural or acquired obliquity of vision, see the good always triumphing over evil. But if, having a firm conviction of what is noble and what is base, and holding fast a high conception of what human life might be, a writer with fine analysis, clear intuition, and undaunted fidelity, paints the picture of life as he finds it, showing the true issues in the complex conflict of forces, he may at least claim the gratitude of those whom he has helped to a better understanding of themselves and their surroundings. This is what Gissing did ; and London, above all, will remember him as her second great interpreter after Dickens. His works and Charles Booth's *Enquiry* are our generation's contribution towards a fuller knowledge of the mysterious city : indeed, it is in the alembic of such brains as Gissing's that the "subtler alchemy" is to be found, which shall make the dead facts live.

N. WEDD

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FAR EAST

THE great world-event of the first quarter of the twentieth century will, in all probability, be the opening up of China. This is indicated, not merely, nor primarily, by the signs of unrest on the political horizon, but by a consideration of the economic forces which control the situation. In the first place, the series of changes which have revolutionised the conditions of industry in the West, has made the acquisition of new and unexhausted markets in the highest degree desirable to a large number of competing manufacturing countries. In the second place, just as the millions of potential purchasers represented by the Chinese Empire offer what the commercial nations of the West require, so the rich and still sparsely peopled lands north of the Chinese plain offer to Russia advantages which she has not been slow to perceive. The division of the Russian Empire into European and Asiatic is entirely artificial, corresponding with no geographical realities. What has really happened is, that Russia has naturally, or, rather, inevitably, spread eastwards over the great steppe, which stretches unbroken from the western frontier of European Russia to the east of Manchuria. The steppe invites expansion ; and the Russian advance to the east is but the latest, and possibly the final, term in the long series of race movements, now east, now west, over the steppe lands of the Old World.

To understand the rapid expansion of Russia across Northern Asia, two considerations must be kept in view : the geographical facilities for unchecked expansion which the steppes of Eurasia offer, and the importance to a country, almost completely landlocked or icebound on its

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

European frontiers, of free access to the ocean trade routes of the world. Either of these singly would have brought Russia to the shores of the Pacific.

Russian expansion over the lowlands of the Old World, and towards the sea gates, has been towards the south as well as towards the east. In 1849 Muraviev constructed Petropavlosk, on the east of Kamchatka ; in 1850 he built Nikolayevsk at the mouth of the Amur, and in 1858, by the treaty of Aigun, he gained the land between the Usuri and the Pacific, including an excellent harbour on Peter the Great Bay. These new acquisitions were hampered by the fact that they were icebound during part of the year. It was not until Manchuria, an outlier of the great steppe land, was occupied in 1899, that the necessary seaway in the south was attained.

Meanwhile Japan, fortunate in her oceanic situation, was thrown open to European influences, and rapidly made herself mistress of the material powers and of the methods of the European. The rapidity of her evolution is perhaps best explained by the fact, that the Japanese were not compelled, like the pioneer nations of the West, to discover the line of modern progress by a series of experiments. The new track is hard to find ; the beaten path is easy to follow. The material expansion of Japan added a third to the two forces already acting on the vast millions of fertile China.

China, herself, partly because of her isolation by land and her lack of easy approach by sea, has been later in feeling the effect of this material transformation, which will doubtless, in the end, give us a new and single world. North and west, she is girt by wastes of arid sand, or of icy mountain ridge. In the south, where harbours are numerous, the mountainous configuration makes communication difficult, and confines the hinterland of each port to a comparatively limited area. The fertile alluvial lands of the north are bounded by harbourless sandy shores ; and, except in the hilly promontory of Shantung, there is no good harbour. Until railways and modern canals are constructed, both north and south will be naturally protected from outside influences, so long as the rulers have the desire and the

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FAR EAST

ability to keep them out. The will still exists, while the power has hardly been called in question until the last decade. Now, however, three invaders are clamouring at the gates of China : the Russians, the Japanese, and the Western traders.

The present crisis is really one of the critical acts in the drama of the opening of China, a drama of which it would be impossible to overrate the significance, inasmuch as it will bring four hundred millions of men into intimate and mutually dependent relations with the other three quarters of the human race. It is not a drama which can be carried through precipitately. The complex readjustments which it involves cannot be rushed ; and any attempt to force matters can only bring disaster to all concerned. It is not a mechanical problem, like the mere pulling down of an old house and the building up of a new, but a vital one, that of growing new trees in an ancient forest without rooting out the old.

Having thus stated the general problem, the rest of this article will discuss the opposing marginal areas of Russia and Japan, and the intervening lands and seas, leaving to another contributor the task of dealing with the Chinese factor in the present crisis.

I

To understand the lines of Russia's advance in the Far East, it is necessary to have a clear conception of the chief features of her physical configuration and the characteristics of her climate. Everyone who has examined a map of Eastern Asia must have been struck by the J-shaped arrangement of islands and coasts. A good physical map reveals the same distribution of the mountain masses. In the area which we are considering, Sakhalin, Yezo, and northern Honshiu form the north to south limb, and southern Honshiu, Shikoku, and Kiushiu the east to west one, enclosing the sea of Japan. Korea, and the small islands between it and the mouth of the Yangtse river, similarly bound the Yellow Sea. The Tatar mountains, or Sikhota-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

alin, form the eastern margin of the belt of lower land between Peter the Great Bay and the Sea of Okhotsk. The parallel mountain systems of eastern Manchuria and northern Korea, rise above the eastern margin of the Manchurian plain ; and their southern extension stretches westwards to form the Shantung peninsula. The Khingan mountains are nothing more than the eastern escarpments of the Mongolian plateau, running north and south in Manchuria, but trending westwards in the south.

The general characteristic of the region is a series of basins filled with a fertile loam or by the sea, and bordered on the east and south by mountains. The eastern belts of higher land are more marked and continuous, and form barriers to these basins, which are most easily entered from the south, where the east-and-west-trending belts of higher land are ruptured.

The long slope of the eastern mountain barriers is to the west. This makes the eastern coasts narrow, and, even where harbours exist in these deep waters with a small range of tides, they are of little value in opening up the country. The Coastal Province, Korea, and Manchuria, turn their backs to the ocean, and slope to the continent. This would have cut off communications until railways had been engineered, had it not been for the other important feature—the break in the southern barriers.

The Korean Strait, the Yellow Sea, and the Liaotung Gulf leading to the Manchurian plains, are instances of this important feature of East Asian topography. They form a link between the ocean and the fertile lowlands. Such low coasts as they possess are normally harbourless ; but the bordering mountain ranges jut out in peninsulas and promontories, while the intervening valleys are drowned, forming useful sheltered havens, wherein the tides rise and fall some twenty to thirty-five feet. At the jagged ends of the interrupted mountainous belts, are found many of the most important harbours, notably Vladivostok, at the south of the Usuri-Amur belt of lower land, Port Arthur, at the end of the Liaotung peninsula (the southern tip of the eastern mountain margin of Manchuria), and Yokosuka, at the end of Tokyo Bay. In Japan itself, this characteristic

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FAR EAST

helps to determine the importance of the south, where the land is more cut up, plains are commoner, and communication, both by land and sea, is easier.

Movements of peoples by land tend to follow these north to south or north-east to south-west lines. The Chinese farmer, during the nineteenth century, gradually took possession of fertile Manchuria from the south-west, pushing the pastoral Manchu to the drier western lands. The Russian followed the Amur, the chief transverse feature, to its mouth, then occupied the narrow Usuri valley trough, isolated from China, Korea and Japan, and now controls, by means of the Great Siberian line, the Manchurian lowland through which he has passed southwards from the north.

Russia did not come into contact with Japan until she reached the mouth of the Amur and occupied northern Sakhalin, about 1854. In 1875, the whole of this island was acquired by Russia, who ceded the Kuriles, north of Iturup, to Japan, in exchange for the southern half of Sakhalin. With the foundation, in 1861, of Vladivostok, on the Golden Horn of the eastern Bosphorus, Russia acquired a port, the practicable sea-approaches to which were all controlled by Japanese lands. The occupation of Manchuria and the fortification of Port Arthur altered the whole strategic position; and Japan has felt some natural resentment at her rival obtaining the fruit of her victory over China in 1894.

II

In occupying Manchuria, Russia entered on a new phase of expansion in the Far East. Hitherto she had advanced into lands sparsely peopled by hunting, fishing, or semi-nomadic pastoral tribes. In Manchuria, a large settled population has to be taken into account. The process of replacing the wandering horsemen and their flocks and herds began a century ago; and now some eight millions of Chinese, mostly farmers, occupy Manchurian soil. Manchuria, in fact, has been the Siberia of China. It is a large eastern Hungary, an outlier of the steppe lands,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

surrounded by mountains. It extends some 200 or 300 miles farther north and farther south than its European prototype ; and the meridional part lies in latitudes corresponding with those of Italy. The climate, however, is not Italian. It resembles that of the American prairies in similar latitudes, *i.e.*, between the Ohio and the Tennessee, with a very cold winter and occasional blizzards, and a very hot summer, during which most of the rain falls.¹ It is similarly fertile, and, just as the American plains become, towards the west, drier and more suited for pasture than for agriculture, so do the plains of Manchuria. Manchuria is one of the great granaries of the world, but it does not as yet yield nearly all the produce which it is capable of raising.

Korea, some 600 miles long and 135 miles wide, is almost as large as the island of Great Britain. It extends some 5° farther south than Manchuria, and may be compared with the Appalachian system of the United States, between the Mohawk and Tennessee valleys, supposing the eastern plain submerged, and the lower lands of the Mississippi basins flooded. It is a mountainous land, "a sea suddenly congealed during the progress of a gale of wind," highest in the north, where 8,700 feet is reached in the Paiktu-shan. The mountains skirt the east coast, where they rise to about the height of Scottish Highlands. Rain falls more abundantly and with greater regularity on the eastern than on the western slopes.² Both are covered with thick forests, which become scrub towards the south-west. Cold winters prevail, and in the mountainous north the summer is cool; in the lower lands of the south it is hot. Hence the hardier cereals, such as barley and oats, millet

¹ At Blagovyeshchensk, on the north bank of the Amur, 50° N., the mean January temperature is 17° F., that of July 70° F., and the mean of the year 30° F. At Niuchwang, in the south of Manchuria, the mean January temperature is 15° F., that of July 77° F., and the mean of the year 48° F. The difference in the mean temperature of the two stations is mainly due to the warmer springs and autumns of the southern station.

² In the north-east about 35 inches, in the south-east about 42 inches, in the west about 30 inches, of rain and snow fall in the course of the year. In the south-east most falls between April and July, in the west and north-east in July and August.

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FAR EAST

and beans, are found in the north, the home of the fur hunter ; while two crops a year can be raised in the south, where wheat, maize, and even rice, tobacco, cotton, and sugar, can be cultivated. The larger part of the population, probably over-estimated at 17,000,000 inhabitants, lives in the south.

The attraction of Korea for the European is partly as a market, but mainly as a rich mineral region. Concessions have already been granted to American, British, French, German, Japanese, and Russian companies. For Japan, Korea unites many attractions. If the Scandinavian peninsula were to begin at Calais, and stretch along the east of the North Sea, it would be related to Britain much as is Korea to Japan. It is an adjacent and mountainous land, with a climate analogous to that of the Island Empire. Much of it is comparatively sparsely inhabited, and might, therefore, become an outlet for the growing population of Japan. It is not yet opened up ; for roads, railways, and other means of communication scarcely exist, and, in the construction of these, Japanese capital and energy might find profitable employment. Finally, the control of Korea would put Japan once more in a position to watch and check Russia, by giving her the control of routes to the Russian ports of Vladivostok and Port Arthur. For Russia, Korea is of less importance economically ; but its strategic value is too great for Russia readily to permit it to pass into the uncontrolled possession of a rival Power. The south and south-east, although economically the most important, are of less consequence than the western lands, especially where the sea-approaches to Manchuria are narrowest, or than the northern lands which border Russian territory, and where the Russians hold timber and mining concessions.

The great defect of Korea is the difficulty of transport. When the cold winter comes, and the land is frozen, the Manchurian farmer drives his cart to market. Not so the Korean of the wooded mountain lands. Roads are practically non-existent in Korea, except round Seoul, the capital ; and even these are often almost impassable. Bulls with loads of 500-600 lbs., or ponies carrying 200 lbs., are the chief beasts of burden, traversing the narrow tracks ;

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FAR EAST

but human porters, who can carry 100-150 lbs., are also employed for transport. The great need of the country is roads and railways. The Han river, between Chemulpo and Seoul, is traversed by steamers ; and a railway has also been built between these towns. Both are controlled by the Japanese. From Fusan, in the southern part of Korea, the Japanese are also constructing a railway towards Seoul, from which it is proposed to carry a line to Wiju, the newly opened port on the Yalu river. The other treaty ports are shown on the accompanying map.¹

III

It will thus be seen, that the occupation of Manchuria completes the Russian control of the fertile plains, Mongolia being a mere arid plateau. It gives the outlet to the sea, but complicates the Russification of the empire by adding a large settled population with alien ideals. Strategically, the gain may counterbalance the danger of disaffection on the part of a people who have been described as among the happiest of mankind before the Russian occupation ; being comfortable, prosperous, and lightly taxed.² Short of a great transference of population, it is probable that Chinamen, but not necessarily China, will have most influence in Manchuria. In Korea, too, there is a sufficiently large population to keep the country Korean. As a granary and market for Japan, Korea is invaluable ; as a rich province to be developed, it is attractive ; as a counterpoise to Russian expansion, it is almost irresistible. For Europeans and Americans, freedom of trade and facilities for working concessions are the chief guarantees required of any Power which occupies either country ; and Western

¹ On this map, the chief routes, the naval stations, Korean open ports, and some other important places, are named. The isotherm of 32° F. indicates the division between the regions where the average temperature for February is above, from the northern part where it is below, the freezing point at sea level. Part of a circle with a radius of 500 miles has been drawn, with Vladivostok as centre.

² Brigands exist in the hilly east, and might harass the Russians considerably in the event of war.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

influence would not be exercised except to secure these ends.

In the event of a Russo-Japanese war, the first acts would probably take place on the sea. Vladivostok lies in the centre of the arc formed by the western coasts of Japan some 500 miles away. The chief approach to it is from the south through the Strait of Korea, about 110 miles wide ; but, in the centre of the channel, is the Japanese island of Tsushima, little more than thirty miles from the Korean coast. Until the end of March, too, Vladivostok will be ice-bound ; and, although ice-breakers exist, this will hamper Russian movements, and make Port Arthur the only open naval port.

It is true that the railway from Vladivostok over the mountains to Manchuria, where it joins the Port Arthur line at Kharbin, will keep open communications between the two centres. The eastern slopes of these mountains may have snow-storms. If the Manchurian route from Vladivostok is blocked, the longer overland way to Russia, by the Usuri valley and the Amur to the rail-head at Stryetensk, will also be interrupted ; for navigation on that river does not open before the end of April. In any case, the great Siberian railway is a long frail line, with a break at Lake Baikal. It would be difficult to protect it from hostile peoples inland, and it would be exposed to damage from the sea if Japan controlled the waters round the Liaotung peninsula. As long as Russia commands the Yellow Sea and the gulfs which open out of it, a rear attack on Port Arthur is checked, and a supply of coal from the mines near the western shores of the Liaotung Gulf is assured.

A. J. HERBERTSON

AN AMBITION OF JAPAN

TO those who, like the writer, look at the present crisis in Korea from the point of view of residents in the Far East, the interest of the present situation lies less in the outcome of the immediate issue, than in the ultimate results of the victory of either party. The actual fate of Manchuria and Korea, which is considered elsewhere in this number, is not of pressing interest to the traders in the Treaty Ports of China. The Korean, with his tall Welsh hat and disreputable appearance, is a familiar figure in the Treaty Ports of China, excelling in dirt and poverty even the Chinese themselves ; but his country is of value to the sportsman rather than the trader. In Manchuria, the interests of Great Britain are small, and Niu-chwang has already become practically a Russian town.

The leadership of the Far East, which is the prize of the struggle, is a vague term, worthy of analysis. The unconcealed ambition of Japan, beyond her territorial aims, is to obtain such a position in China as will enable her to reform that Empire, and form a strong coalition of the two Yellow Powers ; and one interest of the present struggle lies in its bearing on this object, and in the inherent possibility of this object itself.

The history of the relations of the West with Japan and China in the last century, is, up to a point, uniform. Both countries were, and still are, firmly convinced of the superiority of their own civilisation ; both countries displayed a fixed intention to be rid of the foreigner, and, with that end, pursued the same policy of occasional massacre. Suddenly, it appeared that the Japanese had, for themselves, changed all that, and had become enamoured of Western institutions and civilisation. The central govern-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ment was strengthened, a constitution on the Prussian model was introduced, new codes of law were published, Western science was studied ; and the world thought that Japan had become a Western Power. It is now known that Japan had done nothing of the sort. She had adopted so much of the habits of the West as was necessary to save her existence, and no more ; beneath all the surface changes, the old family life, manners, and ideals remained, unweakened and untouched. Even the national dress had been changed only for occasions observed by the foreigner ; and it was soon seen, that all that Japan had done was, to get rid of the foreigner by a surer way than massacre, namely, by learning his own game and beating him at it. The result was the lapse of the old treaties and the abolition of extra-territoriality, the decline of Western commercial houses in Japan and the substitution of Japanese houses in their place, and the birth of new Japanese industries and manufactures, taught, indeed, originally by the foreigner, but now under the sole control of the Japanese themselves.

It was the versatility of the Japanese character, and the intelligent initiative of the Japanese Government, that effected the change. Given the initiative from Japan, could China carry through a similar policy, and achieve a similar position ?

The conditions under which foreign traders carry on business in the Far East explain largely the ease with which the Japanese have been able, little by little, to dispense with the resident foreigner. A foreign merchant in a Treaty Port in China or Japan, receiving goods for sale to the interior, sells them in the following manner. He employs a *compradore* at a nominal wage, who takes the whole responsibility of selling the goods off the foreigner's hands, making his own profits out of a commission. This *compradore* is a native merchant, usually having a considerable independent business of his own. On behalf of the foreigner he sells the goods to native purchasers, who are known to the *compradore* but not to the foreigner. The contract for sale is made between the *compradore*, in the name of the foreigner, and the native buyer. The *compradore* guarantees the native in all such contracts to the foreigner. It is obvious that the

AN AMBITION OF JAPAN

connection and good will of the business belong in such cases to the *compradore*, and that the foreigner is only an expensive conduit pipe for the purpose of getting credit for the goods from the West.

The Japanese were not slow to appreciate this fact ; and, as a result, the *compradore* became the merchant, and the foreign merchant began to disappear from Japan. All that was needed to effect the change was, that the Japanese trader should raise himself to such a position that he could obtain credit outside his own country. Accordingly, Japanese students were sent to study foreign methods of commerce abroad, agencies were started in Europe, and Japanese lines of steamers began to connect Japan with all the important centres of the world. And now there are many native firms in Japan having direct relations with commercial houses of the West.

There is no apparent reason why China should not repeat the process. The importance of this aspect of the question is obvious, when it is remembered, that the foreigner in the Far East is there only for the purpose of trade, and, once unnecessary as a trader, his *raison d'être* in that part of the world ceases. In many ways the Chinese are more fitted for commercial success than the Japanese. They have been a trading nation for centuries, and commerce is respected and pursued by their highest classes ; whereas the Japanese, till very recently, regarded the commercial classes with contempt. As a result, the standard of commercial integrity in China is vastly higher than in Japan. In long-sighted enterprise, the Chinese merchant is inferior to none : he has a most efficient system of mercantile banking : no profit is too small for him. But he has never had his eyes opened to his commercial prospects outside China ; a result which an intelligent Government, with a wide scheme of education, alone can achieve. The present writer has frequently asked more intelligent members of the *compradore* class why the *compradore* has never tried to trade directly with firms abroad. The answer invariably was, that the *compradore* is quite happy as he is, that he is already making plenty of money, and that he knows nothing of the world outside, from which the foreign

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

merchandise comes. Once this knowledge is supplied, by the Government encouraging Chinese commercial students to emigrate and learn, and acquire credit abroad, the Chinaman would be quick to venture where profit was the reward.

One further privilege Japan could promise China for following her on her lines of reform : the abolition of extra-territoriality. There is no doubt, to any one who has lived under it, that this system is bad, both for foreigner and native. So many courts and laws, for so many nationalities, of necessity lead to confusion. Administration of justice by consuls whose first duty is to protect the interest of their own nationals, is in itself contradictory. And the practice to which the system lends itself, of fictitious assignment of legal claims to foreigners, in order to obtain foreign assistance and intervention, is full of abuses.

As China now is, however, it would be preposterous to subject the foreigner to the Chinese Courts. In the Treaty of 1902, China is promised that Great Britain will relinquish her extra-territorial rights when the conditions of China warrant it. And some of the more progressive viceroys have recently been enquiring vaguely for a suitable code of foreign laws, much as they would for a new style of hat. A new code would not of itself free China from the extra-territorial rights of Europeans. The whole spirit of the administration must be remodelled ; and Japan alone is in the position to show China from experience how that can be done, without the missionary or the foreign soldier, and without the destruction of the old national life, ideals, philosophy, and art.

It may be said that such inducements to reform have long existed in China, and that there is no reason why Japan should succeed in making China act upon them where others have failed ; that by a population which is still so ignorant as to believe that China won the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 by miraculous means, the experiences of Japan in dealing with the West could never be appreciated. The reply is, first, that the Chinaman will quickly appreciate whatever the officials choose to let him know, and, secondly, that, in the Chinese mind, the Japanese occupy a wholly different position from that of other foreigners. The war

AN AMBITION OF JAPAN

of 1894 apparently united rather than estranged the two nations ; and since 1900 the Japanese have displayed an intense interest in the internal management of China, which has not been resented by the Chinese. Although the Chinaman feels for the Japanese, as for all foreigners, contempt, it is in this case contempt untinged with bitterness. After all, China is to Japan a parent nation. She has given to Japan her civilisation, art, and philosophy. Both civilisations are founded on the unity and responsibility of the family to the State, with all the differences from the individualism of the West that this entails ; the identity of the written language which, with all the varieties of the spoken languages in China, has kept the Chinese Empire one, has been so little altered in Japan, that a Chinaman can read the greater part of a Japanese page ; and, although the Japanese have encouraged the military spirit, so detested in China, both nations are really permeated with the gentle spirit of Buddhism, and its abhorrence of destroying any form of animal life. All this places the Japanese in immeasurably closer sympathy with the Chinese than can ever be any of the predatory individualistic nations of the West.

The victory of Japan on the present issue would mean a temporary collapse, at any rate, of Russian influence in China ; and would leave Japan free to press her reforms on an unbiased and freehanded Chinese Government. It is difficult to-day to imagine the Chinese Court with Russian influence gone ; but three important present factors would certainly in such an event remain—the unpopularity of the Manchu dynasty, the hatred of the foreigner, and the existence, unobtrusive but persistent, of a reform party. Of late the dynasty has saved itself by playing off these three forces against one another : by diverting energies that were threatening it to the massacre of missionaries and the siege of ambassadors. Japan, with her peculiar position and experiences, and backed by victorious force, could irresistibly indicate to the dynasty a simple way of putting both the forces of reform and hatred of the foreigner at its disposal, and in a manner not offensive to the conservative instincts of the nation. Already the Japanese have succeeded in moving the Chinese where others have failed.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Chinese students are being sent in large numbers to Japan to study Western knowledge, and, although it is impossible to give figures on the point, since the crisis of 1900 Japanese influence has steadily permeated China, and Japanese instructors and agents are now employed in a variety of ways throughout the country. The following is a typical instance of how the Japanese recommend their methods to the Chinaman. For hundreds of years Peking has had a most miserable supply of water. The Chinaman doubtless knew that beneath the ground ran springs of pure water. It has been left to the Japanese to show him how, by merely pointing the bamboo stick with a steel point, this water can be reached some two hundred feet down, so that now, for the first time, the Pekingese have a pure water supply. It is true that their enjoyment has been somewhat checked by the discovery of the Government that water is a Government monopoly, and hence productive of squeezes; but this is merely illustrative of the necessity of a general reform.

Moreover, supposing that their appeal to the Manchu dynasty fell on deaf ears, the value of a reformed China to the Japanese is so great, that perchance they would reflect that there were other ears more receptive. Very slowly, but at last, public opinion is beginning to exist in China. In 1901 a mass meeting of Chinese was held at Shanghai, to protest against the sale of Manchuria by Li Hung Chang to Russia. This was an event absolutely unparalleled in Chinese history, seeing that those present were not personally affected by the question at all; and it is a proof of the beginning of a critical interest in public affairs. And, even among the officials, there are those who see the importance of such signs.

More particularly might the Japanese turn their eyes towards Yuan Shi Kai, the holder of the important Vice-royalty of Chi-li. Yuan Shi Kai is a young man, and generally reckoned the ablest and most ambitious official in the China of to-day. Yuan, throughout his career, has shown that highest quality of Oriental statesmanship—the faculty of sitting on the fence till the last minute, and then jumping down on the right side. This quality he displayed with consummate judgment, both in the *coup d'état* of 1898

AN AMBITION OF JAPAN

and in the Boxer crisis of 1900 ; and his rewards were respectively the viceroyalties of Shantung and Chi-li. It might well occur to him, and to the Japanese, that the throne of China was a reward not unsuited to the man who would head, at the fitting moment, a judicious and thorough movement for reform.

Once anxious to reform, there is but little doubt that the central Government has sufficient power in China to carry out its wish. Despite its faults, no Government in the world is, when really intent on its purpose, more powerful than the Chinese. The organisation of society through the family, by which each and every member becomes responsible for the misdeeds and defaults of the others, the heavy duties of responsibility laid upon officials, including even responsibility for deluges and storms in the districts under their control, give the Chinese Government a control over its people which can be equalled by few ; and there is no better tribute to its power of ruling a population of four hundred millions, than the maintenance of peace and order for centuries without the aid of any army worthy of the name. If the last thousand years in China and Europe were compared, China would be able to show a better record of peace than Europe.

Should she succeed in her object, Japan would place between herself and Europe a strong nation, united to her by the ties of blood, interest, literature, art, and religion, or irreligion, whichever it be called ; and the two nations might well feel secure of preserving the western shores of the Pacific for their common civilisation and ideals.

A. M. LATTER

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

IN August, 1902, I wrote an article on this subject, which appeared the following November in the *National Review*. In that article I endeavoured to show, first, that the supply of Kaffirs for the future industrial development of the Transvaal on the old lines would prove entirely insufficient; and secondly, that the true solution of the Labour Problem, in the interest as much of the owners of the mines as of the welfare of the Colony and of South Africa, lay in supplementing the inadequate supply of Kaffirs by white labour and white methods.

The first of these propositions is now accepted as a truism. I dismissed the possible alternative of Chinese labour in a few words; for at that date such a proposal would have been scouted by practically the whole population of the colony.

I did not foresee that the financial houses, who in their aggregate capacity may be most conveniently referred to as the "Chamber of Mines," would disregard this unanimous sentiment, and fix upon Chinese labour as the only solution to the Labour Problem acceptable to them. I did not foresee that, in following out the policy which had this for its aim, the Chamber of Mines would exercise the pressure on the rest of the population which it has done, in order to obtain some colourable imitation of assent to a proposition really so repugnant to the Colony. Nor could any British subject have foreseen, that our Crown Colony Government would have taken up the sympathetic attitude towards this policy which, as evidenced by the history of the last six months, it has taken up.

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

"You do not want Chinese labour. We want it, and we do not want white; we cannot have Chinese labour till you give your assent. Very well; we won't go into the business seriously, or make any strenuous attempt to get out of the labour muddle by any other means. We can wait longer than you can; and we will wait until you are willing to have Chinese labour, or any labour we please."

I venture to assert that, were you to poll the Witwatersrand to-morrow, and ask each man to record his opinion as to whether the above was a fair rendering of the attitude of the Chamber on the Labour Question during the last eighteen months, the vast majority of answers would be in the affirmative.

From the time when it began to be generally recognised that the demand for labour must far exceed the Kaffir supply, it became evident to many that, involved in the choice of labour by which the Kaffir supply was to be supplemented, were some of the most momentous issues South Africa has yet had to face: issues affecting the whole of the future social, political, and industrial character of South Africa. I will endeavour as briefly as possible to place the main issue before the home reader, to whom much opposition to the introduction of Chinese labour may otherwise seem unreasoning prejudice.

In the limited industrial expansion which had taken place up to the discovery of the Witwatersrand goldfields, the availability of cheap Kaffir labour had always resulted in the thrusting out of the smaller man, who could not afford to pay for Kaffirs, and the gradual consolidation of such industries as there were in the hands of those with the longest purses.

Kimberley is the best instance in South Africa of the effect of this tendency in industrial development. In Kimberley there was at one time a flourishing independent community. But, by the natural development I have indicated above, the small man has been edged out, until white Kimberley now consists of the De Beers' employees, and a comparatively small community, all virtually dependent on De Beers Company and on the labour of the several thousand natives employed in their diamond mines. The result is, of course, a community in which the De Beers

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Company is omnipotent—politically, commercially, and industrially.

Kimberley is, in fact, a by-word throughout South Africa, as *par excellence* the type of place which every rising community wishes not to become. Kaffir labour alone has rendered possible the peculiar and undesirable development at Kimberley. The commercial advantage of restricting the output of diamonds merely assisted. In the competition for the distribution of the wealth obtained from the mines, as between the owner, the employed, and the rest of the white community, the owner had to his hand a deadly weapon in the labour of the Kaffir races.

In relation to such a comparatively small industry as Kimberley, this weapon was sufficient to give overwhelming power to the owner ; but the formidableness of this weapon has its limitations, corresponding with those of the Kaffir population. The ordinary Kaffir is not too inclined to work, and is beginning to know his value in £ s. d. Hence, the power of the mine-owner, over the rest of the white population, is limited by the number of Kaffirs available at a low rate of wage.

Those who are opposed to Asiatic immigration wish to see this natural limitation maintained, wish to see South Africa work out her own salvation, and wish to see the immense natural resources of the Transvaal exploited by a free and self-supporting white nation. Those who are in favour of Chinese importation wish, in effect, to abrogate entirely this natural limitation, and to open the doors to all the cheap Asiatic races.

The contention of those who regard this matter as colonists is, that the effect of such abrogation will be to continue indefinitely the system by which the wealth of the country is exploited by semi-servile labourers for the benefit of a comparatively few persons ; and that, as these few persons mostly reside without the country, the least possible benefit will accrue to the country, as a real colony with a future before it. The present state of things is bad enough ; the political power already in the hands of those who can pull the financial strings is already too great. No other evidence of this is wanted than the way in which

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

the colony's repugnance to Chinese labour has been disregarded, and an attempt, which is within an ace of being successful, made to force it on the country.

Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, speaking to Sir George Farrar's motion in the Legislative Council at Pretoria last month, appealed to the inhabitants to avoid side issues. His opponents will heartily agree with this proposition. But what are the side issues? And what is the main issue? The main issue, we contend, is, whether the resources of the country shall be developed on the Kimberley pattern, whether the interests of the inhabitants shall be at the mercy of the few exercising financial control; or whether the resources of the country shall be developed along such lines as will result in their affording the means of establishing a free and prosperous white population. It is but a side issue, whether in developing the Colony's resources on the lines acceptable to the general body of the community, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Sir George Farrar, and their financial friends, may be obliged to modify (to a greater or less degree) the industrial financial system which has grown up. They may indeed have to abandon their pretensions to make the interests of the financial groups the first consideration of the Government.

Now let us for a moment consider some of the main features of this industrial financial system.

The gold-mining industry of the Transvaal can be said to consist of two main divisions: first, the company-floating and share-manufacturing industry; and, secondly, the gold-mining industry proper. In the company-floating and share industry, the profits accrue from taking up blocks of land at a comparatively low cost, and, perhaps, after some prospecting, floating these into new public companies. This is as legitimate as any other form of commercial enterprise. On the other hand, in the gold-mining industry proper, the profits accrue from the difference between the value of an ounce of gold, and the cost of getting that ounce of gold.

The company and share industry gives great gains to a very few individuals. The actual mining industry gives employment and a means of livelihood to very many. The

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

company and share industry, from which vastly the greater profits are made, is essentially a financing business, and presumably of predominant importance to the financial houses. But, to the colony as a whole, the profits of this industry are of little or no benefit, compared with the business and prosperity depending on the really industrial business of the actual mining. That both are of use to the colony is true; but there can be no question which of the two is of the greater importance. It is true also that, the more flourishing the actual industry, the greater will be the profits from future flotations. The fact nevertheless remains that, as it is from the company and share industry that the controlling financial houses make much the largest part of their profits, the real industrial business of gold-mining must be supposed to rank second in its demand on their attention.

The so-called mining magnates are, therefore, properly financial magnates. They are not industrial leaders, and, unlike the large coalowners, ironmasters, shipbuilders, &c., of Great Britain, they cannot be regarded as authorities on distinctively industrial questions. Let us trace for a moment the effect of this system. Its result is, that the control of the industrial business proper, which is by far the most important to the colony, is, so far as directorial bodies are concerned, largely vested in nominees of the financial houses. These are, in a few cases, men of technical knowledge; but more often they are employees in the offices of the big houses, friends of the financial magnates, and others, whose ignorance of the practical working of the mines they direct is encyclopædic. They have not that power of taking intelligent responsibility, which comes either from the technical knowledge of the paid expert employee, or from the fact that it is their own money with which men are dealing. Their duties are thought to be sufficiently performed if things are going "well enough," and if, on any knotty point, they are covered by written opinion of the expert of the group controlling that particular mine. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to obtain returns showing (1) the proportions of the in-

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

come which accrues to the controlling financial firms (a) from the dividends on working operations, and (b) from the profit on company flotations and share dealing; (2) the percentage of gentlemen sitting on Boards of direction of gold-mining companies who draw a greater income from the dividends of the mine they are directing, than is earned in six months by a carpenter working in such a mine.

The result of such a system to the industry proper is, that actual managers of mines are tied up, and their initiative checked, to the greatest possible degree. Though lately one myself, I may perhaps be allowed to say that the mine-managers of the Witwatersrand devote their minds exclusively to obtaining as much profit from their working operations as is possible. But the restraints placed upon them, the dead weight of such a directorial system as that sketched above, tend to crush out all incentive to individual endeavour, and to the scheming out of the best way to work their mines. Many of them, I am sure, have often wondered whether their chief duty lay in trying to make profits for their shareholders, or in conforming to the rules and regulations laid down by the Chamber of Mines, and preparing statistics for the Group Engineering Department. Most would, in the interests of their company, gladly double the fee paid to the Group Engineering officers, if these would agree to sit quiet, do nothing, only give their advice when asked for, and leave the managers free to go to such experts for advice as they thought most competent to advise.

This financial industrial system, and the apparent desire of the financial groups to keep both sides of the industry entirely under their control, has many unfortunate results—the practical monopoly in recruiting native labour, the fancied necessity for uniformity of rates of wages, the restrictions which make piecework for natives almost hopeless, and the attempt to interfere continually with the ordinary laws of supply and demand.

Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, in the speech alluded to above, very rightly demanded that the opponents of Chinese labour should be something other than critical, and that some alter-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

native scheme should be put forward. I will endeavour to comply with his request. It is the desire of no one to keep the industries of the Transvaal stagnant. The instinct of any engineer naturally is to see the resources of the country developed as rapidly as possible ; and no thinking man can possibly suppose that the well-known enormous wealth of the Transvaal is going to be left undeveloped. The alternative I should suggest would be an abandonment of the endeavour to perpetuate an industrial system which has served its purpose, and which the industry proper has outgrown. Let those financiers who control the industry, instead of continuing to cry out for what we have not got—unlimited cheap labour—realise what we really have got : namely, the facilities which the nature of the gold deposit affords for increasing the scale of our production to an almost unlimited extent.

An engineering contractor does not approach such a job as the building of a hundred miles of railway from the point of view of a foreman of a gang. He does not say : “I can shift with such and such gear so many yards of earthwork a day—therefore it will take me ten, fifteen, or twenty years to get the work done.” He approaches it from the opposite end. He first calculates the amount of work to be done, and then makes his arrangements to get it done by such method and in such time as is required to do it most profitably.

The same view can be taken to-day of the well-proved area of the Witwatersrand. In most of the mines, you can calculate the number of million tons of rock and the number of million pounds’ worth of gold which you are going to get from a given area. A host of our expedients and methods are based on what may be called the retail way of doing business. It is said that the mine units are so small that it is not thought advisable to organise on the proper scale, or to have an absolutely first-class man on each mine, who can be relied upon to do the best that can be done on that mine ; hence the “group” system and the “group expert” system.

If that is so, then make your units larger. Instead of having half a dozen experts controlling the business of a

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

large number of mines, too big already for this form of centralised control, engage a much larger number of first-class men. If it is necessary, in order to make the greatest profit out of this wholesale way of doing business, to abandon your retail methods—abandon them. If it means that you have to use more machinery for breaking down your rock and transporting it, and if the success of your work and organisation for this big scale depends upon your having a more intelligent and reliable class of workman than the Kaffir, even at a higher rate—then face it, and get that class from home, where plenty is obtainable. If this involves readjustments which, although commercially profitable, are not convenient to individuals, that is a matter for the individuals, not for the colony. You say that you have not sufficient men of the calibre required, and you are afraid of Trade Unions. I should answer, in the first place, that you must have a low opinion of your managers, and that, if necessary, there are many men managing large coal mines in England (and Witwatersrand gold-mining has nothing magical in it) whom you could get for a price. These men are not afraid of their own countrymen, but accustomed to work and live on terms with Labour organisations. Do you look on Trade Unionism as an evil? Surely the form of Trade Unionism most harmful to the colony is that which sacrifices every ideal to its own ascendancy; and no more egregious instance of such a system can be found, than that which the colony already possesses, in the Trade Union of Financiers and Company Directors, known as the Transvaal Chamber of Mines.

But, even without great readjustment, what can we do towards making our way out of the Labour difficulty with white labour?

Mr. Drummond Chaplain, Joint General Manager in South Africa of the Consolidated Goldfields, informed the public in an article in the *National Review* last spring, that my experiments in white labour had only resulted in demonstrating the futility of my theories. While I have the highest respect for journalism, I may be excused from considering Mr. Chaplain's experience, as a newspaper correspondent in St. Petersburg and elsewhere, and as Joint

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

General Manager in Johannesburg of a large financial company for a brief period, as qualifications which would lead me to regard him as a final judge on a matter of this kind. Let us see what has been said by some other authorities more competent to form an opinion.

A committee of three mine-managers, who reported on this subject in November 1902, stated that, in mines of a certain type (including a very large proportion of the mines on the Rand) the number of natives requisite for working as cheaply as in 1899 could be very largely reduced by the use of white labour in certain departments. Why has the Chamber made no effort to carry these recommendations into effect? Why was this report, I will not say suppressed, but only accidentally elicited by one of the anti-Asiatic members of the Labour Commission, in cross-examination of one of the Chamber's last witnesses?

The result of my later experience I will give briefly.

My evidence before the Labour Commission showed that, with white labour, work could be done in the mill, and in a portion of the cyanide works, as cheaply as it was being done with Kaffirs in 1899.¹ In the winning of the rock by means of machine drills, and in development, I showed that I had already reached a point where, on a contract basis, it was costing, on balance, 3d. per ton less with white labour in July and August, 1903, than similar work done by Kaffirs cost in 1899. I say "on balance," because, in terms of labour alone, it was a few pence more costly; but that extra cost was more than counterbalanced by the cheaper rate of explosives, a direct result of the war. A further improvement might be looked for as the organisation improved. I do not pretend that doing this work by machines is at present cheaper than by cheap hand labour. But it must be borne in mind that in this department the use of machine drills has always been looked upon as a makeshift, until such time as more natives were available; and any expedient in the nature of a makeshift will not receive that attention which a permanent method

¹ 1899 is taken as a basis for Kaffir Labour as being the last period before the disorganisation due to the war.

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

will. I contend, that any one attacking this problem seriously will come to the conclusion, that we should devote all our energies to perfecting this method, rather than cling to the ideal of unlimited cheap labour. We should then be dependent, not on cheap coloured labour, but on a much smaller number of white labourers, who could be drawn from a practically inexhaustible stock, and on machinery which can always be got.

The work of winning the rock, together with the transporting of the broken rock to the hoisting place, which should also be done mechanically, absorbs about 80 per cent. of the native labour supply on an ordinary mine. But its cost is only 40 to 50 per cent. of the total cost of production. It will be seen, then, that the solution of the labour difficulty above suggested gives facilities for attaining a cheaper rate of production by increase of output. The importance of these facilities will be apparent to industrial men in this country.

From the use of white labour on the surface, I learned the lesson—that we do not suffer so much from a dearth of labour as from the effects of a plethora of cheap labour in the past. Our industrial establishments have a warp in the wrong direction, viz., that of getting done by the brute force of human labour what in other countries would be done by more intelligent organisation, and by labour-saving machinery. With our present native labour, supplemented by white labour, I contend that the mines can now be run at a cost as low as that ruling in 1899, and in the future far more cheaply.

An attempt has been made to discredit my evidence by a consulting engineer's report, in which his conclusion was to the effect that white labour was shown by the work on the Village Main Reef to be a failure. With this report I have dealt elsewhere; it may suffice here to say, that, while ample time was afforded before the Commission rose to bring figures to rebut mine, and to be subjected to cross examination as mine were, such a course was not taken; and this report was published after I had left the mine, and was not in a position to refute the figures in detail.

Space does not permit me to do more than deal briefly with some of the arguments of our opponents.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

It is said that white men will not work in the same place with natives.

As an employer, I would not put a white man and a native to do the same piece of work together, because, as soon as my back was turned, the white man would probably try and make the native do the work of both. But there is no kind of difficulty in so organising as to avoid side-by-side labour ; and I have never, since the war, experienced any difficulty in getting white men for any work I wanted done, whether the same kind of work was being done by natives in other parts of the mine or not. In fact, latterly, there were usually fifteen or twenty men applying at the pit head daily for work.

It is said that the emergency is so great, that we must have some large increase of output at once, and that we cannot wait for white labour. Has any serious attempt been made to get white labour, and is it not well known now that the Chinese will afford hardly any immediate relief? We shall have to wait in any case if, as Sir G. Farrar states, we shall be lucky if we get 10,000 Chinese in the first year. And where is this emergency, seeing that when we are now producing nearly fifteen millions a year, which is only one million short of the biggest completed year's output?

Will not this same emergency argument be used with tenfold weight a little later, to get the present proposed restrictions abrogated, when a host of vested interests have grown up round Chinese labour?

If the emergency is so great, let the whole question be investigated by an impartial tribunal, which shall be guided by no local considerations as to whom it may suit to give evidence, and whom it may not suit: a tribunal so equipped, that it is certain to get at the truth. Let it be advised by real industrial leaders of this country, appointed for the purpose; and, having elicited all the facts, and investigated all aspects of the question, then let the colonists register a free vote on the matter.

The financial magnates are not evil-minded persons whose aim in life is the subjugation of their fellow citizens, but merely business men endeavouring, as most

THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM

business men do, to make money. Having occupied the position of manager on mines under the control of Messrs. H. Eckstein and Co. (Wernher, Beit and Co.) for nearly nine years, I may perhaps claim to speak with some knowledge ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I personally have never heard of any firm who, as employers, are more liberal in their treatment of their employees from highest to lowest. And possibly other Rand financial firms are equally liberal.

When, however, the Chamber of Mines goes into politics, as at the time of the Raid, and now in the agitation for Chinese, it comes into conflict with instincts and ideals beside which the mere business of making money ought to take a second place.

If the attitude it has taken up in regard to this question of Asiatic labour, and the tactics it has pursued in trying to gain its point, have raised a feeling of profound distrust and antagonism to its influence in politics on the part of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, it has only itself to thank. The best way in which it can overcome that antagonism is frankly to recognise the intense dislike entertained by colonists to the Asiatic labour scheme, and in this and other questions to devote itself to its business of making money within the laws the people of the colony lay down, leaving it to the people of the colony to make those laws without financial coercion.

To say that there is no such coercion is ridiculous. Everyone knows that for any man in a responsible mining position to take a view opposed to such a set policy as the Chinese Labour policy of the Chamber, and to back that view in public, is eventually to quarrel with his bread and butter ; and to a Johannesburger there would be no need to establish this point—he knows it. In a mining community such as Johannesburg, where most men are employed by, or in some way dependent on, the good will of the big houses, this cannot fail to be so.

I have stated above the reasons of many of us for opposing Chinese importation. Others I have spoken to object to it for a variety of other reasons.

In Cape Colony, where there is representative govern-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ment, so well is the sentiment of the voter known, that both parties are bidding against one another as to who shall be most anti-Chinese.

In Natal, when the subject was discussed some months ago, it was shelved, on the ground that Natal, having her own coolie importation, had no right to protest against Asiatic importation into the Transvaal.

We may be right or we may be wrong in not wishing to have Chinese labour ; but we have been assured that it shall not be forced on us against our wishes, and we ask of England to have that promise fulfilled. We contend that the majority of the people, English and Dutch, of the Transvaal, do not want it, that in a community such as ours there is no real way of getting a free expression of our wishes but by a ballot ; and we demand a referendum. What right has the Government to refuse such a reasonable request ?

F. H. P. CRESWELL

*Late General Manager, Village Main
Reef Gold Mining Co.*

MR. BURDEN

CHAPTER VII

LORD BENTHORPE'S descent and training, of which my readers have received some account, forbade him to exhibit haste in his further dealings with Mr. Burden. His long administrative experience in the Orient, with which these papers have already rendered the Anglo-Saxon race familiar, equally forbade him to leave his associates and friends long ignorant of Mr. Burden's views. He wrote to Mr. Barnett immediately after Mr. Burden's departure from Placton ; and was charmed to discover, in the reply, that the Empire Builder was not so wrapped in his dreams as to forget the courtesy of delay.

Mr. Burden, meanwhile, who was chiefly acquainted with the narrow world of business, read such delay to mean that his colleagues were yet uncertain. At moments he feared some Governmental interference, acting through the powerful connection of Lord Benthorpe ; at others he regretted the enthusiasm he had shown at Placton for the new scheme. As the days passed, he grew into a feverish and restless state, very favourable for the due fruition of Mr. Barnett's plans ; and, while I am bound to regret the pain which such a process inevitably caused my old friend, I am none the less constrained to admit its ultimate wisdom. Without some exercise of discipline, no organiser can marshal his forces ; and it is to Mr. Barnett's honour, that he never pursued such a method beyond the limits strictly necessary to the mutual benefit of himself and of the friends he would acquire.

Three weeks went by, and Mr. Burden had worked himself into a state of nervous irritation, pitiful for any to behold save those who, like his son, were aware of the ultimate advantage to which it would lead.

He no longer mentioned the M'Korio directly, but he brought home continually the new books upon that river ; he purchased a new atlas ; he visited upon two occasions the rooms of ill-frequented

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

museums. His dignity, which prevented him from betraying to Cosmo his immeasurable anxieties, did not debar him from a ceaseless conversation which was unnatural and strange in him : he spoke of Oxford, of Placton, of geography, of the Roman Empire, of savages, of command of the sea, of the *Times* newspaper, of wars. And, all the while, Cosmo, with tenacious care, warded off every allusion that pointed to the forbidden subject ; under his indefatigable calm, his imperturbable good-humour, his father's health threatened to give way.

In early May, a coincidence brought to maturity this period of preparation. Mr. Burden saw in the *Times* (which paper he read at breakfast) that a German company designed to acquire concessions in the Delta ; in the full agony of this news, he learnt—upon the same morning—that Cosmo would meet Mr. Barnett at luncheon.

There was perfect restraint and good feeling in the little scene. Cosmo took his hat in the office, and remembered to say that he should be a trifle late in returning, because he expected Mr. Barnett would appear at the club. Just as he went out, his father, with unnatural joviality, suggested that they should lunch together—they so rarely lunched together. Cosmo's hesitation was not noticeable. Mr. Burden rose ; and so, for the second time, he came to, and was not sought by, Imperial things.

They sat at a little table in a vast room, over-luxurious, but grand. They had already ordered and received the baked mutton and cabbage of their choice, when Cosmo stood up and greeted warmly a figure, large and benignant, which had appeared beside him. It was Mr. Barnett.

A whirl of confused emotions ran through the mind of Mr. Burden. The public reputation was one thing to him, the splendid coat of astrachan quite another, and, when speech began, the accent, gesture, and expression meant yet a third. At the introduction, Mr. Barnett bowed from the hips, mechanically and low, his chin upon his chest—a fourth confusion combined with the others. Where had Mr. Burden seen that posture before ? He could not remember—then it returned to him : it was in 1878, in a farce called *The Cologne Express*—never in real life had he seen such a salutation.

Mr. Barnett drew a chair to the table, sat down, and cleared his throat with an energy characteristic of a master. Several men in the club started round, and, seeing who it was, smiled ; two nodded : to one of them his nod was returned. Then Mr. Barnett, putting both his weighty hands upon the table, slowly twirled his powerful if spatulated thumbs. He spoke at last in the tone of decision and

MR. BURDEN

initiative which gives such men authority. His voice was directed towards a waiter of terrified appearance; he ordered a bottle of "one hundred and eighty," and, when the bottle came, a fifth emotion entered Mr. Burden's mind, to observe that it was champagne.

Mr. Barnett smiled.

Leaders of men have led men always by a smile. Here also was a leader, and it is my duty to describe at great length this individual charm.

When Mr. Barnett smiled, his lips, which he kept closed, did not bend upwards as they do with commoner and weaker men, but downwards like an arch, lending an astonishing vigour to his expression; the lower one, never of a retiring curve, was thrust out superbly, glorying in its capacity, and the whole mouth, never exiguous, assumed heroic dimensions; the while for a moment his considerable eyes gleamed with kindly intelligence. At their corners, three deep furrows spread rapidly to his temples, to disappear in the massive substance of his face, when its features reassumed their normal and somewhat drooping calm.

Such was Mr. Barnett during those rare flashes which his friends already knew, and which, after he had made the M'Korio, were destined to captivate no less than two crowned heads, a Prime Minister, four admirals, ten General Officers, editors in great profusion, innumerable professors, and a whole army of divines.

Such was the smile which illuminated the very man from within, irradiated his genius and his vision, fascinated for a moment—and was gone.

Not till he had drunk one glass of "one hundred and eighty," did Mr. Barnett fix his eyes upon Mr. Burden, and tell him, in a measured manner, with what pleasure he now met, by chance, a gentleman with whom their arrangements were so soon to be made. Having once broken the subtle barrier which separates individuals and races from one another, Mr. Barnett manifested himself a moulder and a maker of things in the justly ordered sentences whereby he settled, within a few moments, permitting no interruption, the nature of the syndicate which would be formed, the few to whom all knowledge of it should be confined, and its object in laying the foundation for what was to be the development of the M'Korio.

Before Mr. Burden well knew what had been done, he was pledged to meet his colleagues upon that day week at the Plantagenet Club.

His adhesion had been but one disconnected phrase at the close of Mr. Barnett's order of the day: of so cogent a kind is the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

influence of those who once perhaps led armies, but who are now the captains of greater forces, leading to destinies which no General of the past has achieved.

This done, Mr. Barnett drank another glass of champagne, and then the best part of a third, in silence, holding the edge of the table with his bent hands, and gazing down. At last he twice pronounced the English word "So," sighed heavily across the table, rose up as rise the terrible but majestic pachyderms of the Asiatic continent, smiled once again, bowed, turned to the distant door, shook its lintel with the stately emphasis of his tread, and disappeared in an atmosphere of dignity which nothing marred save the slight, continuous curve of his back—an accident due to the obesity of his advancing years.

The influence of the rare over the more common mind, though by it alone can the purpose of the world be forwarded, is not imposed without friction and occasional pain.

Mr. Burden suffered from an anarchy of thought, perhaps, more than from a sense of dependence or of peril; yet he suffered, and Cosmo noted that he suffered. When, therefore, his father hinted that he should return with him to Norwood that evening, he had the self-control to postpone the pleasure of a dinner he had promised himself among friends in Covent Garden, and to come to the comfort and aid of the parent of whose old age he had become a kind of guardian and director.

At Norwood, where they had dined in more than an hour of silence, Mr. Burden begged his son, upon whose judgment he had begun to lean with pathetic but insufficient faith, to come a walk with him towards the heights of the hills. They had not gone far in the summer evening, before Mr. Burden, who had been looking toward the setting sun in silence, spoke out.

"Cosmo," he said (his voice had in it hesitation, and something approaching querulousness), "these things have a way of becoming much bigger than one likes." Then he added: "I have not had anything yet to do with the—," he hesitated, "the— preparation of a public company; but I know that it may cost very little or a great deal . . . and you know, Cosmo, the money would be in other hands. I could furnish my share for that preliminary expense; I could do nothing more." Then he waited, as though for a reply, though he had asked no question.

Walking slowly by his side, and in a tone of thought, Cosmo, with one of those flashes of modest common sense, which had recently so delighted his father, pointed out that the sums subscribed to such syndicates were necessarily large, but that they were by no means necessarily spent. They were a margin. He gave instances

MR. BURDEN

from his reading, and one or two from the experiences of his friends. He defended the Press from any silly accusation of corruption ; but he insisted upon the great expense of producing a modern newspaper, upon its vast circulation, upon the cost of advertisement, which was sometimes spared by the spontaneous action of public interest, but had always to be provided for.

His father assented and listened.

Cosmo then showed how, in such a State as ours, it is necessary that men of great position should ultimately take their share in any quasi-political adventure, and, though no direct expense was incurred in exciting the interest of politicians, yet, indirectly, the charges were sometimes heavy, and must, in any case, be foreseen.

Mr. Burden, for his part, reminded his son, that the smaller the number of an original syndicate the larger the original contribution. He feared that he must be prepared for an immediate sinking of many thousands of pounds ; it might be thirty, it might even be forty. Much more than that had been sunk by the first founders of the Seychelles Company.

Cosmo did not miss so obvious an introduction to his theme. His father could not deny that the men who risked so much upon the Seychelles were now among the greatest and best of the commonwealth ; and he showed very clearly that, if such syndicates were not formed by a small number of men, and those able to and ready to invest largely, the chances of success would be small. Nor did he omit to praise Lord Benthorpe with respect, Mr. Barnett with awe, and Mr. Harbury with affection.

Across Mr. Burden's mind there passed suddenly the features of his friend, Mr. Abbott. For a moment, perhaps, he thought of taking advice in that quarter also. He wisely dismissed the thought from his mind, or at least postponed it until the first step should have been taken.

They had by this time arrived at the top of the hill, and were turned in reverie northward and westward, to where the light was declining redly behind delicate effects of smoky cloud.

The soft air of Surrey blew upon them as they gazed ; it was laden with those peculiar subtleties which only Londoners can understand. It came from the glorious heaths of Putney ; from Kingston, where the woods and the river meet ; it bore the spirit of Battersea, of Clapham, of the Kennington Oval . . . there lingered in it suggestions of the "Elephant and Castle," of Camberwell, of the majestic Thames itself : it blew upon and soothed the father and the son, so that their conclusions ran together, and the old man was ready for the venture which the younger man defended.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

When they had stood still a moment, to receive this influence before turning back homewards, Mr. Burden, even as they turned, looked at Cosmo and said more softly :

"It will be your money, Cosmo. Remember that. I am speaking to you about your own money."

Cosmo answered in the voice of one who is touched : a voice, which was perhaps the noblest thing of the many noble things he had acquired in his academic training :

"People talk like that, father . . . but it is yours, and will be yours for very many years ; it is you who may treble it or lose it."

In the emotion of the moment, they walked from Nelson Street to the corner of Kipling Gardens before Cosmo spoke again, then he said :

"If it were mine to-day, I should be all the more for it. You know more about it, father ; but you've asked me, and I have told you what I think."

Cosmo was right.

He is, indeed, no longer a shareholder in the company, nor was he even a shareholder when the Government bought at $5\frac{3}{8}$ ex d. ; but he held for a full seven months after his father's death, he sold at $17\frac{1}{2}$, and a good two-thirds of the fortune he now enjoys is due to his sound judgment during that evening walk in Upper Norwood.

I have written "when the Government bought at $5\frac{3}{8}$." Though it has no place in this account, I cannot forbear to place on record my regret that Mr. Burden did not live to know a public action which would have set all his foolish doubts at rest, and would perhaps have preserved a life of such value to the Empire, to the City, and to the residential portion of South London. I knew him, perhaps, better than any other man knew him (if Mr. O'Rourke will forgive the phrase) ; and I am most confident that the action of the Imperial Government—the King's Own Ministers—in purchasing, in their public capacity, the rights of the Company for the nation, at the price of $5\frac{3}{8}$ ex d., would have satisfied every murmur and every suspicion in the mind of the man who would rashly have cast all away at $2\frac{7}{8}$. It would have restored to equilibrium the mind of Mr. Burden—but, alas ! before even the first negotiations had been opened, at Lady Manningham's garden party, my dear old friend was dead.

It took five days to make those arrangements which Mr. Burden found necessary to put within his immediate call the sum of £50,000.

MR. BURDEN

What those arrangements were, my commercial readers can easily guess, my non-commercial readers will be at a loss to comprehend, and that large class who, like myself, comprehend them, and yet are not commercial, will discover nothing but tedium in their recital.

That so considerable an amount should lie at his banker's under his name, was due to a variety of settlements ; the selling of stock, the immediate discounting of certain maturing bills, but principally to an advance very readily made by the bank, and that at a rate of interest which seemed to Mr. Burden so generous as to be, in the technical language of commerce, "almost nominal." Indeed, it raised him very appreciably in his own opinion ; and made him see in himself a man of more position than he had imagined.

I am betraying no confidence when I say, that the ease with which this loan was obtained was in no small part due to the universal activity of One Who has often appeared in the pages of this sad record. If any further reward beyond the natural pleasure which proceeds from a good action may be of value to Him, He may take this assurance from my pen, that He made a good man happy for more than thirty-six hours.

On the evening before his rendezvous at the Plantagenet Club, Mr. Burden, as usual, returned to his home by the 5.13. Cosmo he did not expect ; for the young man moved, as his father well knew, in another, and, as he hoped, a better world. He read, therefore, all that evening, to beguile his thoughts, a novel dealing with the conflict of science and religion. At half-past ten he went to bed. It is a matter somewhat curious, but vouched for by a serving maid of the name of Hannah, who brought hot water to his room, that he said his prayers. I mention the point only to illustrate the attitude of his mind at this critical moment. He went to sleep before eleven, but his sleep was disturbed with dreams ; in these dreams the grotesque, unhappily, mixed with the terrible, and there ran through them that reminiscence of the immediate past which is a sure sign of disturbance in the ganglions of the cerebellum.

He dreamt that many men of many kinds were offering him money in incredible amounts, as loans, as gifts, as reversions, as exorbitant prices for securities which he held ; and yet these offers did not please, but vaguely disturbed him, for they were made by sundry beings with faces always grotesque, sometimes horrible, who sat beside him on the seat of a hansom cab, wherein he drove. In the corners of this cab before him, were bottles of champagne. It was brilliantly lit, and he could see outside in the darkness between the shafts that it was drawn, not by a horse, but by his friend Mr. Abbott. The dream was evil, and, though he knew not by what the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

cab was driven, yet he knew that there sat up there Some Thing which he did not care to think of, and which he did not dare to see. Twice he would have raised the trap to glance furtively ; but twice his hand failed him, and his body grew quite cold with fear. Such is the nature of dreams, that he found the event but ordinary when the hansom turned into a bath chair, running of itself, and this again to his own bed, which seemed to be at once in his bedroom, and yet in a crowded street ; up and down this street he noticed a multitude of people, nearly all of whom he knew, going to their business. The last of them came, a healthy, up-standing figure with which he was well familiar ; it was that of the Hon. and Rev. Peregrine Mauclerc, vicar of St. Judas's, Denmark Hill, a church he constantly attended. This figure passing him rapidly, nodded at him in a breezy way, and cried cheerfully and very loudly : " It will be paid for in shares." Then an awful spasm of pain, incredibly severe, but coming and going in a twinkling, shot through his chest ; and Mr. Burden suddenly awoke.

He was gasping and sitting upright ; to his astonishment it was quite dark. Never had his regular sleep been broken by such a sharp and dreadful agony : rarely had it been broken at all for many years. Indeed, since his father's death, and the relief from political discussion which followed it, he could remember nothing of the night save evening, and then daylight again.

But now he found himself staring at darkness, with his left hand at his chest. The pain had darted and vanished like the stab of a dagger ; but the shock was still in his brain.

There lay under his pillow a gold watch, presented to him by the officers and men of The Commander-in-Chief's Own Fighting Body-guard, in recognition of his services and generous subscription to the Hospital Funds. It was of great value ; upon sliding a small spring upon the side, this watch would strike the hours, and the quarters, and the minutes, while pressure upon one of three small buttons caused it to render *Hearts of Oak*, or *The Wearing of the Green*, or Mr. Kipling's *Kill 'im wid yer mouf* : but these Mr. Burden very properly left silent, save when he would amuse the children of his friends.

Mr. Burden pressed the spring : it chimed him half-past two, and then three little tinkling minutes. Mr. Burden did not lie down. He still sat up there in bed, his left hand on his chest, his right pressed upon the pillow supporting him : and still he stared at darkness.

There are moments, under the brooding fixity of the night, when the mind loses foothold. The man was old, his infirmity of purpose in the single matter of this new investment, I have

described : his doubts, which were the product of a morbid atmosphere rather than of a reasoned view : his fear, which had become an irritable fear.

All these the night increased. The magnitude of the sum he risked, the still greater peril of the adventure into which that day would lead, appalled him. He was in great dread and disquiet of mind, and he felt, though he did not know it, like those young poetasters of our day, who put into their verse the wish to be in other times, and away from something evil in the modern world. It was a mood of intense weakness, due, I believe, to illness alone ; but it affected all his attitude during the ensuing days.

After some twenty minutes of this mental suffering, he slept again, uneasily, dreaming confused dreams ; he woke again in the grey light for a moment, his mind troubled by some phantasm of quarrel waged in sleep, and he tossed into the morning. By seven he could rest no more. He got up and dressed ; day and activity began to invigorate his mind. The quiet confidence of Cosmo at breakfast, the leader in the *Times* upon the corruption of Russia, the cat upon the rug, all the familiar things of home, strengthened him, like sacraments, for the thing that he had to do.

Only once that morning did his miserable hesitation return. It was when he found himself in the station at Norwood, standing, not on the platform for the City, but opposite, on that for Victoria. The novelty of the thing again disturbed him ; but he was brave, he shook off the influence, and, when he stepped out at his journey's end, the movement and the vigour of the streets revived in him a better mood. His confidence increased as he stepped through the summer morning : he entered Pall Mall briskly, in the attitude of expectation and advance, and he went up the steps of the Plantagenet Club with something as near triumph in his heart as men of that sober and even temper can feel.

This was not an end for which he had worked ; it came as a kind of unexpected reward for a life that had been regular, industrious, and, in its fundamental emotions, consistently patriotic. Of the many feelings which men have mixed in them upon those great days when they are admitted to take an active part in the expansion of our power, two were supreme in him at that moment. He felt, with a freshness almost of youth, as though he were himself about to create a new thing on the map of the world. He felt the warmth which cannot but accompany a prospect of additional fortune.

From these two sources there proceeded an exultation which was not ignoble, and which went forward with a conquering movement, lifting his heart as he entered the great doors.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Within those doors some indefinable cold breath did strike him. Even in that present mood of his, he could not shake off an impression of strangeness. The furniture was not what he knew : it belonged to a stronger but certainly a less commodious age.

It was carved in the strangest patterns ; fantastic curves met here and there in grotesque faces. There was applied to it moulding which would have required the utmost art of the sculptor, had it not consisted of composition.

The club quartered the three leopards of Anjou, gules regardant on a field argent with the Lys seme argent upon a field azure : in chief a crown royal and supporters, dexter, a lion rampant, sinister an unicorn, and the motto : "Honi soit qui mal y pense." This coat was blazoned above the mantelpiece, on the backs of the sofas, the buttons of the servants' livery, the notepaper and the china ; it was woven into the tapestry, which covered the seats of the chairs : nowhere was the proud title of that house left unsymbolised.

In the general decoration of the hall and of the rooms, enormous masses of perfectly new gilding lit up the interior with a grandeur that recalled Empire indeed, but suggested also the strain inseparable from great possessions ; and, in between the gilding, panels of a dead foreign white forbade Mr. Burden such repose as he imagined should pervade a London room.

There were, it is true, upon the walls, reproductions of eighteenth century mezzotints, very charmingly framed in the American manner. The good taste of their arrangement was marked : they were few and widely spread ; but of this Mr. Burden knew nothing ; his age had narrowed him, and he did not comprehend our day.

He stood in the midst of the hall, as might some sea-faring man who had sailed and found a people most unlike his own. He stood and waited. Then the stronger mood returned to him, and he forgot these things ; for Lord Benthorpe, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Harbury had come into the room together. He went forward to meet them.

When they had shaken hands, Mr. Barnett, absent-minded as are many men of his calibre, went before them with unconscious mastery, and led them into a little room apart, where they could talk undisturbed : and this had been reserved for him, for in that club Mr. Barnett held already the position which in a few years he was to hold in the commonwealth itself. And here, in this small room, were the same good taste, the same grandeur of decoration, but for Mr. Burden, now recovered, no longer the same feeling of ill-ease.

They sat grouped round a table of fumed oak, on which a

MR. BURDEN

dainty printed card begged members to pay for the refreshments of their guests, while above them hung a very sensible admonition against the bestowal of gratuities upon domestics of these royal rooms.

They sat for a full quarter of an hour, talking in sparse and careless sentences, now of politics, now of some book ; and each from time to time would look up cheerfully, and say that they should be getting to business.

Already had Mr. Burden professed his interest in the architecture of the club (for they had drifted on to that topic), when Mr. Barnett replied, quite suddenly, that they had but one thing to settle that day, and that thing was the sum which they four must syndicate before the promotion was entered upon. He waited for no comment, but continued with equal abruptness, saying that, so far as he could see, a hundred thousand pounds between them would command all that was required for the security of their further steps ; and, when he had said this, he sat silently, with his great hands upon his great knees, looking down upon the floor at his feet.

Lord Benthorpe had the advantage of Mr. Barnett in a wider knowledge of the world ; and, from his Parliamentary training, a kind of subdued fluency. Mr. Barnett had brought out the sum of money almost brutally. He had spoken rather slowly, choosing his words, as he always did. It was a necessity for him, if he was to avoid the slight foreign accent, and the suspicion of foreign idiom, which even so he could not quite eliminate. After that hard and broken phrasing, it was a relief to hear Lord Benthorpe. His amiable mouth lay open between each phrase, his eyes roved from one object to another around the room ; he sat, indeed, too far from the table to relieve upon it the movement of his fingers, but he twisted them in and out by way of pastime during his discourse.

"I think," he said, in a thin voice, well suited to dialectic, "I think the sum is large . . . larger perhaps than is necessary. In theory, as it were, there is very little needed . . . I know one must always have a platform, as it were . . . we shall have initial expenses, so to speak . . . but . . ."

And then the voice of Lord Benthorpe died away.

Mr. Harbury joined in with a definite remark :

"If anything, the sum should be greater."

He said it with a decision and simplicity common to men of his type when they discuss a great financial matter. They are in daily contact with these things, and they speak of them as you and I speak of a road with which we are familiar, or of any of the common actions of life. He continued :

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

"It should be greater, because the whole thing is a reserve for a very important campaign. Lord Benthorpe is right. In theory there is nothing needed ; in practice very often the expenses are small. But one must have a perfectly free hand. One must know exactly what one is doing, and one must never be forced to think twice about the next step." He paused a moment, as though looking about him to find a convenient phrase, which would not wound.

"A thing like this," he went on, still firmly, "which is mainly, may mean less expense than a scheme purely, commercial, or it may mean a sudden and unexpected strain."

Then, as men do who are wiser than their fellows in the matter they discuss, he added an abrupt example :

"Do you remember the Thibet irrigation loan ?"

Lord Benthorpe looked at him and nodded, more from courtesy than from any other motive, for, as a fact, he had never heard of it.

"I remember it too," said Mr. Harbury grimly, "and that came of what I call starving."

He looked at them with a steady confidence, knowing his ground thoroughly, and continued :

"We are all of us men of substance and men of affairs, and we can all, if we like, increase the sum."

Here Mr. Burden nodded. For the first time in the conversation he clearly understood one whole phrase.

Lord Benthorpe was almost agitated.

"We could always add," he said, "if there were any necessity" ; and, as he said it, the little nervous trick with his hands began again.

Mr. Harbury shut his lips very tight. When he opened them it was to say :

"You can't do business that way" ; and then he shut them again.

Mr. Burden thought he would speak, and did so, with a mixture of sense and self-respect :

"I shall be happy to abide by any decision that you come to, gentlemen. I was certainly prepared, now or ultimately, for a much larger portion."

Mr. Burden liked the word "portion."

"But I will, of course, be bound by Lord Benthorpe's prudence, and by the sense of you all, gentlemen, by the sense of you all."

Mr. Burden delighted in these phrases also ; they gave him a solid pleasure. Then he went on :

"For my part . . ." he was about to tell them that for his

MR. BURDEN

part he thought that more was needed, when he suddenly remembered that he was hopelessly out of his depth, and, putting on a look of firmness and reflection, he was silent.

Lord Benthorpe began :

"Still, so far as I can see . . ." then he also remembered that he knew nothing at all about such things, and was silent in his turn, still preserving over his projecting teeth that permanent and kindly smile, still twisting his refined and lengthy fingers.

Mr. Harbury was beginning : "After all, we shall only be out of our money for a few. . . ."

When Mr. Barnett interrupted, with his strong and ponderous voice. When two such men begin talking together, there is usually a kind of battle to see which voice shall survive ; but the relations between Mr. Harbury and Mr. Barnett were such, that Mr. Harbury at once yielded, not without grace, and Mr. Barnett, choosing his words, and speaking very slowly, taking care to make a "d" a "d," and a "t" a "t," and steering firmly past the "th," rolled out :

"It must be a hundred thousand."

Mr. Harbury said that the Magnetic syndicate, if he remembered rightly, had subscribed something of the same kind during the Greenland excitement. Mr. Burden, who had read all about the Greenland excitement in the papers, exclaimed : "What a time that was !" He then added, that there were infinite possibilities all across the north of Canada, and especially on the Lower Snake river.

Lord Benthorpe told, at somewhat too great a length, a story about his cousin Charlie Corne, who had gone shooting up there. Mr. Harbury listened with great interest, and remarked that it was nothing to the Big Moose country ; and that led him to speak about the fishing there, and that to the harbour, and that to the dispute with Russia.

For close upon an hour their speech turned thus upon those things wherein a conquering race delights ; and, if I have painted the scene of their first meeting at so great a length, and in such detail, it is but due to my desire that every member of this race, who may read these pages, shall know in what an atmosphere the crucial decisions of its history are decided.

The interest flagged. Lord Benthorpe had repeated the same sentence two or three times ; Mr. Harbury had not spoken for close upon eight minutes ; when Mr. Barnett closed the scene. He got up with the air of a man heavy with creative power, one who has accomplished a long and finally successful task ; Mr. Harbury got up like an athlete ready for new labours, standing erect and supple. Lord Benthorpe got up, as politicians do, wearily, and by

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

sections of his frame ; and Mr. Burden got up, as do merchants, with some fuss, rubbing his hands and pulling occasionally at his coat.

It was not his habit to leave a business interview without some final phrase. He would have thought it discourteous. He stood, therefore, a little pompously, and, looking at Mr. Barnett, addressed him in the plural and said :

"Remember, gentlemen, I shall be very happy, if there is any occasion, to post you my cheque to-night for a larger . . ."

But Mr. Harbury put up his hand with authority and interfered :

"Do not mention it, Mr. Burden ; the suggestion was mine, but I think Mr. Barnett has thoroughly proved to us that the sum proposed is sufficient."

Then he let his hand drop again, and Mr. Burden bowed, and they all went out of the room.

So it was that, two days afterwards, Mr. Burden paid not forty, nor even thirty, but only twenty-five thousand pounds.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REV. CHARLES GAPWORTHY, B.A., sometime Fellow and Chaplain of St. Lazarus' Hostel, Bermondsey, tells us in his *Political Economy for Schools* (Chap. ii. "Capital," p. 28) that "economic force resides ultimately, not in material accumulation, but in a certain bold pre-vision of the mind." The truth is but one more example of the power residing in what we denominate, in this country, the "Christian virtue of Hope."

The M'Korio Delta Development Company had been but an idea. That idea had even seemed, for some months, to languish, when the accession of Mr. Burden's reputation, his Faith (which had made the formation of the syndicate possible), and, for that matter, his twenty-five thousand pounds, though they were but the outward sign of inward spiritual things, lent to the whole adventure body and life. Its aspect changed ; it became concrete, as it were : a thing to be named, handled, criticised, combated, defended with passionate enthusiasm : a national Force in Being.

Mr. Barnett first was moved to sacrifice himself in the cause for which so many in the end laid down their all. He left the Edgware Road and took a considerable mansion overlooking the Park, convenient to the Twopenny Tube, possessing a southern aspect, and so near to the Marble Arch as to boast nobility of site. He thought

MR. BURDEN

it his duty (and the future has proved him wise) to hire a carriage with two horses, men in livery, and a box at the opera ; nor did he hesitate to insure to the daily papers, even to those with whose editors he was intimate, a fixed contract of advertisement, in return for which, as the courtesy of journalism demands, certain of his doings were published, and commentary upon others omitted.

If it be true, as Canon Cone has so beautifully put it in his Christmas sermon, that "we can serve England better with our heads than with our hearts," most nobly did Mr. Barnett serve her.

His dinners, the principal of which were given weekly upon Fridays, when Parliament was resting from its labours, and before the well-earned week-end had begun—his dinners, I say, recruited their guests with a peculiar discretion. Rarely did more than twenty sit down together ; never, even when that number was exceeded, did men or cooking of inferior value weaken the effect of the meal.

Gatherings less formal distinguished or enlivened the remaining evenings, saving that of the Sabbath, which, in fine contrast to so many around him, Mr. Barnett remembered to keep holy.

His suggestions were an inspiration, not only to the young men whom he had launched into our world of Letters, but to a host who had hitherto known him only by repute, and who, in spite of the legendary difficulty of approaching so great a man, were introduced to him in batches—before lunch, at tea-time, and (by appointment) in the early morning.

By a happy coincidence, the very force of things seemed to fight upon his side. "The stars in their courses," as Canon Cone magnificently put it, "fought for" the tradition of which Mr. Barnett was but a part, however distinguished.

Men influenced by him in no way, men who had never met him, were caught by the flame of the moment.

Sir Philip Marshal, for example, if anything a recluse, sent to the *Time Spirit*, from his distant home at the Land's End, his famous article upon Germany and the M'Korio valley. Young Coster chose for his principal picture of the year the title "Moon-rise upon the Marshes of the M'Korio." It was hung upon the line, where, though its dimensions caused a considerable portion of its area to escape the eyes of the spectator, its main features attracted universal attention. Indeed, it was in stepping back to obtain a comprehensive view of it, that Sir Henry Baile cannoned into the aged Duchess of Lavington, who was herself lost in contemplation of the canvas. The *contretemps*, and unhappy scene it led to, would be too trivial to find a mention here, did they not serve to show the public zeal for all that concerned the M'Korio. That

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

picture also furnishes, by the way, what I believe to be the only example of any direct interference on the part of Mr. Burden himself with a national enthusiasm which he rightly regarded as the stronger for its spontaneity ; I mean the little note in which he begged the artist to change the word "marshes" to "lagoons," a request which was at once complied with.

In the New Gallery a powerful piece of impressionism : "The River of Fate," by Miss Paxter, turned upon the same theme ; all London talked of the blue-eyed Somersetshire lad, who lay there in his khaki, floating with upturned face upon the dark waters. The public subscription which was raised for his aged parents, and their subsequent conviction for fraud, are not to the purpose of my tale, unless it be to take this opportunity of defending Miss Paxter, with all the warmth of which I am capable, from the suggestion that she knew the old people to be childless, or the incident itself to be fictitious.

A further proof of Mr. Barnett's self-abnegation, and of the absence of all financial pressure during the growth of the movement, exists in the fact that Messrs. Pscheuffer, desiring to publish a book upon the M'Korio Delta, wrote to Mr. Barnett, and that he, with a fine sense of what was due to his honour, refused to write so much as the preface, or even to accept the dedication of the volume. He referred the firm to Major Pondo, and washed his hands of the whole matter.

The success of the M'Korio Village at Earl's Court, if a plebeian, was yet a genuine indication of the popular feeling. It was crowded throughout the season ; and the chief, a magnificent Basuto named Issachar, was pensioned by an enthusiastic admirer who prefers to remain anonymous.

Even the neglected museum of Theoretical Geography received, for the first time in forty years, a daily influx of visitors eager to behold the raised map of the M'Korio Delta. The absolute flatness, and consequent ease of cultivation of the region, could not be better appreciated than in this graphic form.

Two rival hosiers, having each patented a type of collar under the name of "The M'Korio," went to law to decide which should have the right of using so valuable a title. The case was reported at great length, and aroused the widest interest and discussion. It is one of his many acts of private generosity, so few of which I have been able to record in these pages, that Mr. Barnett recouped the loser of this action for his trouble and expense out of his own pocket, and gave him a handsome present beside.

Finally, in a *brochure* of the utmost interest, based upon vast research, and expressed with admirable economy of proof, Dr. Mohl,

MR. BURDEN

of the University of Dorpat, conclusively identified the Delta with the Sheol of the Old Testament.

I would it were my lot to set down nothing save the positive side of this wave of success; but I owe it to Mr. Barnett, and to the truth also, to touch upon such opposition as the movement encountered.

This opposition was not always consciously exerted. It existed none the less.

An article appeared in a French Review advocating the purchase of the Delta by France, with one of whose colonies it was co-terminous. The wound it dealt was the deeper from the fact that Mr. Barnett's own second cousin, M. Durand, was the author of the article, which appeared above his pseudonym of "Sympathicus." He was glad to hear the outburst of indignation with which this proposal was met in England. We were saved by the rally of our own blood to our side. The article "Git," which appeared in the principal American newspapers in London, was undoubtedly the turning point; after which the City and the banking interest determined to support what was feared at the time to be the vacillating policy of the Government.

Owing to the persistence of a very wealthy private member, whom no arguments could modify, unexpected difficulties arose in the transference of the Delta from the Foreign to the Colonial Office; a trifling but necessary formality which could not be accomplished till much later, in August, when the close season for grouse was at an end.

The correspondent of the *Time Spirit* at Kurù, in a long course of articles, which did more than anything else to teach the moneyed classes what the M'Korio might mean, never once mentioned the company nor any of its supporters—and there are conditions under which such neutrality is dangerous.

Against all this, Mr. Barnett bore up with an heroic tenacity.

There was but one feature in all the field before him which gave him any serious anxiety; and this was that unhappy vacillation which I have already so often shown Mr. Burden to have displayed, from the moment that he plunged into efforts ill-suited to his training and experience.

It was necessary, upon the face of it, that Mr. Abbott should be invited to join the original promoters: to "chip in," as Mr. Barnett put it, in somewhat excessive joviality of phrase.

None but Mr. Burden could approach him, and, frequently as the appeal had been made, Mr. Burden hesitated: a childish hesitation: a mere shrinking from a scene.

But if Mr. Abbott's directorship could wait, there were other

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and more disquieting symptoms in Mr. Burden's manner. He had fits of silence. For days he saw eye to eye with all his colleagues—and then, suddenly, a note would come, short, querulous, excusing himself from attending the most important functions. At last, during the great reception in the beginning of July, Mr. Barnett grew seriously concerned.

My pen has not the leisure to describe the brilliancy of that function. It was a scene which could not be matched in any capital of Europe; hardly in London itself, elsewhere than in the little district which is bounded on the north by Hyde Park Square and Seymour Street, on the east by Park Street, on the south and west by the misty distances of Hyde Park. It was worthy of all that was said of it in the *Morning Post* upon the one hand, in the *Indépendance Belge* upon the other—but I can mention it only in connection with Mr. Burden's distressing mutability.

One thing had given Mr. Barnett real hope; and that was Mr. Burden's attitude towards what I may call the more commonplace side of all this matter of the M'Korio. A very genuine interest had appeared in the old man's face whenever he discussed the history or the geography of the M'Korio. There ran through his character that tendency towards futile pottering which led our grandfathers—with a mighty empire before them—to waste their energies upon the foundation of learned societies. During those enormous dinners where every celebrity had elbowed him, Mr. Burden had often given cause for the very gravest anxiety to the more masterful mind of the leader. But whenever he had an opportunity of discussing Dr. Mohl's pamphlet with such experts as M. Sabbat or Canon Cone, his animation and delight relieved Mr. Barnett's fears. On the famous night when the first of our geologists maintained the undoubted presence of gold in the M'Korio, and when, in the startled silence that followed, Mr. Barnett (smiling that famous smile) had handed the model of the nugget from guest to guest, Mr. Burden, ignoring all that the news portended for his country, showed an excited interest in the geological conditions which would produce metallic deposits in a deep bed of decomposing vegetable matter.

It was with confidence, therefore, that, on the occasion of this great reception at Barnett House, the host led Mr. Burden proudly forward to present him to Major Pondo, whose book upon the African river had, during the past six days, marked him out as the chief expert upon that region.

The centre of every remark, the chief object of every introduction throughout the evening, and now, upon Mr. Burden's late arrival, the natural recipient of his views, Major Pondo was for the

MR. BURDEN

moment one of the chief centres of London. Some words upon this remarkable man will not be out of place.

It was observed that Mr. Burden stopped somewhat suddenly, as in amazement, as he approached the soldier; and, indeed, the sight which met his gaze was novel to him, and might have been entrancing to a better balanced mind.

Major Pondo, who boasted no regular commission from any crowned head or president, had yet perhaps seen more real fighting than any of those who are pleased to call themselves professional soldiers. Even in this brilliant assembly, a dark contusion upon his left cheekbone was markedly visible; and a deep gash, clumsily sewn up across the cusp of the chin, marked an adventure suffered somewhere far from medical aid. In stature, he has been described as so short as to be almost dwarfish. It is an error into which my contemporaries have been led by the sturdy build and short strong neck of the explorer. His exact height, as it appears in official records, where the photograph, thumbmarks and many other accurate measurements of his anatomy are preserved, was 1·3587 metres, or, in English notation, almost exactly five feet four inches.

Tropical suns and arctic snows, in Mexico and Manitoba, had tanned his skin to the colour of wet elm. His teeth were even and of a brilliant white, which stood in almost painful relief against the complexion I have described.

His head, which was of great size, was bald, save for a considerable cluster of hair at the back and just beside the ears. But though this adornment was sparse, it was never unkempt; and Mr. Burden, while yet he was some way off, could distinguish upon it the gloss of a recent unguent. The scalp was a mighty dome, and over the eyes was fixed a frown, which indicated less a habit of scowling than the fixed impression of indomitable energy. The face was clean shaven, and the eyes of a beautiful soft brown, approaching black. Their glances were slow and measured, but seemed to betray a certain unfamiliarity with his surroundings. The right foot thrust out firmly a few inches before the left; the right hand, holding the coffee cup in a simple but powerful gesture, the left clenched just above the small of his back—such was the figure whose name at least is familiar to every Englishman, such was the human monolith which stood immovable in the swirling of the throng, as Mr. Burden approached it with wondering eyes. Mr. Barnett introduced and left them together.

In that introduction the explorer had bowed, but had not uttered a word. To the first remarks Mr. Burden somewhat timidly made, he replied with gestures alone; to a compliment, with a slight

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

smile ; to a theory upon the climate of the M'Korio valley, with a cough that committed him to nothing.

My old friend has confessed to me that, for some moments, he was in dread lest Major Pondo might be dumb. He was even seized with a terror that the man was ill-acquainted with the English language, until the word "Sah," mouthed out in the rich accent of Virginia, convinced him that he was in error. It was the prelude to a short account of the Major's life and adventures, at the close of which dark silence redescended. Mr. Burden, so far from finding his suspicions allayed, was tortured with every manner of doubt.

If it were my purpose to defend my friend, I should find no difficulty in holding such a brief. It must be remembered that he was wholly ignorant of the new world into which he had wandered, and that men such as Major Pondo, or indeed any other of those who yearly and almost daily spread the bounds of our power, were quite unknown to him. His irritability and unstable spirit, the result, as I still believe, of old age, have been evident throughout these pages, and it must be added that the hour was late—far later than the merchant would have permitted himself had he obeyed his medical adviser—that the glare, the heat, the multitude, all combined to arouse in him a morbid judgment, and to inflame distorted views, which were due in the main to the failure of his health.

But it is not my business to defend him. I have no duty but to enumerate, quite simply, the facts in their order. Were I to trespass upon another ground, I might find myself in competition with the labours of Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke, the very mention of whose apology I particularly desire to avoid.

Be the cause what it may, when Mr. Barnett returned to lead Mr. Burden to another guest, so far from having brought my friend into greater harmony with the astounding energies of the new movement, he had produced, by that interview with Major Pondo, a sentiment—I repeat it, a morbid sentiment—approaching disgust.

There was nothing which, at that moment, Mr. Burden would not have believed. There was no anti-patriotic libel, no Little-England mania or lie, no dead and gone folly of the 'sixties, which he would not have accepted after that brief experience.

He left the house that night full of a kind of angry determination to go next day and do what he had never yet dared to do : to speak to Mr. Abbott. But he would speak to him in a sense very different from that which Mr. Barnett had intended when he had asked him to call upon that life-long friend, and to offer him a directorship. . . . He would see Abbott, he would tell him of the

MR. BURDEN

risk to a considerable fortune, of his doubts, of the torturing alternation of his mind : he would find true staple comradeship and relief. Fate, and the nature of men, led on to their meeting, indeed, but brought it, in spite of them both, to a very different end.

When Mr. Burden awoke next morning, the deep sleep of fatigue and the good light of a new day, had somewhat changed his mood. There remained of it nothing but an undercurrent of anxiety, which the conversation of Cosmo that morning did very much to allay.

The day's business at the office was prosperous, the air bracing and sunny ; if he found himself walking towards Mr. Abbott's office that evening for the first time in so many weeks, it was only because he was a business man, trained to method, and therefore detested to abandon any resolve once formed.

He came severely, and with a purpose, into the little panelled room which had seen for 123 years the growth of the Abbott Line.

The place reeked of our past ; but there was that in it which would have struck the greatest of our contemporaries with disdain. It was as small as the cabin of a ship ; indeed it had sheltered three generations of men who had sailed as owners perpetually in their own craft. It suggested the punch and the tobacco of that lazy race of seamen who knew of nothing but England, and cared for nothing but her ; and yet—in a way—we love them. It suggested very primitive methods of business : phrases about "the position of the house," the plodding and the short-sightedness of the men whose theories in government and finance we have, please God, finally abandoned. And at the old large desk, in this old small room, sat a figure most worthy of its frame.

Mr. Abbott was in everything one of the characters which, pleasing as they may be in fiction to-day, would be sand in the bearings of England, ruining the machine, were they to reappear in our modern life.

There was nothing in him of what a citizen should be under the stress and vision of our time.

He was tall, stout, and rubicund ; his voice, which was louder than that of a gentleman should be, pushed "cheeriness" up to and beyond the bounds of vulgarity. The obstinacy which his features partly betrayed was immediately apparent when he began to discuss any controversial matter. He was cocksure of this and of that, upon twenty subjects where men of an analytical power infinitely superior had, in the vast intellectual expansion of these latter years, been content to doubt or to criticise.

He was, in a word, what he would have called "sound." He

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

was "sound" upon Free Trade; he was "sound" upon the maintenance of the gold-standard—a matter upon which he could know absolutely nothing. He was "sound" in his contempt for "foreigners,"—in which category he was pleased to include what he denominated "Yankees." He loved England—but what he loved was the soil, the air, the habit: not that great vision we possess. He clipped his words in a manner so heartily unconscious and offensive that, for all his great wealth, the entry into a rank above that of his birth would, had he attempted it, have been denied him.

To strangers he would come out with a great roaring "Sir," at the end of every other sentence. His conversations began with remarks upon the weather (commonly in favour of it) and would, I regret to say, not infrequently terminate with an oath, as he expressed his difference from the more modern views of his companion. He would often follow up such an expletive by uttering the undoubted truth: "that that was all *he* knew about it," or that: "it was all *he* had to say."

By some accident, probably of party tradition, he had followed Mr. Gladstone in his policy of Home Rule for Ireland; but nothing save an inexcusable mulishness had made him continue to defend that worn-out error when all his friends had abandoned it.

It is not remarkable that, with such a character, he should have found himself totally out of sympathy with the principal economic trend of our time, and should have boldly refused to amalgamate the Abbott Line with any combination of shipowners. I can almost see him as I write, sitting at the table at the Palmerston, where he lunched, and shouting, "Competition, sir, Competition!" at the unhappy Zacharay K. Peabody, the agent of the African Steamship Trust, whose refinement he was too coarse to perceive, and whose practical experience of commerce he derided.

His features were, in their outline, projecting and masculine; his eyes firm, his chin solid. His hair, which was commonly in disorder, was of a sharp iron-grey, and two little whiskers, nearly white, emphasised the squareness of his face. But the strength of his mouth was weakened by a perpetual tendency to laughter, and what he would have called "good-fellowship," or, as I have heard it named, "yow."

Many things had combined to give him his influence over Mr. Burden. They had been young men together in the days when a common label of so-called Liberalism, the necessity for political effort, was sufficient to mask many essential differences of character between men. The greater vigour and more sanguine temperament of the shipowner had naturally over-borne the sobriety and occasional hesitation of the dealer in hardware. It

MR. BURDEN

must also be admitted, that, in many of the small affairs of life—a narrow life, remember, and one whose horizon was easily surveyed—his judgment had rarely been at fault. It was he who had introduced Mr. Burden to the trade in the M'Korio, and who would willingly—for as such crude natures often are, he was capable of affection—have gone to any sacrifice to preserve his friend from commercial or personal dishonour.

He was unmarried.

As for his judgment upon any of the great complexities of modern life, no worse judge could have been discovered than this utterly simple, obstinate, loud-voiced man. His judgment upon such an adventure as Mr. Barnett's could hardly for a moment be in doubt. Mr. Burden had felt it instinctively, and, for all these weeks, had carefully avoided that familiar room. Now at last he entered; but the very sight of Mr. Abbott's face roused in him a kind of warning that a severe difference of opinion might arise.

It will not surprise my readers to be told that Mr. Abbott's greeting was emphatic and commonplace, full of "eh's?" and "Lord love me's," and "all this long time's"; but there lay in it a kind of hint, that Mr. Abbott knew well enough the cause which had so prolonged that interval.

Natural as was hesitation to such a man upon such a subject, Mr. Burden, looking first in his friend's eyes, and then away from them to a vile oil painting of the *Arethusa*, said:

"Abbott, I have come to ask your advice upon a matter . . . or perhaps I should say, I want to hear what you think of a matter"

Mr. Abbott replied that Mr. Burden might "ask away," and "whatever you're going to do," he continued, with a facile joviality, "take my advice and don't." He laughed boisterously, as is the fashion of such men, at his own wit, blew his nose in a resounding way, took out a pipe, filled it with an astonishingly black tobacco, lit it and said:

"Fire it out, my lad. Out with her!"

It was some time since Mr. Burden had suffered this kind of approach; and it cannot be denied that he was more than a little nettled. Perhaps he showed it in his tone. At any rate he said shortly enough:

"I have come to ask you what you think of the M'Korio?"

"It stinks," said Mr. Abbott decisively.

He shut his mouth upon the words like a gin; put his hands firmly upon the desk, as does a man upon a rudder bar, and looked up at Mr. Burden.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

"Whole country stinks. You've known places that stink. Barking Level stinks. Out *there*, by God, the whole place stinks ! Big as Yorkshire—I've been there, mind you, and you haven't. Not a square yard but stinks."

Indeed Mr. Abbott, in company with many who declaim against the corruption of our public life, would have done well to consider whether his language was not a greater offence against true morality than the actions and motives which he so recklessly ascribed to others.

"I came for advice, Abbott : not for abuse," said Mr. Burden.

He was thoroughly annoyed, and the whole purpose of his visit receded from him. He was annoyed by the self-satisfaction of his friend's tone, by the excessive coarseness of his language, though it came from lips to which, I fear, coarseness was habitual. And he was, above all, annoyed to have thrust into the delicacy of his slight scruples this roaring objurgation.

"Who's abusing you, man alive?" said Mr. Abbott in his great loud voice, staring in harmony with his tone.

Mr. Burden, crossing his arms, and tapping the oilcloth with his left foot, answered, with quiet dignity, that Mr. Abbott's words implied an insult to his friends, to himself, and, he might add, to the Empire.

Mr. Abbott's only reply was to draw his forefinger rapidly across his nose—a gesture to which he was most unfortunately addicted—to clench his fist, and to strike the table before him.

"The Empire?" said Mr. Abbott much as a man might say "the giant Blunderbore?" Then he continued, more quietly :

"Burden, you're going mad."

"Yes, the Empire," said Mr. Burden with some heat, and with more decision than he had yet shown. "I came for advice, Abbott, and upon my soul, I think I'm more fit to give it you than you are to give it me."

He had the firmness now to look Mr. Abbott straight in the eye, and, doing so, he said in a voice that was almost equally firm :

"Perhaps you do not know that they have found gold?"

"Gold !" roared, bellowed, thundered Mr. Abbott. He blew out a great breath, and whispered at the end of it : "Oh Lord in Heaven !"

Mr. Burden could bear no more.

He got up and said : "I'm sorry for this, Abbott, but I don't think that either you or I will profit by continuing the scene."

Mr. Abbott rose at the same time from his big wooden chair :

"You may go if you like, Burden," he said, wagging his forefinger, and staring into his friend's face, as is the fashion of insolent

MR. BURDEN

men, "you may go if you like ; . . . but don't blame me if they knock you ! They're a lot of ——— scoundrels, and if you have anything to do with them, you're a ——— fool ; . . . and remember I said so. Don't blame me if they knock you ! "

"I blame you for nothing but your expressions, Abbott," said Mr. Burden.

His legs were trembling beneath him with emotion ; he repressed it, and walked slowly to the door, which he was careful to shut behind him with courteous ease.

When he was gone, Mr. Abbott, whose mind was closed to all save the most immediate things, stared at the door a moment, first blankly, then a little sadly. At last he gave an enormous cough, followed by a laugh yet more enormous, and, within ten minutes, had forgotten the scene in the intricacies of a policy.

But Mr. Burden was thoroughly disturbed. He was the more hurt at his friend's outburst, because at heart he had been on the defensive. Had Mr. Abbott shown less violence, the advice (which he had rejected) would perhaps have sunk less deeply into his mind. As it was, the effect of the quarrel was this : that the wild words of Mr. Abbott, the groundless insinuations which were those (at the best) of a fanatic, did more than the closest reason could have done. They took root in his heart, and bore a fruit of suspicion which never left him night or day.

He dined that evening in town, alone, at an hotel ; a thing he had not done for perhaps ten years. He purposely remained under the same roof for many hours, that he might be alone when he reached home, and that he might sleep before the very name M'Korio should touch his ears again. He took the 11.2, and did not reach his station till twenty minutes to twelve. It was close upon midnight when he unlocked the doors of his house.

He saw lights and heard voices ; he came into the smoking room whence they proceeded, and saw at the fire the profile of Cosmo, a little table with glasses, syphons, and a whiskey bottle, and beyond them, in his own deep padded chair, a cranium and a back which were most certainly those of Mr. Barnett : of Mr. Barnett in repose.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ¹

THE new volumes, in continuation of the *American Revolution, Part I, 1766—1776*, which appeared in 1899, have greatly added to the scope and importance of this remarkable work. It is indeed, in the literal sense of a word too often abused, *unique* in historical literature. So strong a phrase needs explanation. It is the exact and detailed history of an obstinate and prolonged war between what are now two of the chief nations of the world, a war which had profound effects upon the defeated nation, and made a nation of the victors, whilst it reacted on the whole course of modern civilisation. And the story of this war, great in its results if not in its actual magnitude, is now recounted in minute detail, from original documents, and almost day by day, by a statesman of the nation defeated, who combines intense patriotism for his own race with an equal enthusiasm for that cause of the American people which triumphed in the long run.

The history of momentous wars has been told with impartial fairness, once or twice, but very rarely, where the historian is a fellow-countryman of one or other of the belligerent nations. When the war involves great social and political principles, as well as dynastic and territorial changes, this fairness is so rare as to be hardly expected. And fairness, in such a case, can do little more than avoid injustice, and weigh the merits of the enemy with a strict and cool judgment. No one would expect a French historian of the wars of Napoleon to wax enthusiastic over the heroism of Russians at Borodino, or Germans at Leipsic, or of the British at Waterloo. Nor again, would a Minister of the German Kaiser rehearse in glowing periods the deeds of Chanzy and Macmahon, the words of Thiers and Gambetta. Thucydides, Xenophon, and Polybius were exiles, and had no real enthusiasm for their own people, who had cast them out. In modern history it would be indeed difficult to

¹ *The American Revolution. Part II.* By the Right Hon. Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart. Vols. I and II. London : Longmans, Green and Co. 1903. 21s.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

find the historian of a great war in which his own nation had suffered defeat, who is not only just, but heartily sympathetic towards the nation which prevailed in the end.

And yet there is no want of genuine and ardent patriotism in Sir George himself. He writes, in every sentence, in the spirit of an English gentleman and of an imperial statesman. A war in which there bled and died many of the ancestors of his own friends and relations, of the order and class to which he himself belongs, naturally appeals to all the traditions and sympathies of one who has been the Minister responsible for the British Navy, for Ireland in a time of almost open disaffection, twice for Scotland, who for more than thirty years was a member of Parliament, and who has been for more than twenty years a member of the Privy Council. He does ample justice to the courage, endurance, and humanity of the best and soundest on the British side : he is lenient to their blunders and faults, and warm in praise of every point of superiority in arms or in manners that they showed. He writes throughout in the spirit of a patriotic Englishman.

The singular flavour of this book is due to this : that Sir George has inherited and entirely adopts the convictions and sympathies of Burke, of Chatham, of Fox, of Lord Howe, of Horace Walpole, of all that was best and wisest in English public life. With them, and with all thoughtful and fair-minded Englishmen of the time, he sees that the question at issue was more political and social than national or territorial. He heartily endorses the profound and passionate warnings that Chatham, Camden, Burke, and Fox addressed to King, Parliament, and people : that the Colonies were defending the liberties and rights of the whole British race, that to crush them would mean the triumph of a most mischievous tyranny in the hands of a crowned bigot and the unscrupulous creatures of his personal ambition. Whatever were the virtues and the graces of George III. as a man, whatever were the excuses to be made for Lord North and his subordinates, the crushing of the colonists would have been a disaster to the people of England, as the triumph of the United States was in the end our material and moral gain. The victory of the King, of the Norths, and the Sandwichs, would have been of as evil omen to England as the victory of Louis XVI. and Calonne would have been to France. It is because Sir George Trevelyan is saturated with the generous ideas of Burke and Fox, that he has produced a picture of the great struggle between absolutism and liberty which paints to the life the hopes and fears with which the best men of England viewed the long contest. It was not a battle between America and Britain. It was a new Civil War between Englishmen, to decide the principles on which the English-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic should in future be governed, or should govern themselves.

Not that there is anything American in the narrow sense about the tone of this book. Sir George is in no sense a flatterer of the Transatlantic democracy. He never spares the bluster, the cock-crowing, and the unsteadiness which disgusted, and too often almost baffled, the wisdom of Washington and the common sense of Franklin. Certainly, he draws no veil over the petty jealousies, the local selfishness, and the bad discipline of the volunteers, which more than once nearly ruined the cause. But, on the whole, the book gives us at once a story of great heroism and no little fickleness in defence of a just cause, and of much courage, dogged sacrifices, and consummate folly lavished on a thoroughly bad cause. It is to the honour of English politics and English literature, that a Privy Councillor of King Edward VII. should have rehearsed the crowning folly and worst disaster of George III. in a spirit of such enthusiastic homage to all that in the long struggle was most wise in England and most heroic in America; that he should have produced a monumental history of their great war such as patriots in the States and patriots in Britain can read with equal sympathy and admiration.

This double sympathy in the record of a bitter war between two peoples of common language and race makes the book, as we have said, unique in historical literature. It is really the history of the English-speaking people in a sanguinary and critical civil war, wherein the result proved equally salutary to victors and to defeated. It should serve to wipe away the last traces of soreness in British susceptibilities over the humiliations suffered by the royalists, if any soreness still survives. And, at the same time, it should extinguish whatever may, perchance, remain in America of republican bluster and of anti-British animosity. It must convince dispassionate men on both sides of the Atlantic that Washington and Franklin did what Hampden, Pym and Cromwell, and the founders of the constitutional monarchy of 1689 did for England; and that the Colonial resistance to the royal absolutism of George III. called out profound sympathy in all that was wisest, most politic, and most just, in the Parliament and people of Great Britain.

Historians, and notably Mr. Lecky, in his third volume, have pointed out the ardent sympathy, indeed the active support, given to the Colonial resistance in the opening of the struggle in 1775-6 by such men as Chatham, Burke, Camden, and Fox. And they have made it clear that, until war, with its victories and its defeats, had roused the fighting instincts of the British race, the coercive policy of the King had no active support outside the Government

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

majority, the landowners, and the Established Church. The Court, the army, the official world, the privileged and endowed orders, went as might have been expected—as in the struggles of freedom against oppression, of self-defence against aggression, they have ever been wont to go. But the sympathy and support that the noblest and wisest Englishmen showed for the Colonists in 1776 has never been drawn out with such completeness and such eloquence as in this book.

When the news of the first fighting reached England, on the 25th of July, 1765, Horace Walpole and John Wesley viewed the event :

“as the common calamity of the entire British race.” . . . “Sagacious statesmen in both houses of Parliament—Lord Chatham and Lord Camden, the Duke of Richmond and Lord Shelburne, Burke, Conway, and Dunning—with pertinacity and sincerity, and from the fulness of knowledge, never wearied of pleading in favour of reason and moderation. The same lesson was repeated to the town every second morning by vigorous, well-informed journalists, whose writings had a wide circulation.”

When the King refused to receive Mr Penn's petition, the Duke of Grafton, who had been Prime Minister, resigned the Privy Seal, and told George III. that “the Ministers deluded themselves, and were deluding His Majesty.” When the King hired German mercenaries to crush the Colonies, the act which, as Mr. Lecky says, made the Declaration of Independence inevitable, the Duke of Richmond entered a violent protest. The Duke of Grafton joined him, saying that he saw nothing but inevitable ruin in the coercion of the Colonies, and that he turned his face from it with horror. The Earl of Shelburne took the same line. Lord Camden, who had been Chancellor, condemned the proceeding as “a compound of the most solemn mockery and gross imposition.” In the House of Commons, Burke, Colonel Barré, and others, joined in protesting against this infamy. Burke called to Lord Rockingham “to keep our hands from blood, and if possible keep the poor, giddy, thoughtless people from plunging headlong into this impious war.” And Fox declared in Parliament : “I have always said that the war is unjust and the object of it unattainable.” And the Duke of Richmond said in the Lords : “I do not think the people of America in rebellion. They are resisting acts of unexampled cruelty and oppression.”

When the fleet was sent to America, Lord Howe, the Admiral in command, had “a sore heart and an uneasy conscience.” He regarded the conflict as a civil war, in which Britain was in the wrong. “He would not have gone out as Admiral unless he had

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

also the function of negotiator." That war was marked by a feature unique in English history. Not a few officers of every grade, who were, for the most part, distinguished by valour and ability, flatly refused to serve against the Colonists; and their scruples were respected by their countrymen in general, and by the King and his Ministers as well. Sir Augustus Keppel, Vice-Admiral of the White, refused to sail to America; Lieut.-General Sir Jeffrey Amherst absolutely declined to lead troops against New England, and persisted in this determination, in spite of the entreaties of the King in person. Conway, who rose to be a Field-Marshal, protested in Parliament that he would never serve in such a cause. Some officers left the service, some went on half-pay, some joined the Home militia, that they might not be compelled to fight against their conscience. Lord Chatham actually withdrew his son, Lord Pitt, from the Army, where he had been placed on the staff of the Governor of Canada. The same line was taken by Lord Effingham and by Lord Frederic Cavendish, then a Lieut.-General and a soldier of experience and fame. Granville Sharp, an illustrious philanthropist, threw up his post in the Ordnance Department. John Cartwright, a brilliant young sailor, flatly refused an appointment on the flagship of his friend and patron, Lord Howe. It seems that, in 1776, there were men of courage and of conscience in the military and civil service as well as in Parliament. And, what is still more remarkable, those who made known such opinions were in no way insulted or attacked. On the contrary, they largely increased their popularity and raised their character.

The singular feature of this work is, that it embraces at once the history of Great Britain and the history of the United States. It passes from the House of Commons to Boston, from Long Island to John Wesley and Dr. Johnson in London, without for a page breaking the continuous thread of the story. This is strictly justified and made necessary by the plan of the work. It produces the very effect desired—that it is the story of a civil war, not a contest between two nations separated by the ocean. This double monument of the drama is made possible by the fact that it all passes in the course of the year 1776, and that, in that momentous year, the entire history of Great Britain and of the United States was really concentrated in the critical struggle. For those months, the whole future of both countries hung upon the events round the Charles River, the Hudson, and the Delaware.

Sir George paints the characters and achievements of the American leaders with as vivid and sympathetic a hand as he brings to his portraits of the English. John Adams, Patrick Henry, Franklin, and Washington, stand forth beside Burke, Chatham, and

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Fox, and are to us to-day British worthies as much as any in our history. American love of hero-worship might be satisfied (if anything can satisfy that insatiable appetite), by the terms in which the authors of English classics speak of the founder of the Republic. Mr. Lecky has drawn his character in a magnificent panegyric ; and now Sir George Trevelyan has shown us the same qualities in detail for a few months of his military career. If this is not as complete a portrait as that of Mr. Lecky, its minute treatment of special difficulties is vividly personal. As we read Sir George's narrative, we are again struck with the truth : how much depended on the life of Washington, how perfect a nature of the hero four-square was his. When I spoke at Chicago in 1901, on the birthday of the chief, I applied to him some of the lines that Tennyson wrote for the Duke of Wellington, especially those—

“ Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.”

How singularly true is this of Washington ! Every fresh detail in his career, every new book about these times, serves to throw a still whiter light on the simplicity, the good sense, the foresight, the indomitable patience of the Fabius of the New World—

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem—

the one man who, by sagacity, endurance, and “saving common sense,” saved, formed, and established one of the great nations of the world.

Sir George has been entirely successful in describing the campaigns. The attack on Canada, the movement of Washington from Boston to New York, the famous battle of Brooklyn, and the splendid secret abandonment of Long Island, the retreat from New York, the battle of Trenton, and Washington's flank march, are narrated with great brilliancy and clearness. The masterly withdrawal from Long Island, and then from New York, by Washington, are fine examples of military history, especially fascinating to those who know the ground. It is said that Sir George has never crossed the Atlantic. If this is true, and it seems barely credible, the accuracy of the local descriptions is quite astonishing. Not only the geography of the campaigns, but the lie of the battle-fields, and the entire local colour of American scenery and towns in the eighteenth century, are seized with the eye of a painter. What stands out conspicuously is, that the retreats and night marches to the rear executed by Washington were more brilliant and more serviceable than are most victories. He was indeed a Fabius :—

“ He was even greater in the hour of reverse, than in that of victory.”

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

One word as to the form of the work. Of course, the two volumes, with their 758 pages, deal only with a few months of one year, and consequently touch only on one aspect of the great struggle, and on a very small part of the foundation of the new Commonwealth. Neither the war as a whole, nor the achievements of the leaders, can enter into it but in isolated scenes. But the interest, now military, now civil, now in English society, now in New England homes and forests, never flags for a page. The scholarship, the humour, the eloquence, the learning, the varied knowledge of political life and of public offices, of courts, clubs, literature, and diplomacy, could be found in no one who had not the manifold experiences of the writer. The nephew of Macaulay, who has so closely studied his life and his works, never suffers us to forget where he learned his historical style. Passages, whole pages, might have been written by Macaulay at his best. Not that the style is imitated from the uncle. Indeed, it avoids some of Macaulay's defects—his excessive antitheses, his artificial contrasts, and the perpetual banging on the monotonous drum. It might even be said to be pleasanter reading, if we could forgive a certain tendency to common-room japes, which sit ill on the serene lips of Cleio.

May the author complete with equal success his great task, of which yet many years remain to be told. May the people of America accept this as the authoritative judgment of all that is sound in the Britain of to-day. May the people of England take to heart all the lessons this book contains—lessons at which the author sternly refuses to hint, while the present writer is bound to respect his scruples.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

OTHER REVIEWS

THE WRONG TURNING¹

ENGLISH Men of Letters: Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay).

So runs the title of Mr. Dobson's book; and let none but pedants exclaim against a Man of Letters who is a lady, and a lady who is not one lady, but two. For the Fanny Burney of the novels and the Madame D'Arblay of the Diary has each her separate claim to a literary distinction, and memorial beyond the grave. Though *Camilla* has long since faded from the circulating libraries, though Colonel Digby and Mrs. Schwellenberg may only exist for us in an essay of Macaulay, there is yet good reason to remember, now and then, the works that Johnson praised, that Burke sat up all night to finish, that charmed Sir Joshua, that held Gibbon enthralled, and not to forget altogether the girl who scribbled in Newton's Observatory, who grew up amidst the famous circle of "the Club," the friend of Garrick and Warren Hastings and Rogers, who had been paid a compliment by Soame Jenyns and lived long enough to pay one to Walter Scott, the correspondent of "Daddy" Crisp and of Disraeli, who talked scandal with Mrs. Thrale, and wrote plays for Mrs. Siddons, and discussed Shakespeare with George III.

Mr. Dobson has devoted most of his charming volume to the lady of the Diary, though the fifty pages he has given up to the novels contain nothing that is not admirably happy, discriminating, and just. But it is only natural that the author of *Beau Brocade* should dwell chiefly upon that side of Fanny Burney's life which brings us most into contact with the delightful and brilliant society of Eighteenth Century London; for here his unrivalled knowledge and peculiar sympathy have opened out for him opportunities which he can use to the utmost, with rights and powers all his own. Mr. Dobson, indeed, is himself so much at home in that world "of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle," that he succeeds in transferring to the willing reader his own sense of pleasant familiarity and ease. One wanders with him happily from Poland Street to Queen Square, from Bloomsbury to Leicester Fields; one looks in at

¹ *Fanny Burney*. By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan and Co. 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Portman Square on Mrs. Montagu amid her feathered walls ; one catches glimpses of Horace Walpole or Sheridan or Lady Di ; one has the entrée at Streatham ; one visits Brighton, and takes the waters at Bath. Across this past which has become the present there float visions of a remoter past : Sir Isaac walks once more from St. Martin's Street to visit the Princess Caroline at Leicester House ; the ghostly chairs of Lady Worsley and Lady Betty Germaine wait still at the narrow approach from the Fields, as they did in the old days when "their mistresses 'disputed Whig and Tory,' with Mrs. Conduit, or were interrupted in a *tête-à-tête* by Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry."

In laying so little stress on Madame D'Arblay's novels, Mr. Dobson has followed the lead of Macaulay, who, in his metallic way, devoted the greater part of an Essay to a description of her life, and reserved only the fag end of it for a discussion of her place in literature. And even then, his criticism amounts to nothing more than saying, with extraordinary cleverness, that her characters were caricatures, and that her style degenerated from Nature to Johnson, and from Johnson to insufferable affectation. Neither Macaulay nor Mr. Dobson has indeed really solved the enigma of why it happened that writings, pronounced immortal by the greatest intellects of their own day, fell almost at once into insignificance, and eventually into nearly complete oblivion. *Evelina* and *Cecilia* were hailed by Johnson, the greatest contemporary critic, as worthy to rank beside the best work of Richardson and Fielding ; and *Evelina* is now read only as a quaint example of Eighteenth Century literature, while *Cecilia* is not read at all. "Tell them," said Johnson of the latter volume, in a vein of ironic censure, "how little there is in it of human nature, and how well your knowledge of the world enables you to judge of the failings in that book." But the words are ironical in a sense undreamt of by the Doctor ; for they exactly express the opinion of the modern reader, who inevitably does find in *Cecilia* very little of human nature, and whose knowledge of the world does enable him to judge quite easily of the failings of "that book." The difference is complete ; and a compromise appears to be impossible. If we are right, Johnson must have been wrong ; if we are wrong, Johnson must have been right. But we, *ex hypothesi*, are right ; how then did it happen—it is the only question left to ask—that Johnson came to be wrong ?

There can be no doubt that, during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, the English novel experienced a remarkable eclipse. From the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in 1766, to the composition of *Pride and Prejudice*, in 1796, for the whole of that period of thirty years, no novel of the first class was produced at all ; and few indeed of the novels which were actually

THE WRONG TURNING

written attained the level even of Miss Burney's second class work. English prose, it is true, had never flourished more gloriously ; but it reserved its magnificent outpourings for History, for Philosophy, for Oratory, for Essays, for Memoirs, for Letters, for everything, in fact, except the particular sort of prose romance which is concerned with the portrayal of human nature. Why this was the case, why, between the great constellation of Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne, and the great constellation of Jane Austen and Walter Scott, there should intervene a vast tract of literature illumined only by stars of the third magnitude,—this is a mystery perhaps beyond solution, though it would be partly accounted for, if it were true that the direct study of human nature was, for some unknown reason, not interesting to the English of that generation. At any rate, whether they were (to use Johnson's phrase) "character-mongers" or no in actual life, it seems clear that at least in literary criticism they were not. It is a standing proof of their innate incapacity for estimating the true value of the characterisation in a work of fiction, their utter lack of "*flair*" for portraiture, that they left it to the Nineteenth Century to discover the fact that what makes Sterne immortal is not his sentiment, nor his indecency, nor his asterisks, but his Mr. Shandy and his Uncle Toby.

It was precisely this quality of literary acumen which her contemporaries brought to bear on the novels of Fanny Burney. "You have," Burke wrote to her, "crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters ; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other" ; and it is obvious that by "characters" Burke meant just what he should not have meant—descriptions, that is to say, of persons who might exist. The truth is, that if we had been told that Delville *père* was ten feet high, and that Mr. Morrice was made of cardboard, we should have had very little reason for astonishment ; such peculiarities of form would have been remarkable, no doubt, but not more remarkable than those of their minds, which Burke was so ready to accept as eminently natural. In fact, Miss Burney's characters, to use Macaulay's phrase, are in reality nothing but "humours," and not characters at all ; and immediately this is recognised, immediately "humours" is substituted for "characters" in Burke's appreciation, what he says becomes perfectly just. They are indeed, these humours, "well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other" ; Miss Burney displays great cleverness and admirable care in her arrangement of them ; and this Burke, as well as Macaulay, thoroughly understood. But such, both for Burke and for his distinguished circle, was the limit of understanding ; outside that limit the God of Convention reigned triumphant. Conventional feelings, conventional phrases, conventional situations, conven-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

tional oddities, conventional loves,—these were the necessary ingredients of their perfect novel ; and all these Miss Burney was able, with supreme correctness, to supply. In the culminating scene of *Cecilia*, where the conflicting passions of affection and family pride at last meet face to face, the dialogue is as wonderfully finished and as superbly orthodox as the dialogue of a second-rate French tragedy ; one cannot help seeing Cecilia and Mortimer and Mrs. Delvile, in perruques and togas, delivering their harangues with appropriate gestures from the front of a Louis Quinze stage, with Corinthian columns in the background. Johnson's favourite, the mad philanthropical Albany, does indeed actually burst sometimes into downright blank verse.

“ Poor subterfuge of callous cruelty ! ”

he suddenly exclaims,

“ You cheat yourselves to shun the fraud of others !

And yet how better do you use the wealth

So guarded ?

What nobler purpose can it answer to you,

Than even a chance to snatch some wretch from sinking ?

Think less how *much* ye save, and more for *what* ;

And then consider how thy full coffers may hereafter make reparation for the empty catalogue of thy virtues.”

“ Anan ! ” cries Mr. Briggs, in reply to these noble sentiments ; and that—whatever it may mean—is perhaps the best rejoinder.

But it is to be feared that Miss Burney's friends did worse than misjudge her merits ; it seems clear that they encouraged her faults, and turned away her energies from where her true strength lay. For, in her first work, she had succeeded in depicting one character which, though neither elaborate nor profound, was really convincing—Evelina herself. The refined, over modest girl, around whose perplexities and sufferings and joys the troupe of usual humours dance and tumble, is delicately brought out by a sympathetic hand. Here at last is something that is more than cleverness—a little spark of genius ; and it shows itself most clearly in a few little scenes and conversations, of which the following specimen may be taken as a fair example. Lord Orville, who is in love with Evelina, discovers her in the garden at an early hour, talking intimately to Mr. Macartney. Everything points (wrongly, of course) to an assignation. Evelina, who is in love with Lord Orville, returns with him to the house.

“ Determined as I was to act honourably by Mr. Macartney, I yet most anxiously wished to be restored to the good opinion of Lord Orville ; but his silence, and the thoughtfulness of his air, discouraged me from speaking.

“ My situation soon grew disagreeable and embarrassing ; and I resolved to return to my chamber till breakfast was ready. To remain longer, I feared,

THE WRONG TURNING

might seem *asking* for his inquiries ; and I was sure it would ill become me to be more eager to speak than he was to hear.

"Just as I reached the door, turning to me hastily, he said, 'Are you going, Miss Anville?'

"'I am, my lord,' answered I ; yet I stopped.

"'Perhaps to return to—but I beg your pardon!' He spoke with a degree of agitation that made me readily comprehend he meant to *the garden* ; and I instantly said : 'To my own room, my lord.' And again I would have gone ; but, convinced by my answer that I understood him, I believe he was sorry for the insinuation ; he approached me with a very serious air, though at the same time he forced a smile, and said : 'I know not what evil genius pursues me this morning, but I seem destined to do or say something I ought not ; I am so much ashamed of myself, that I can scarce solicit your forgiveness.'"

That is a small picture, perhaps, of a small affair ; it describes hardly more than a turn to and from a door ; but it possesses qualities of beauty, of restraint, of quick imagination, of charming feeling, of real atmosphere, that make it approach, in its tiny way, close to perfection. But this quiet sort of miniature analysis Miss Burney repeated in none of her later books. Cecilia is a burlesque Evelina, a wax figure whose refinement has become a settled affectation, whose modesty is an obsession, who blushes every time her lover's name is mentioned, who is scandalised when he proposes, and is too maidenly to be married. Henceforward Miss Burney had no time for the subtleties of art ; at all hazards she must be creating "well supported" characters, and putting them into "well planned" situations ; and, her work thus cut out for her, she carried it through with credit. But it is impossible not to think that perhaps, if she had written in a more discriminating age, she would have developed her own peculiar vein as it deserved, instead of working others of inferior ore with implements too heavy for her strength. Fortunately for us indeed, she was left to herself in one domain ; for her *Diary* flourished beyond the reach of criticism, deep-rooted in her own most private nature, and fed with truth. No one can doubt that Mr. Dobson is right to place it high above the novels, and to rank it with the great diaries of literature. It is here that Madame D'Arblay appears at full length ; it is here that she shows us her mirror of the world, gives us the relish of real persons, real intimacies, real conversations. Who would not be willing to abolish for ever the whole elaborate waste of *Cecilia*, for the sake of those few pages in the *Diary*, where, looking down upon the crowded benches of Westminster Hall, we can see distinct before us the pale face of Hastings, and watch the Managers in their box and the Duchesses in their gallery, while we listen alternately to the tedious droning of the lawyers, to the whispered flatteries of Mr. Wyndham, and the stupendous oratory of Burke ? G. L. STRACHEY.

THE IDEALS OF A REALIST¹

THE discredit into which the "problem-novel" has fallen in recent years is due, partly to its tendency to deal with questions for which dissection *coram populo* is unprofitable treatment, partly to the occasional publication of a series of disquisitions, strung loosely together with inconsequent conversation, and masquerading in the guise of fiction. But the critic who rules out on this ground all novels with a purpose probably forgets, that it was an inability to realise that art must conceal its didactic drift as well as itself, which led critics in the eighteenth century to find Shakespeare "deficient in moral purpose." Art has been truly, if partially, defined as the embodiment of an aspiration; and the definition holds good of the art of fiction. The truth is, that the great novels of the world are not written merely to amuse; they are indirect contributions to the art of living.

Mr. Richard Whiteing would probably subscribe to the truth of these reflections. Even the most casual reader of *No. 5 John Street* must have realised that the writer was not simply telling a good story. In *The Island*, the fact that there was a purpose was even more evident. Here the author contrasts the simplicity of the life led on his island—where the sun strikes the big banyan, and it is dinner-time—with the more artificial existence which may be viewed from the steps of the Royal Exchange. The visitor from one world to the other describes for the benefit of Victoria, the chieftain's daughter, the social life of England, and, in the imaginary history of the Swart family, the story of the submerged is traced through the centuries with a singular pathos. Victoria is also instructed in the mysteries of imperial policy. "But how are you to find the excuse?" says the pupil. "Why, you seize one place to-day," so runs (may we take it?) Mr. Whiteing's answer, "to make good your hold on another that you seized yesterday; and to-morrow you seize one place more for the same reason. It is a process known as 'inevitable expansion,' and, if you only follow it out logically, it leads you all round the world." But Mr. Whiteing is no propagandist, and he proclaims the virtues of no panacea for the social ills whose presence he sees so clearly. His purpose is rather to awaken the interest of the public who read novels, to stimulate belief in the need for "sweeter manners, purer laws." He knows that the essay or the pamphlet is read mainly by the informed, and, therefore, that the mass of the reading public can only be reached through the medium of its favourite form of literature.

¹ *The Yellow Van*. By Richard Whiteing. London: Hutchinson. 1903.

THE IDEALS OF A REALIST

In pursuing this object, he has not, of course, to contend with the apathy which met Dickens and other nineteenth century novelists ; but the difficulty of his task is still very real. It must be admitted that Mr. Whiteing does not move quite gracefully in these self-imposed fetters ; for there is a lack of ingenuity about his plots. The mechanism, in fact, is rather obvious : for instance, in *No. 5 John Street*, the insistence on mere details of material luxury does not draw out the contrast between rich and poor, and becomes tedious. This is, indeed, the chief fault to be found with the most brilliant of his novels. In his description of Low Covey, a character which is perhaps unique in English fiction, Mr. Whiteing shows his real insight into the mind of the British working-man ; and in the inimitable 'Tilda we have a faithful, if idealised, presentment of the wit and virtue of her class.

The home of a peripatetic missionary of land-reform, which explains the title of Mr. Whiteing's latest book, is little more than a detail in the main plot, which is concerned with a ducal land-owner and his American duchess. The latter's idealistic attempts at reform break themselves in vain against the rock of custom and prejudice. It is clear that a sense of humour, without which no writer should embark on the perilous sea of political fiction, is necessary for the successful treatment of such a theme ; and in this humour Mr. Whiteing is not deficient. The following passage will indicate this fact, and possibly throw some light on his political standpoint :—

"The good old baronet has an honest impatience of every kind of thoroughness of thought and action which makes him the perfect Englishman of his time. His whole line in life is determined by a rooted suspicion of first principles. He lives by a glorified rule of thumb, and moves from event to event with the pious ejaculation of 'Sufficient unto the day.' He is incurably suspicious of all attempts to get to the bottom of things in 'politics, literature, science, and art.' 'Lord, how the world is given to fads!' is his cry of protest. . . . He has elaborated his theory of life as a mere rubbing along in the old house on the old estate, both slowly wearing to decay without discomfort and without shock. All he wants is to live by the land, as his fathers did before him, making it pay for all their mistakes. His farmers farm stupidly, his labourers fly to the towns, he has a spendthrift son in the army—like his sire, one of the best fellows in the world. Yet it never strikes him for one moment that his wasteful housekeeping, his mortgages, his entails, his huge system of patriarchal dependence, is anything less than in the nature of things. He is everything such a man may be expected to be : not a Tory, only a Conservative, in favour of 'reasonable reforms,' such, for instance, as the one affecting the precedence of baronets ; not a Protectionist—the name brings a shock to his mind—but only a person desiring a moderate duty for the encouragement of agriculture. . . . There is nothing wrong with him in the world but his horoscope : he is Sir Roger de Coverley born just two centuries too late."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The most fatal obstacle to the success of the lecturers of the yellow van is found to be the difficulty of awakening small agriculturists to the origin of their failure. They are, in Mr. Whiteing's phrase, "unidea'd"; and he is thus led to emphasise the necessity of giving to education the first place in any progressive policy. The reader is intended to conclude, that the failure of English agriculture is due, not to the competition of free imports, but to the farmers' antipathy to a more scientific method, and even more to the fact that the land is expected to provide for vested interests, as well as for those who "put the brown earth to good use."

But it would be unfair to Mr. Whiteing to imply that his novels can be analysed into mere pamphlets on Social Reform. His sense of humour, of art, and of proportion, has enabled him to produce, not great novels, but valuable and suggestive pieces of work. It is also fair to add, that he has realised the vastness of the agrarian and housing questions to which he alludes. It was said of George Gissing, that he saw the world through clouded glasses: Mr. Whiteing too is a realist, but, unlike the author of *New Grub Street*, he does not allow the reality of things to obscure his ideals. His crusading land-reformers are portrayed with that touch of the ludicrous, which is inseparable from the protagonists of a remote ideal; but, at the close of the book, the yellow van is seen "in a ray from a sun-burst that parted the clouds." G. S. FREEMAN.

* * * *It is desirable that no contributions should be sent without previous communication with the Editor, who cannot undertake to return unsolicited MSS.*

Publishers are requested not to send books for review. The Editor will venture to apply for copies of such works as it is desired to notice.

Vol. I. (Oct. 1903—Jan. 1904), bound in cloth, is now ready, price 12s. 6d. net (by post 13s. 3d.). It may be obtained through any bookseller, or from the Publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Cloth cases for binding Vol. I. may now be obtained from the Publisher, price 2s. net (by post 2s. 2d.).

Subscribers to the Review may exchange their Nos. for bound volumes for the sum of 2s., plus 6d. postage each way. Parcels should be addressed to the Publisher, and should contain the names and addresses of the senders.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW

Price ONE SHILLING Net

Has now been in existence for three years—
and during that time has published contribu-
tions from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES, GEORGE MEREDITH, THE EARL OF
CREWE, SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P., LADY
JEUNE, I. ZANGWILL, JUSTIN MCCARTHY,
MAX BEERBOHM, E. T. COOK, J. A. SPENDER,
and many others, including many of the
Progressive Members in the House of
Commons.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW

Was the medium used by Dr. CLIFFORD for
his reply to Mr. BALFOUR's attack, and was
the first of the Reviews to furnish the
public, in support of Free Trade, with
authoritative and exhaustive articles on the
bitter fruits of Protection in other countries.

Orders for single copies, and Subscriptions (12/- per annum, post free),
should be addressed to the publisher—

NEW LIBERAL REVIEW,
82 & 83 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER.

THE LIBERAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY.]

[SIXPENOE.

THE SPEAKER is the only Literary Review pledged to support the traditions of Liberalism in Imperial and Domestic Policy.

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC, The DRAMA, TRADE and FINANCE.

Order a regular supply from your Newsgagent, or from the Head Office:

14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

THE HALF-TONE ENGRAVING CO., LTD.,

25 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.

ART PROCESS BLOCKS

(LINE, TONE, AND THREE-COLOUR),

DESIGNS, &c., &c. - -

Moderate Prices.

Quick Delivery.

11^e Année.

No. 2.

15 Janvier 1904.

LA REVUE DE PARIS

SOMMAIRE.

Péren Galdós ...
O. Bouglé ...
Albert Sorel ...
Marcelle Tinayre ...

Pierre Osmard ...
Jean Chantavoine ...
Louis Maigron ...
Ernest Lavisse ...
Victor Séraud ...

Guerilleros (1^{re} partie).
Darwinisme, et Positivisme.
La Route d'Iéna. — II.
La Vie amoureuse de François Barbassaguet (fin).
La Peur en Dauphiné. — 1769.
Beethoven d'après ses Correspondances.
George Sand et les Mathra. — III.
La Princesse Mathilde.
Questions extérieures. — La Corée.

1. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1904, by G. de Prent and S. Bithorp, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. All rights reserved.

PRIX DE LA LIVRAISON : 2 fr. 60.

PARIS : 85^{bis}, FAUBOURG SAINT-HONORÉ, 85^{bis}

... Verlag von GEORG REIMER in BERLIN W. 35 ...

Die Nation

Wochenschrift für Politik Volkswirtschaft
... und Litteratur ...

Gründungsredakteur von
Dr. TH. BARTH.

Preis pro Quartal
Mark 4.-

Die Nation hat während ihres 20jährigen Bestehens die liberale Weltanschauung auf allen Gebieten des öffentlichen Lebens vertreten. Sie bringt ausschließlich Originalartikel aus der Feder hervorragender Schriftsteller, Gelehrten, Politiker. Sie schließt in den Kreis ihrer Besprechung nicht bloß die Tagesfragen der Politik und die Probleme der Volkswirtschaft, sondern auch bedeutende Erscheinungen der Wissenschaft, der bildenden Kunst, des Theaters und der schönen Litteratur ein. Sie bringt philosophische Essays, biographische Skizzen, satirische Glossen zur Zeitgeschichte und kurze Erzählungen.



THE

INDEPENDENT

VOL. II. NO. 8

MARCH 190

REVIEW

CONTENTS

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH
JEAN JAURÈS

SALDANHA BAY
E. Y. BRABANT

THE ITALIAN PEASANT
BOLTON KING

DUMPING
HUGH BELL

GEORG BRANDES
JOHN Q. ROBERTSON

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS
HUGH LAW, M.P.

TWO VIEWS OF LANCASHIRE :
(a) The Life of the Artisan
JOHN GARRETT LEIGH

(b) The People of the Valley
ALICE LAW

ONIDUS
E. M. FORSTER

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES
W. LEWIS JONES

MR. BURDEN. Chaps. IX and X
HILAIRE BELLOO

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY
A. S. MORSE

OTHER REVIEWS

LONDON PUBLISHED BY
T. FISHER UNWIN

TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET

Digitized by Google

An Invaluable Work for Ministers and Bible Students.

DR. HASTINGS' BIBLE DICTIONARY.

The *Guardian* says: "We have no hesitation in recommending 'Hastings' Dictionary' to students of the Bible as the best work which exists in English."

Four Large Vols. Imperial 8vo, price per Vol. (each of which contains from 580 to 1000 pp.), in cloth binding 25s. Also in elegant half-morocco bindings; prices (from 34s.) on application.

* Please send for full Prospectus, with Specimen Page.

This great work has taken its place (as the *Times* says) as "the standard authority for Biblical students of the present generation." In this country and America, in the Colonies, and even among people of other languages and of various creeds, it is in constant and increasing demand.

N.B.—An **EXTRA VOLUME**, containing a number of Large and Important Articles, together with **INDEXES** to the whole Work, and special **MAPS**, is in the Press, and will be published this year.

EDINBURGH: T. & T. CLARK, 38, GEORGE STREET.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, & CO., LTD.

"A key that unlocks the golden treasury of English Literature."
London Star.

NOW READY
Chambers's

AN IDEAL BOOK FOR
A PRESENT.

Cyclopædia of English Literature.

New Edition, Entirely Rewritten. Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

A History, Critical and Biographical, of Authors in the English Tongue from the Earliest Times till the Present Day, with Specimens of their writings.

COMPLETE IN THREE HANDSOME VOLUMES. Imperial 8vo.

Cloth, £1 : 11 : 6 net. Half-Morocco, £2 : 5 : 0 net.

"A book to read. A history of literature. A work of reference. A collection of choice passages. A gallery of literary portraits."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LTD., LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59 Long Acre, London.

The Classical Review.

Editor: J. P. POSTGATE, 54 Bateman Street, Cambridge.

Associates. England: H. E. WALTERS, British Museum (Archæology).

America: WM. GARDNER HALE, University of Chicago; T. D. SEYMOUR, Yale University;
and J. H. WRIGHT, Harvard University.

Vol. XVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

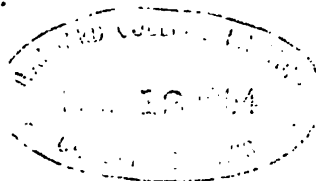
No. 1, 3/- net.

CONTENTS.—EDITORIAL AND GENERAL.—ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS: Greek Ostraka in the British Museum, including a Ptolemaic Fragment of the *Phormion*, H. R. HALL. On *Phaeds* 96A-100A, and on the *Stratopos* 96A-100B, (continued), W. J. GOODRICH. Further Notes on Denisthenes, H. RICHARDS. Aristotle *Ethics* I. 6, R. G. BURY. The New Rhetorical Fragment in relation to the Sicilian Rhetoric of Corax and Timas, W. RHYNS ROBERTS. Emendations of Julian *Atopogen*, A. PLATT. Verbals in -res, HERBERT W. GRIENE. Emendations of Cicero's *Verrines*, W. PETERSON. Contracted forms of the Perfect in Livy, EMORY E. LEASE. The St. John's College (Cambridge) MS. of *The Theaid*, H. W. GARROD. The Spelling of the Sixth Century MS. of Prudentius, E. O. WINSTEDT.—NOTES.—REVIEWS: Gabler's *Galen's de Castibus*, T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT. Boenig's *Minutii Octavius*, A. J. KRONENBERG. Brodribb's Translation of Minucius' *Octavius*, R. C. SEATON. Henderson's *Nerv*, FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS. John Gower's *Latin Poems*, J. GOW.—BRIEFER NOTICES.—REPORT: The Classical Association of England and Wales—VERSIONS: I. From William Blake, W. HEADLAM; II. 'Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl!' W. HEADLAM.—ARCHÆOLOGY: Some Account of a Volume of Epigraphic Drawings now preserved in the British Museum, THOMAS ASHBY, JUN. Zeus, Jupiter, and the Oak, ARTHUR BERNARD COOK. Gardner's *Ancient Athens*, PAUL BAUR. Petron's *Art in Antiquity* (Vol. VIII.), W. M. RAMSAY. Folklore and Classical Studies, FRANK GARDNER. Ujfalvy's *Portraits of Alexander*, D. G. HOSARTH.—SUMMARIES OF PERIODICALS.

Price for Single Numbers, One Shilling and Sixpence, except the February Number, which is Three Shillings. Yearly Subscription (Nine Numbers), Twelve Shillings, or Thirteen Shillings and Sixpence, Post free.

* The Present Number is the first of Vol. XVIII., and the Publisher takes the opportunity of commending afresh the CLASSICAL REVIEW to the support of all interested in the maintenance and furtherance of humanistic studies. The CLASSICAL REVIEW is the only periodical of the English-speaking world in which the entire range of Classical studies is dealt with.

Sets of the back Volumes, strongly and handsomely bound, are placed at the disposal of New Subscribers on very moderate terms.



THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

AN article on the grouping of French parties and the cross-currents of our Parliamentary situation, written by a French statesman and published in an English Review, is a somewhat venturesome undertaking : for political life in France is so uncertain that, while a letter is crossing the Channel, the Constitution may be overturned, and its place taken by a completely different form of government. In countries where Party Government is firmly established, it is usual for the majority, which owes its existence to the will of the country as expressed at a General Election, to continue in its support of the Government, so long as the Parliament lasts. Or, if the Government is discredited, and its majority impaired, before the expiration of the Parliament, a fresh appeal to the country is made, and a General Election held in advance of the normal time. On the other hand, a retrospect of the history of French politics in the last twenty years establishes the fact, that the same Parliament frequently sees the formation and disappearance of many Ministries. For instance, in the Parliament of 1885 to 1889, the Ministries formed by M. Brisson, M. de Freycinet, M. Goblet, M. Rouvier, M. Floquet, and M. Tirard, passed across the political sheet, like the slides of a magic lantern. They vanished so quickly, that one could scarcely notice the divergence of their policies before they were gone. The impression which all of them left was a fugitive one ; and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

this shifting continuity seemed the only form of stability of which the French Parliamentary system was capable. Furthermore, the same Parliament has sometimes given birth to Governments whose views were violently and diametrically opposed to one another. To take an example from the Parliament of 1893 to 1898, the Moderate Ministries presided over in succession by MM. Charles Dupuy, Casimir Périer, and Ribot, all of which were characterised by a mistrust of Radicalism, and a systematic struggle against Socialism, were followed by the Ministry of M. Léon Bourgeois, composed of Radicals, and supported by the Socialist Party. Next came the Ministry of M. Méline, in whose reactionary conservatism Radicals and Socialists were confounded in a common hatred, and who openly ruled by the help, and in the interests, of the Clerical Right.

The explanation of this instability and of these apparent contradictions may be found in two different causes, which have sometimes acted concurrently, though each has been predominant on separate occasions. The period from 1885 to 1893 was pre-eminently a period of short-lived Governments. Each was distinguished by tolerably marked characteristics, but they all had one feature in common : they were at the mercy of incessant coalitions. The Parliament was divided into three sections—the Right, the Moderate and Opportunist Left, and the Left and Extreme Left, wholly Radical in composition. Two of these divisions were continually coalescing against the Government, which tried, without success, to concentrate its forces into a permanent majority. Sometimes the Government fell a victim to the coalition, or to the combined attack of the Right and the Extreme Left : it was thus that the ministries of MM. Brisson, de Freycinet, and Goblet succumbed in 1885. Sometimes the downfall of the Government was brought about by the union of the Opportunist Centre with the Right : as happened, during the same Parliament, in the case of M. Floquet. Such is the first cause of the weakness, and lack of cohesion, which are sapping the vigour of French politics.

After the confused period of anarchy which prevailed from 1885 to 1893, came the period, from 1893 to 1898,

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

of violent contradictions : the same legislature finding room both for the frankly Radical Ministry of M. Bourgeois, and for the frankly retrograde Ministry of M. Méline. Coalitions have now disappeared from the political chess-board ; for parties are better organised and more sharply divided. The Chamber is divided into two sections, instead of into three, and the confusion of the previous period has given place to a struggle between two great parties : the Left and Extreme Left are ranged in battle order against the Centre and the Right. So long as M. Bourgeois was in power, there was no coalition between the Right and the Extreme Left. The Left maintained a consistent and united majority. So, too, while M. Méline was in power, the majority formed by the Centre and the Right remained unbroken and undivided. The political see-saw was due to the extreme narrowness of the Radical majority ; for when the Senate, in which the Moderate party was in the ascendant, turned against the Radical Ministers, and compelled them to resign, the defection of a small number of waverers was sufficient to make a new Government, of contrary views, possible. Thus, after all these confused agitations and crises, the republican party lost the control of the Republic, which was now given up to a compact and solid coalition between the Moderate Centre and the Clerical Right.

If a Liberal Government was to become possible once more, and if the republican *régime* was to escape from the upheavals and lack of solidarity which placed it at the mercy of the enemies of democracy, two things were necessary. In the first place it was essential that, as soon as the country, which was republican at heart, should awake to a sense of its danger, and place the Left once more in a majority, the Radical or Socialist Extreme Left should grasp the necessity of Parliamentary and Ministerial continuity, and should dare to subordinate all minor and transitory grievances to this necessity. They must thus deprive the Right of all hope of terminating a crisis by some unstable coalition or casual reconciliation. Secondly, it was essential that the Government should have sufficient authority and fixity of purpose to settle the convictions of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

waverers among the majority. For the last five years, these two essential conditions have been realised, and hence, for the last five years, the political life of republican France has enjoyed a stability and a continuity unknown before. The democratic element in the Republic has thus been able to prove itself capable of a consistent and logical policy.

To begin with, the Socialists became fully and frankly conscious of their responsibilities. After being constantly attacked and persecuted, they had become a necessary ingredient in the Liberal majority. From the very opening of the Parliament of 1895, they made their influence felt by delivering a series of attacks on Ministries which threatened and mistrusted them, and even on the Presidency of the Republic, which had been set up against them as the embodiment of middle-class oligarchy. The Socialists had made their influence and their good sense felt by faithfully supporting, from the beginning to the end of the session, the Radical government of M. Bourgeois, which had the vigorous help of M. Vaillant and M. Guesde, as well as of M. Rouanet, M. Viviani, M. Millerand, and myself. When the Nationalist crisis came, and the militarist and clerical reaction was no longer satisfied with ruling under cover of the Méline Ministry, when, favoured by the course of the Dreyfus affair, it made a reckless attempt to win over the nation and to seize the supreme power, it became clear that the republican party could only be saved by joining hands with the Socialists. Not only was it unable to govern against them: it could not even maintain itself without them.

For the moment, I am not concerned with the method by which this necessary coalition was brought about, nor am I discussing whether it was sound policy that it should take the form of direct participation in Ministerial power. These are minor points. The main consideration is, that the republican party could only recover its ascendancy, could only in fact escape from the effects of years of misrule, during which its influence had become discredited, by co-operating with the Socialists. Now the Socialists thoroughly understood, that if this co-operation took place, they would meet with serious difficulties, and undertake

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

formidable responsibilities. They realised that such action would lay upon them many burdens and many sacrifices, which would not seem to be justified by the immediate advantages which, as a proletarian party, they would reap. They were, however, warned by their depressing experiences in the past, and their eyes were fixed on the distant future. They knew that, in our country, confusion and upheaval in political life do not play into the hands of the Socialist revolution, but into the hands of clerical reaction and military dictatorship. They remembered that, under a system of universal suffrage, acts of violence and sudden changes of front can only have a retrograde effect, and that, since it is from universal suffrage and evolution, according to law, that the working classes must expect their gradual emancipation and the slow transformation of vested interests into communal property, the working classes have a definite stake in the appearance of a capacity for government among the democrats. For them it was vital that the republican power should not be a warped or broken weapon, but a strong and supple instrument which the working-class democrats could use, as their power increased, for their own purposes.

All this the Socialist party has fully grasped, and it has given to the republican majority which has been formed a new, definite, vigorous, and systematised coalition of republican power, which no difficulty can discourage, no intrigue can undermine. Against this coalition the politicians of the Right have set countless schemes and devices in motion. They imagined that it would be sufficient to arrange a few parliamentary snares, as if the masses were a pack of children, to be deceived by words and set phrases. But the cohesion of the Socialist party having for five years rendered any counter-coalition, any chance of even accidental or unintentional union between the Extreme Left and the Right, impossible, the first condition of parliamentary stability and of permanent government was assured.

At the same time, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was gradually unifying the doubtful elements in his majority by the influence of his authority, his skilled eloquence, and his statesmanlike decision. The Moderates could not fail to

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

remember the services which he had rendered to their cause, and they were bound to recognise that only the evidence of the danger run by the Republic had led the Premier to include in the Government majority the Socialists, to whom he was quite recently in opposition. Gradually all hesitation and wavering disappeared, and a solid majority supported a permanent Government. Not only did the Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau last longer than any other known to the history of French republicanism, but it was never beaten. The Ministers retired of their own accord the day after the General Election in which they had been victorious, and handed on their mandate and their tasks to successors who were animated by the same spirit. It may be said that, for the last five years, there has been a single policy undergoing development; and this continuity is unparalleled in the history of the French Parliament. Some analogy might possibly be found in the long Government of M. Guizot. This, however, only lasted in the face of vigorous opposition, a situation which was bound to lead, in France, to a revolutionary crisis.

In the present instance, a lasting Government has been formed by the support of all the parties of the Left, with the object of maintaining a policy of secular democracy, progress, and free development along republican lines. I grant that some members of the old Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, as well as the late Premier himself, have occasionally criticised the policy of a member of the Government. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has recently attacked it in the Senate for its strained interpretation of the Associations Bill, alleging that it had sought to produce greater or more immediate results from the Bill than the nature of the measure permitted. Such criticisms as these are arbitrary and superficial, and do not break the continuity of the Government's action during the last five years. It is quite likely that, if M. Waldeck-Rousseau had kept the working of the law in his own hands, he would have applied it in the same way as M. Combes has done. He might have limited himself to refusing recognition to some of the more discredited congregations, giving them to understand that, if they entered too vigorously on an anti-republican campaign,

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

they would be dissolved in due course. But in spite of all, and whatever M. Waldeck-Rousseau may say, the work of the Combes Ministry is the natural and necessary outcome of that of its predecessor.

The Ministry of M. Combes is carrying to its logical conclusion the principles proclaimed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and the struggle on which he entered. When, in order to pass the Associations Bill, M. Waldeck-Rousseau declared that the vows by which a monk is bound are an infringement of the rights of man, and therefore of a social fabric which, ever since the Revolution, has been based on these rights, he was condemning, not one congregation, but the whole system. He was denouncing, not the illegitimate extension of the monastic system, but that system itself. The law, therefore, must be applied to the system in all its divergent aspects. To-day M. Waldeck-Rousseau declares that he had no thought of a regular interdiction, but merely of control. Control, however, presupposes that the evil results of an institution can be prevented or put down without the suppression of the institution itself. But in this instance, by his own acknowledgment, it is the foundation of the institution itself which is rotten, it is the very principle of monastic organisation which is contrary to the social order of to-day. What is wanted then is abolition, not control. Furthermore, the State cannot possibly leave, either directly or indirectly, any share in the education of its children to an institution which it condemns. When, therefore, the Government of M. Combes, instead of differentiating between one congregation and another, refuses any authorisation whatever, and when it takes all education, whether primary, secondary, or technical, out of the hands of the congregations, the law is merely being applied, and its truth demonstrated. This explains why the former supporters of M. Waldeck-Rousseau have followed M. Combes, in opposition to their old leader. This abstract reasoning is supported by the practical logic of party warfare; for the republican party, furiously and bitterly assailed, as it has been, for having laid hands on the congregations, and their privileges in education, wishes at least to reap the fruits of the work which it has under-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

taken. Its members wish, at least, to free the public life of France from all monastic interference, seeing how often it has been threatened in the past by the alliance between Clericalism and Caesarism ; and they wish also to secure to the whole people a secular education, based on science and reason, and capable of setting forward the free and legitimate development of an enlightened democracy.

This double logic of abstract reason and of party warfare will carry the Government majority still further. For the rights of humanity, in the name of which the congregations are being dissolved, are incompatible with the existence of a State Church, compulsorily supported by every citizen, whether he believe in the doctrines of that Church or not. In fact, the separation of Church and State is the logical conclusion of the struggle towards freedom and secularisation, which was begun by the attack on the power of the congregations. Moreover, some of the clergy of the Concordat have united to make a violent and almost mutinous demonstration in favour of the congregations which are breaking the law. Can financial support and the privileges of Establishment be still accorded to clerics who enter on a struggle against the law of the State ? The Clerical Party, by a clever dodging of the law, is actually maintaining its schools by pretending to secularise them. One of the most telling blows which the State could deal the Clerical Party would be, to compel it to reserve for the maintenance of its cult, henceforward deprived of the enormous financial contributions of the State, those resources which it now lavishes in rearing its seminaries of superstition and reaction against the State schools.

In this way the separation of Church and State, which, though it has always had a nominal place in the Radical programme, yet seemed to have been put off to a remote and uncertain future, is now becoming a more and more urgent problem, and is taking its place in the immediate programme of the republican party. It is clear that the Premier is gradually trying, by his statements and speeches, to prepare both public opinion and the Parliamentary majority for it. He is not rashly raising all the questions involved at once ; he is anxious to finish off the matter of clerical

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

education—a vast undertaking in itself. But he foresees, and lets it be known, that the whole problem of the relation of Church and State is coming to the front. It will certainly be discussed before the General Elections. I do not think that the separation will be voted during the present Parliament; but Parliament will at least have before it a definite proposal, and will debate it thoroughly, while the Government is ready to declare that the system of the Concordat has not given the State the necessary guarantees. It will, therefore, undertake to devise a new system as soon as the country expresses its assent: and the separation of Church and State will doubtless be one of the essential questions on which the country will give its verdict at the General Election of 1906. If, as is becoming more probable every day, the country pronounces in favour of separation, the Government of M. Combes, strengthened in a Radical direction, will bring this great work to a conclusion at the beginning of the next Parliament.

All this establishes the fact, that this is no lifeless continuity which is beginning to affirm itself in the action of the Government and Parliament, but all active continuity, in which one problem leads to another, and that the movement towards the complete secularisation of the State, is progressing with no uncertain strides.

I cannot prophesy the result of coming elections: that is not the question with which I am here concerned. But I am supposing (what is indeed extremely probable) that the country will continue to approve the policy of the Government; and I ask myself whether this Ministerial and Parliamentary continuity will not, after all, fall a victim to dangers the approach of which can be foreseen, and to internal causes of decay. But it is my belief that the Government and the majority are becoming more and more secure from intrigues and unexpected attacks. Neither the manœuvres of the *scrutin secret*, nor the pretext of so-called "patriotism," however skilfully worked, nor the pathetic absurdities of those who are disgusted at not obtaining, or at never having obtained, office, can prevail against the discipline which the republican majority acknowledges. Majority and Government together are anxious to fulfil the task which they have

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

undertaken ; and they will not let themselves be disturbed by minor incidents, nor allow their majority to be disintegrated by intrigue.

There are, however, two possible dangers. The first will arise out of the frequent and systematic employment of violence during strikes, or generally in the vindication of the claims of the working classes. The reactionaries exaggerate and distort all the facts, in order to weaken the republican majority, and to persuade the Moderates that there is no security for life or property under a republican Government. In connection with the strikes at Hennebont and Armentières, and the claims of the working classes of Paris against the employment agencies, the reactionaries set up a wild cry of the "Red Spectre." They are about to play this card again, and to prophesy, in lugubrious tones, about the Approach of Anarchy, all on account of the strike of agricultural labourers, who, as a matter of fact, have promptly settled their differences by arbitration. These champions of reaction complacently conjure up phantoms of sanguinary *Jacqueries* ; but their wild philippics and vehement exaggerations have come to nothing. Republican France, convinced that a policy of rational democracy and social reform can alone divest the class struggle of its violent and anarchical character, has kept its head without losing its courage. It is true, that if a section of the people, listening to the apostles of so-called "direct action," and abandoning the attempt to establish their claims by legal methods, should think to find in violence a solution of all social problems, the Government majority might collapse in an hour of panic. Moreover, such disorderly movements frequently give rise, on the part of a clumsy and insolent police, to brutal measures of repression and prevention, which excite against the Government even that large section of the working-class which disapproves of street violence.

The position of those Socialists in Parliament who wish neither to see the country and the masses handed over to the violent measures of reaction which would result from continued outrages on life and property, nor to condone the systematic brutality of the police, whose action is frequently

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

provocatory, is at times very difficult. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the French working-classes, despite definite progress in organisation and intelligence, are not yet sufficiently organised to prevent the unauthorised movements of disorderly groups, or to submit rash or violent desires to a strong and methodical class action. The most anxious care of those who wish to reconcile the Democrats and the Socialists should be, to inculcate a spirit of organisation and respect for the law.

But, in order to accustom the working class to rely simply on action in accordance with law, policy, and economics, the law must guarantee the full exercise of the people's rights. More especially we must abolish all restrictive laws which prevent working men on strike from keeping watch peacefully at the entrances to factories, from explaining to the blacklegs, without violence or insult, the benefits of common action, and from conducting vast processions. Further, the special offences connected with strikes, such as still exist in the French penal code, must disappear ; and magistrates, instead of treating strikers with suspicion, must learn to respect a strike (with all its necessary apparatus for common action), as the exercise of an unimpeachable privilege.

The laws do not sufficiently respect the working classes, nor do the working classes sufficiently respect the laws. Thus the primary and fundamental conditions of the regular evolution of a social democracy are only very partially realised. A prolonged collaboration of the Socialist party in the work of a democratic majority is singularly difficult, and always uncertain. It is at the mercy of incidents, none the less dangerous because they are matters of chance, which depend on the deliberate wishes, neither of the Government, nor of the masses of the people. Such incidents are always arising out of the great class struggle, which still too often preserves, both among the wealthy and powerful, and among the people, the antiquated and crude forms of the past. Hence, unforeseen shocks can at any moment form, in the solid majority, caves and even party-splits. Even in the Socialist party itself this has led to constant difficulties and deplorable divisions. One might

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

almost be tempted to say that the defence of the Republic and the democracy has cost us too much, if the Republic and the democracy were not, in fact, the necessary instruments of the French people, and if all these struggles and controversies had not forwarded the education of the working classes, still too uncertain as to the methods of their struggle towards freedom.

But there is another danger. The French masses attach the greatest importance to the struggle against clericalism. For the last 120 years, while the masses have been perpetually identified with the struggle of modern society against the social system of the past, and have been struggling to take a greater place in this new society, they have been in collision with the political power of the Church, allied with all the forces of oligarchy and reaction. The struggle against the clerical party is one of the most living and ardent traditions of the French working-classes. They know, besides, that the establishment and maintenance of a new social order presuppose in the proletariat the exercise of reason, and an untrammelled spirit: they are devoted to all the efforts which tend to develop freedom in the educational system.

Here lies the explanation of the unprecedented popularity of the Government now in power, among the masses of French working men. This popularity has survived even the deplorable collisions which have occurred at the Bourse du Travail. Even the group of so-called "revolutionary" Socialists (who might rather be called "intransigent"), while refusing to sacrifice a single one of the popular grievances, are keenly desirous that the Ministry should continue in office. The Revolutionary Socialists would be dismayed if we Ministerial Socialists were not to support with our votes, the Ministry whom their votes endanger.

But, however fervent the masses may be for the work of secularisation, they would soon cease to support a policy which neglected social reform. The effort in this direction, during the last five years, has not been in vain. The measures of M. Millerand have given great impetus to the organisation of Trade Unions. The law limiting the working day in

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH

a great number of factories to ten hours, which is already partly in force (it comes fully into force on April 1, 1904), is one of the boldest pieces of legislation ever adopted in France. Moreover, the Governments of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and of M. Combes have given parliamentary support to every Bill tending towards the protection of the wage-earning classes, the suppression of the employment agencies which extract fees, the extension of the jurisdiction of Boards of Arbitration to employees of commercial houses, sanitary legislation, State-aid for the old, the infirm, and the incurable, and the legal recognition of the right to live.

Moreover, the Parliamentary Commissions—the Labour Commission, and the Commissions of State Provident Insurance—propose respectively a Bill to remove from our legal code all mention of special offences connected with strikes, and a Bill to provide a home for aged clerks, peasants, and working men, by means of a threefold contribution, for employer, employee, and the State. A list of the social reforms of the Third Republic accomplished during the last five years, since the Left has held consecutive power, would be of the greatest interest. In the midst of appalling internal crises, such as the Nationalist movement and the Dreyfus affair, in the midst of the difficulties and storms of the struggle against clericalism, neither Socialism nor Democracy has lost sight of the interests of the masses.

Unfortunately, a second grave danger threatens us; the movement for social reform has been largely defeated or stultified by the resistance of the Senate. Usually, when it turns its attention to the problem of the working man, that is, to the dominant aspect of the social question, the Senate meets all proposals of social legislation with a deliberate and calculated apathy, or even with open hostility. The Government intervenes, and brings pressure to bear, but in vain; since, fearing to weaken itself by too frequent and violent rebuffs at the hands of the Senate, and anxious to husband all its strength for the successful termination of the struggle against clericalism, it hesitates to take a strong line. So the working-classes, on their side, begin anxiously to ask whether the secular policy of the Government is not pursued at the expense of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

social reform. As soon as this idea gained a firm hold on the masses, it would be impossible for the Socialists to continue their support of the Government in the face of all the difficulties to which I have referred. The Government, which can only last if supported by the undivided votes of the Left, would immediately collapse, and there would be an end of that Ministerial and parliamentary continuity which, in such a country as France, exhausted by long years of agitation and anarchy, can only be secured by the loyal co-operation of all the parties of the Left.

In such an event, the republican Executive would still be condemned to drag itself through a dreary chaos, where all the germs of counter-revolution would soon begin to ferment. Bonapartism, Boulangism, Nationalism: the series is perhaps not ended yet. Caesarism is "the child of Chaos and of Night"—governmental Chaos, clerical Night. Only the common action of Republicans and Socialists can bring order into that Chaos, dispel the gloom of that Night. The parties of the Left, and they alone, have given the stability and continuity to the distressed Republic, for lack of which she was perishing. But their union and their common action cannot be maintained, still less can they increase their effects, unless the nation and the masses are penetrated by a living spirit of legal Socialism.

The law must enable the masses to have confidence in the law. The masses must be able, without fear of betrayal, to train within the bounds of the law their action as a class, and to bring this action into line with the rest of the democratic policy. It is in this way alone, that the continuity of Parliament and of Government, which has been developed during the last five years, will be able to assert itself and increase its influence. In this way alone can a policy of social development, organised with unfaltering vigour, preserve France both from the ferments of misrule, and from a retrograde Caesarism.

JEAN JAURÈS

SALDANHA BAY

IT has long been a recognised fact, that one great drawback to the rapid development of South Africa, and more especially of the Cape Colony, has been the scarcity of safe and commodious harbours. To meet this want, several millions of money have been spent in the attempt to enclose, by artificial means, bays insufficiently sheltered by Nature ; and to open, by means of dredging, and by the construction of exterior breakwaters and interior training walls, river-mouths once closed, or partly closed, by sandbanks. Yet, at the present moment, after the expenditure of all this money, directed by the advice of the most skilful marine engineers of the day, the fact remains, that the harbours of the Cape Colony and Natal—and indeed of South Africa as a whole—cannot furnish sufficient facilities for the trade which now exists and which (if the mining and agricultural wealth of South Africa is to increase as we are assured it will do) will be enormously increased in the course of a very few years. At the present time, steamers and sailing ships alike are detained for months before being able to find berths at the docks in Capetown, or in the river at East London ; while at Port Elizabeth, which is an open roadstead, ships are not only detained for want of sufficient landing facilities, but are in constant danger of being driven ashore by the violent winds which prevail at certain seasons of the year.

The same remark applies to those vessels which have to lie in Table Bay or in the roadstead at East London, while waiting for vacant berths in the docks or river. At Simonstown, perhaps the best of the natural harbours as yet utilised, the Imperial Government is spending, it is said, a sum of close upon three millions, to provide improved

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

shelter for the ships of the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast Squadron. This includes provision for a dry dock, which is of course a very expensive item. But the great cost of the works is chiefly due to the fact that, when the south-east winds blow strongly, as they frequently do during the summer months, the bay is not sufficiently protected by Nature to allow of work being carried on, or of boats passing between the ships and the shore. It is consequently necessary to provide artificial shelter for ships entering the dry dock.

The want of good harbours for the ordinary trade of the Colony is a matter chiefly for the consideration of the colonists themselves, and only remotely and indirectly affects the taxpayers of the mother-country ; but the expenditure on the naval harbour at Simonstown directly affects the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, and, in their interests, it would be well to enquire whether a large amount of the three millions that it is intended to spend at Simonstown, could not be saved, by fixing the naval base for the Cape of Good Hope squadron in a position better adapted by Nature for the object in view.

About sixty miles to the north of Table Bay, on the west coast, a natural harbour exists, which is not only the best in South Africa, but may challenge the leading harbours of the world, so far as the perfect shelter which it affords from all winds, the large area of deep water which it possesses, and—most important point of all in considering its suitability as a naval base—the great facility with which it could be defended, are concerned.

Saldanha Bay was discovered by a Dutch Admiral, Joris Van Spilbergen, on the 28th of November, 1601, nearly one hundred years after Table Bay was entered by Antonio de Saldanha. Up to the time of Van Spilbergen's discovery, Table Bay had been named after its original discoverer, and was known as Saldanha Bay. Van Spilbergen, however, apparently was ignorant of this, and transferred the name to the bay which he had found. In 1653, the year after the first Dutch occupation of Table Bay, a French ship visited Saldanha Bay, and took away a cargo of sealskins. This being discovered by the Dutch Governor Van Riebeeck,

SALDANHA BAY

he formed a temporary post at Saldanha Bay, for the purpose of preventing the French getting a footing in the country, and, at the same time, of developing the sealing industry.

About the year 1666-7, the French took formal possession of the bay, setting up landmarks, &c., but made no permanent settlement; the Dutch Government protesting, ordering the landmarks to be removed, and stationing a small party of men, under the command of a sergeant, at that part of the bay known as the Old Post. In 1670, a French fleet under Admiral De la Haye entered the bay, took possession of the Post, and made the small garrison prisoners; but, after a short detention, they were released, and, a few months later, the Dutch re-occupied the bay.

It may seem strange that a harbour so favoured by Nature, and in most essentials so superior to Table Bay, should not have been selected in preference to the latter, as the site of the settlement formed at the Cape by the Dutch East India Company, for the purposes already mentioned. But there is one thing lacking at Saldanha Bay which, at that early period, it was impossible to supply. There is no fresh water in the immediate neighbourhood; there is no stream, nor any spring; and, up to the present time, no fresh water has been obtained by sinking or boring; the water found, though plentiful in quantity, being of very indifferent quality, too brackish for use. But, about forty miles from Saldanha Bay, water can be obtained from the Berg River, one of the largest rivers in the Cape Colony, from the head waters of which it is proposed that the future supply of Capetown should be drawn; leaving, however, several tributaries untouched, and a large quantity of water in the lower reaches of the river.

An estimate has recently been made, for the purposes of a private company, of the expense which it would be necessary to incur in bringing water by pipes from the Berg River to Saldanha Bay. The sum estimated, including pumping, cost of reservoir, &c., amounts to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds (£130,000)—a mere nothing as compared with the cost of providing, by artificial means, that shelter at Simonstown, which Nature has provided at

SALDANHA BAY

Saldanha Bay. It is very difficult to estimate the saving that would be effected by a change in the position of the future base. Probably one would be well within the mark in putting it at a million sterling.

There is yet another reason for regret in the conclusion arrived at. Simonstown, from its position, does not readily lend itself to any scheme of defence from an attack from the sea, towards which it is entirely open, and can only be defended by batteries placed on the heights above the town and the proposed docks. Saldanha Bay, or rather Hoetjes Bay, has singular natural advantages in this respect ; but to make this point clear it is necessary to give a short description of the bay, or that portion of it which it is suggested should have been utilised.

Saldanha Bay is an inlet of the sea, running almost north and south, parallel with the coast line, and about eleven to twelve miles in length, and two and a half miles in breadth. The entrance is about two and a half miles in width, and is further narrowed by two islands, one of which protects the entrance to the northern extension of the main inlet, known as Hoetjes Bay. This bay is formed by a natural breakwater, a narrow ridge of high land running out for a distance of about a mile and a quarter, with deep water up to its shores, and making, together with the island already mentioned, a perfectly sheltered anchorage about two and a half miles wide by two deep. How completely protected the anchorage is, may be judged from the fact that, on several occasions, steamers of the Bucknall Line have transferred cargo lying alongside each other, and have been able to do this with perfect safety, regardless of the weather outside the bay. There is deep water on the western side of the bay close up to the rocky shore ; and the *Venice*, a coasting steamer of 700 or 800 tons, formerly employed by the proprietors of a valuable quarry which has furnished stone for some of the finest buildings in Capetown, was able to lie close alongside the quarry, and take in her cargo, without lightering or the use of any artificially built jetty or wharf—another proof of the extraordinary safety to shipping afforded by the natural capabilities of this hitherto neglected port.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

With regard to the defence of the port from attack from seawards, it is difficult to imagine a position better adapted for defence at comparatively small cost. Batteries on the island at the entrance, and at the extremity of the natural breakwater, would make it practically impossible to force an entrance ; whilst the docks, if constructed—as, for every reason, apart from considerations of defence, they should be—directly under the high ridge of the natural breakwater so often alluded to, would be to a great extent protected from shell fire. It would, therefore, seem that, with one exception, viz., the want of a local water supply, Saldanha Bay has a great many advantages over Simonstown as a naval station ; and, as that one disadvantage is capable of being easily dealt with at a moderate outlay, it certainly appears matter for regret that fuller information was not sought by the Admiralty, before they were committed to an extravagant expenditure on a port which has few natural advantages, and which can never, under any circumstances, or by the help of any amount of money, be made into a thoroughly satisfactory site for the South African Naval Station.

While it is a fact, that the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay is sandy and somewhat poor, it is also true that, at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles, a tract of country begins, which is one of the chief grain districts of the Colony. All farm produce is plentiful, and cheaper than in the Cape Peninsula. Fish are abundant in the bay and on the neighbouring coast ; and there is excellent shooting to be had, both on the islands and on the shores of the bay.

It has been pointed out, that the interests of the mother-country in the development of Saldanha Bay as a commercial port, are of an indirect nature. Nevertheless, though indirect, these interests are not entirely to be despised, as nothing can be which tends to the increase of trade between England and the Colony. To the Colony itself, the matter would appear to be one of the most vital importance, inasmuch as it is certain that, if the present difficulty of handling goods imported into the Colony continues, the trade at present coming through the Colonial ports will be

SALDANHA BAY

diverted into other channels, greatly to the loss of the Colony and its inhabitants. Nor is this all. Even allowing that the South African ports outside the Colony remain so far undeveloped as to be unable to deal with the surplus trade, the fact remains, that the cost of importing goods is enormously increased, by the delay in landing and the extra risk incurred. It will probably surprise many people who are not fully acquainted with the present state of affairs to learn, that the demurrage paid last year, by the shipping companies and the Government in Colonial ports, amounted to over one million sterling.

It will readily be understood that, in the long run, the shipping companies are not likely to allow this loss to fall upon themselves. Naturally, the great body of consumers eventually suffer, higher rates of freight being imposed to meet these charges. A great deal has been said of late years about the cost of living in South Africa, which is admittedly very high, the consequence of high freights on imports of foodstuffs and general merchandise. Here we have an explanation of one of the causes. The Government's share of demurrage, which was almost entirely on coal imported for the use of the railways, was £60,000, which of course was charged to railway account, and which, therefore, reduced, by so much, the revenue derived from that department.

In any other country than South Africa, so valuable an asset as a harbour, safe in all weathers and with deep water close in shore, would long since have been put to good use. But when a private company, formed to develop Saldanha Bay, brought the Bills necessary for the purpose before Parliament, the first and most important of these Bills, giving the company powers for the construction of the necessary wharves and jetties, was rejected, on the ground that the opening of Saldanha Bay might injure the port of Capetown—which, it is admitted, cannot deal with the existing trade, to say nothing of future developments. And this essentially narrow and parochial view was allowed to prevail over the interests of the whole of South Africa.

One of the objections raised by the opponents of the undertaking was, that the Colonial Government should not

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

allow the work to be carried out by a private company, but should themselves construct the wharves, build the railway, and supply the port with water. There is much to be said for this view, supposing that the Government were prepared to undertake the work. But, if they are not willing to take it over at once, then it is hard to see why a private company should not be allowed to go on with an enterprise which would confer a great benefit, not on one special district or locality only, but on the whole country. In the interests of South Africa directly, and of England indirectly, it is absolutely immaterial by whom the work is done ; but it is hoped that sufficient reason has been shown for deprecating any further delay, and for urging on the Colonial Government that either they should undertake the work themselves or allow private enterprise to step in, full precautions being taken that the interests of the public be safeguarded, and nothing in the nature of a monopoly allowed, all rates or tariffs being subject to the approval of the Government.

With regard to the naval base, it is to be feared that the works at Simonstown have now arrived at a stage at which it would be impossible to avoid the waste of public money involved in the mistake made in the selection of the site. But, even so, the existence of an alternative harbour, fitted with modern appliances, could not fail to be of the greatest possible value to the Cape of Good Hope Squadron. From all points of view, therefore, the necessity of the work is apparent ; and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in making Saldanha Bay what Nature intended it should be—one of the principal harbours on the South African coast, and an important factor in developing both the interior and exterior trade of the Cape Colony.

E. Y. BRABANT.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

ITALIAN agriculture has been, and is still, going through a serious crisis. This is, of course, no phenomenon peculiar to Italy ; but it has had its special character there. In one respect—in the small farm districts, at all events—it has been less intense than in a country of large holdings. Through, perhaps, a half of the peninsula, the farmer grows mainly for his own consumption—his little store of wheat and maize, his potatoes and tomatoes, his eggs and fruit and flax, sometimes, if he is better off, his wine—and he reckons comparatively little of changes in the markets, especially where, as under the *mezzadria* tenure, and often elsewhere, he pays his rent in kind. But, on the whole, he has suffered, and suffered much. A land of phenomenally bad cultivation, where the average yield of wheat is less than twelve bushels to the acre, and its next greatest product, wine, scorns modern methods, must needs be hard hit by the depression. A train of diseases has struck one crop after another : the peronospora and phylloxera, as fearsome as their names, in the vineyards, the silk-worm disease, the orange-tree blight, of late the mischievous fly that pricks the olives. Taxation has run up under extravagant and protectionist governments, and weighs with appalling severity, taking, in land-tax and rates, a fifth to a quarter of the farmer's net returns, exacting income-tax on his petty income, regardless of whether he makes a profit, mulcting him for every head of cattle.

The first impulse of the distressed agriculturist is to fly to Protection ; and, in Italy, he did the thing thoroughly. He made his compact with the manufacturers, and consented to heavy duties on his machinery and food and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

clothes, on condition that his own produce was protected by an equally extravagant tariff. Before 1887, the corn duty was comparatively light—2s. 6d. a quarter ; in that year it was raised to 5s. 5d., and the fatal impulsion took it next year to 9s., and, six years later, to 13s. 6d. Maize and rice are protected to about 40 per cent. of their value, meat to 10 per cent., wine to 80 per cent., olive-oil to 10 per cent., cheese to 15 per cent. It has all been for nothing. The agriculturist found himself no better off ; the yield of wheat per acre has steadily declined ; the cultivation of rice has shrunk ; the wine-trade staggered in the tariff-war with France, till there were years when, in parts of the South, wine was cheaper than water. The home engineering trade, which, under a smiling tariff, was to have supplied the Italian farmer with cheap machinery, cannot turn out even a decent plough. The one agricultural crop which has benefited, thanks to the heavy bounties, is sugar-beet ; but its development is too recent to guarantee as yet any confidence that its prosperity is stable. To some extent commercial treaties—Protection's testimonial to Free Trade—have undone the mischief ; but, commercial treaties or not, no thoughtful Italian looks to Protection now to revive agriculture.

The practical men, who recognised this all along, gradually made themselves heard. Solari, the Italian Lawes, proved that, by the application of nitrogenous manures, wheat can be grown at 16s. a quarter. Primitive alternation of crops, or of wheat with fallow, began to give place to scientific rotation ; and there are districts where, in consequence, the yield of wheat has doubled in a few years. In the Polesine, thanks to rotation and manures, an extra expenditure of £1 per acre has increased the value of the produce by £7. The vine diseases have been scotched by the introduction of American stocks and sulphur disinfectants. Italian cattle, admirable for draught purposes but good for little else, have been crossed with foreign strains. Better seed of wheat and clover came into large demand. Agricultural machinery, imported from America and England, began to be considerably used. The terrible damage done by hail, especially to the vines and tobacco

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

crops, has been mitigated by the use of the long, funnel-shaped mortars, now planted thick through North Italy, which discharge pyrite powder at the advancing storm-clouds, and bring down the threatening hail in the form of innocuous fine snow. On the initiative of the Provincial Councils and the great private Savings Banks, travelling lecturers have been sent to bring agricultural science home to the peasant's door. The holders of these *Cattedre ambulanti* do not confine themselves to lecturing ; they visit farms, they answer written queries, they give demonstrations and supervise experimental plots, they sit in their offices on market-days to see any farmer who chooses to consult them, they publish little agricultural papers, they arrange the introduction of pedigree stock, or the formation of Co-operative Dairies and Village Banks and Fruit Shows. It is perhaps the most popular and practical form of agricultural instruction existing. Men like Signor Bizzozzero of Parma, the "co-operative saint" of his peasant neighbours, have obtained a vast influence over the hitherto so conservative peasants. Thanks largely to them, Italian farming is being revolutionised, as thoroughly as was our own in the eighteenth century.

These new missionaries came at the right moment, and found their audience waiting. The old easy-going order of the country-side has been roughly broken up. Emigrants return home with the new and freer ideas they have learnt in America, or France, or Switzerland ; in 1898, over 30,000 agricultural labourers came back to Genoa alone, and hundreds cross the Atlantic every year for the Argentine harvest, then return to reap their own crops. Thousands, who have made their little fortunes abroad, come home to buy a farm and end their days there. A friend once told me how, when walking by the Lake of Como, he was bowed to by the occupant of a comfortable carriage. The familiar face had been that of an obsequious waiter in a London restaurant ; now he was landed proprietor and syndic of his village. Conscripts, who have finished their service, though they bring back faults of barrack life, are better educated, better mannered, with open minds. The peasant is awake to a new interest in politics. Here and there the Christian

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Democrat school of priests, whatever their political aims may be, and organisers of blacklegs though they sometimes are, are doing a useful piece of economic education. The Socialists have accomplished much more. Through large stretches of Northern Italy, the agricultural labourers and small farmers have joined them by tens of thousands. And their missionary work, carried on largely by young men from the universities, and with the fine devotedness that characterises their party, has brought into the villages a new spirit of independence, sometimes crude and unthinking, more often one of rare moderation and forbearance and mutual helpfulness, touched by the fine charity of the Italian nature. There are districts, like the neighbourhood of Mantua, where the illiterate, stupefied hinds of twenty years ago, but one stage above serfs, have been made by the great strike movement into new men—alert, and independent, and intelligent. Illiteracy is going fast; the labourer reads his papers or the pamphlets that he borrows from the Socialist club; he captures the Parish Councils; he has deserted the priests since the priests organised blacklegs, and listens to the Protestant preachers, who here only, in Italy, make headway. The small peasant farmers are waking as fast as the labourers. Some of the rural Trade Unions are largely composed of them; for the absence of social barriers makes co-operation easy between the two classes, and the strikes have often been for lower rents and fairer terms of tenancy, as much as for higher wages. Even the farmers under the *mezzadria* contract, classical type of permanency and conservatism, begin to feel the new air of revolt. Their position has been steadily making for the worse in the last two or three generations, as the landlords have filched from them, piece by piece, their customary rights. They too, especially in Lombardy, where their condition is hardest, are clamouring to escape from the almost feudal bonds which still encompass them.

In all this ferment, in this half-revolutionary upheaval that is going on through much of the Italian countryside, there is a fair seed-plot for new ideas. The agricultural pioneers find men ready to listen to knowledge which, familiar enough to us in England, is very new in Italy.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

But the peasants and their teachers are quick enough to see that scientific improvement is not enough : not enough the new rotation of crops, the use of chemical manures, and improved drills and harrows. When all this is done, there still remains the old economic objection to *petite culture*. How are the little plots, that make the patchwork of Italian hills, to compete with the great wheat farms and wide pastures ? Can the flail stand against the threshing-machine, and the little centuries-old wine-press against the modern factory ? How are men without capital or credit, buying at inflated retail prices, selling at a disadvantage, to survive in the struggle of the modern market ? The solution has been found in co-operation. The "small holding in isolation" is becoming "the small holding in association." In Italy, as in France, and Germany, and Denmark, and Ireland, this fact is revolutionising the land problem. Not, be it noted, by the creation of large co-operative farms. These have thrived as little in Italy as elsewhere ; and the only successful instance is the great farm of the *Società co-operativa italiana* in Sardinia. The small farmer keeps his little holding to himself ; he retains the strength of *petite culture*,—the minute care, the parsimony, the caution, the indifference to appearances. Pedigree stock and well-kept buildings, the unprofitable luxuries of the big farmer, have no attraction for him. But he co-operates in those special departments wherein he suffered most from his isolation ; and thus he has added, to his own native vantage, much of the strength of the large holder—credit at the bank, wholesale purchase, the use of machinery, the manipulation of his products on a large scale. Thus panoplied, his position seems impregnable. A school of economists used to prophesy the extinction of the peasant holder ; Karl Marx did the same. And yet, not here and there, but through whole provinces, the peasant has never been more prosperous. While his bigger neighbours go down, he laughs at falling markets.

The Italian peasants learnt the lesson, partly from abroad, still more from the example of their own towns. There, in the past forty years, the small shopkeepers and artisans have built up the huge organisation of People's

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Banks, with their capital of four and a half millions sterling and their yearly business of forty millions, and have accumulated fifty-seven millions in the private Savings Banks, which sometimes differ from People's Banks in little more than name. Here was a triumphant record to spur the neighbouring villages to emulation. What was even more important, it meant a solid co-operative capital in the hands of men, who, though their aims are sometimes narrow, never forget that their accumulations are a public trust, and are ever ready to help, with their money and experience, any new co-operative venture. And, outside the strictly co-operative ranks, Italy has more than her share of social pioneers, sometimes from pure love of the race, sometimes for party ends, most often from a mixture of both motives. Liberals and Catholics bid against one another for the peasant's backing by founding Village Banks; the Socialists are as busy in spreading Co-operative Stores; the big Conservative landlords mix patriotism and party aims by starting Agricultural Syndicates. And many an unambitious village priest and doctor has given his time and thought and money, just to redeem his neighbours from remorseless poverty.

The first need of the small peasant farmer is capital to work his farm at an advantage; and almost the earliest activity of the new movement was to supply it. It is just twenty years since Signor Wollemborg, a Lombard village doctor, who has since been Minister of Finance, founded the first Italian Village Bank on the model of those which Herr Raffeyen had established broadcast in Germany. The principles were the same as his—unlimited liability of the members for one another, the careful selection of new members which was the natural consequence, the prudent and cautious loaning out of the small funds which each society was able to borrow on its collective responsibility. The movement made no very great progress till, a few years later, the Catholics took it up. Since then, the Village Banks have multiplied, and now there are, probably, 1,100 of them, with perhaps 120,000 members. In some respects their progress has been unhealthily quick. Village priests, with more zeal than business capacity, have founded banks doomed to a brief and anæmic existence. But the

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

majority have succeeded, and they are doing a fine work. Borrowing their capital from the People's Banks or Friendly Societies or private individuals, they have rescued thousands of small peasants from the usurer; they have supplied to men, who had no security to offer but their honesty and labour, the modest capital for want of which their little farms were starving—the few *lire* that allowed them to start a dairy, or build new shedding, or buy some indispensable machinery—sometimes to pay off a burdensome mortgage, or reclaim or irrigate a bit of unproductive land, or buy the manures that repaid themselves fourfold, and the sulphate of copper that saved their vines from disease. And so marvellous have been the skill and prudence with which they have managed their business, that their losses, it has been calculated, hardly exceed .05 per cent. of their loans. All the native shrewdness of the peasant, all the clannishness of village life, have gone to make them the success they have been. They are, for the most part, little societies, each confined to its own village, with 80 to 100 members each, lending perhaps £600 to £900 in a year, often less, in a few exceptional cases as much as £10,000 or £20,000. To take an instance, the bank at the little village of Fauglis, near Udine, with a population of 800, lends nearly £2,000 a year, in sums which vary from £25 to 2s. 6d., and sells its members agricultural stuff to the value of £1,100. It is probable that the total of advances made by the Village Banks is some £550,000 a year. They are set thick through most of the North, and are spreading to the South; even in forlorn Sicily they have recently made rapid growth. And, besides the Village Banks, there are a certain number of People's Banks in the country towns, which serve an analogous purpose, though they avoid the principle of unlimited liability, and appeal to a rather better-to-do class of peasant. About one-quarter of the members of People's Banks, that is, over 100,000 persons, are small peasants. A well-known example of a country People's Bank, that of Sansevero, near Foggia, led in ten years to the planting of 8,000 acres in vineyards. Another, at Noventa Vicentina, advances £43,000 a year in sums averaging £10 each; and, though part goes to

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

tradesmen and artisans, a large proportion finds its way on to the land.

What the Village Banks have done for the tiny holding, the Agricultural Syndicates have done for the middling farm of 30 to 100 acres. But, while the former lend money, the latter supply goods at wholesale prices and on credit. Thus, they not only furnish the farmer with capital, but spend it for him at greater advantage than he could do himself. The new farming created a great demand for chemical manures, for sulphur disinfectants for the vines, for better seed and machinery. But how was the man who had no money in his purse, except after harvest, to buy stuff that he wanted six or nine months' credit for, except at heavy rates? How was the small farmer, even if he could pay cash, to get behind the local merchant (generally the village chemist), who sold at extravagant retail prices? How was he to protect himself from the almost universal adulteration of manures and seeds? The Syndicates, copied from the French *syndicats agricoles*, solved his difficulties. They are co-operative societies, which buy for their members from the wholesale merchant under a guarantee of genuineness, and recover damages from him, if the goods, which they always carefully analyse, are not up to sample. Thus the best manures, and the cleanest seeds, are at their disposal; and they can sell to their members at a trifling addition to the wholesale price. What is equally important to the farmer, they have devised an ingenious machinery for giving him credit. If his name is good, they take from him a promissory note to pay after harvest; and the neighbouring People's Bank discounts it. So implicitly can they rely on the honesty of their members, that the syndicate at Parma, which does an annual business of £40,000, has lost only £4 in bad debts in nine years. It is small wonder that the syndicates have multiplied with extreme rapidity. They put the smallest farmer within reach of the best articles; they have brought down prices on the average by 20 per cent.; they allow the farmer six to nine months' credit; and their whole working expenses (exclusive of bank charges and interest on their small capital) are barely over 2 per cent. Almost entirely the growth of the last ten years,

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

they now number over 300, with a membership of at least 50,000, and an annual business of more than £1,000,000. It is a small figure compared with the £8,000,000 of the French *syndicats* ; but it is a momentous one for Italy. The syndicates have supplied the sinews of war for the new agriculture.

The triumphant march of syndicates and Village Banks is fast solving the problem of purchase for the small farmer. He can buy as well as the richest of his class ; he has capital and credit, still insufficient in the bulk of cases, but enough to lift him out of his old slough of debt and impoverishment. In his tillage he is learning to match the *grande culture*. In the growth of cereals, indeed, he is, no doubt, still, and most probably always will be, at a certain disadvantage ; but in his vines and olives, his orchards and gardens, perhaps too in his pastures, he is in at least as good a position as his big neighbour. His next step is to equal him in manipulating and marketing his produce. In Italy, the question is more than usually important. Agriculture there slides into manufacture, not only in cheese and butter making, but in the manufacture of wine, in the curing of silk cocoons, in the olive oil and sugar-beet industries, in the drying of figs and extraction of lemon juice and essence of bergamot. And the farmers need co-operation, not only for manufacture, but to put their goods on the home and foreign markets, as far as possible independently of the middlemen. Not much has been done in this last direction. Here and there, there are societies of market-gardeners to sell their produce, but they are few ; and the syndicates, unlike the best of their French prototypes, have done little as yet to sell farm stuff, though a big field awaits them, and they are not likely to leave it long unoccupied. But, in the manipulation of agricultural raw products, a good deal has been accomplished.

Co-operative dairies are the earliest form of Italian co-operation. In a primitive shape, they have existed for centuries on the slopes of the Alps. But, in a true co-operative sense, they have been the creation of the last thirty years. These younger and more developed societies began, thanks to the initiative of a priest of the neighbour-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

hood, in the hill villages round Agordo, in the province of Belluno. The little holders of the district have now their 35 or more dairies, some of them costing £4,000 apiece, and making 120,000 to 140,000 lbs. of butter annually, part of which they send by parcels-post as far as Spain and Egypt. Piedmont is another great centre, and has perhaps two to three hundred co-operative dairies. A few have spread to the South, even to the forlorn Basilicata. Now, it is estimated, there are some 700 of them, with a membership of 25,000 and an annual output of over £300,000. One society, that of Robbio in the Lomellina, made last year 79,000 lbs. of butter, 340,000 lbs. of Emmenthal cheese, and over 300,000 lbs. of Friburg. Small farmers, with a cow or two apiece, to whom dairying had been so unprofitable that few made butter, have now a steady income coming in from what had been almost a waste product. In one district, it is said, the change has increased the incomes of the little holders by one-third. At Agordo, the price of milk has risen by nearly a half; a society at Gravellona in the Lomellina pays 7 per cent. to its shareholders, and takes the milk at what is a huge price in Italy—6½d. per gallon. Nor does the good stop here. Much of the extra income is spent on the farm; and every crop on it bears evidence of the better tillage which has been made possible by the cash the farmer brings home from his dairy.

There is much promise in the later movement for co-operative wine-making. No agricultural product stands to gain more from the combination of small holdings with co-operation. The crop is pre-eminently one for *petite culture*; but the manufacture needs to be on a large scale. The formation of co-operative wine factories has been mainly the work of the last two years, and the movement is still in its infancy. There are about 40 factories, chiefly among the peasant proprietors of the Monferrato (most of them, by the way, Socialists), and in the neighbourhood of Alba. They make annually about £75,000 worth of wine. Some, no doubt, are too small at present to produce a standardised type; some make only for home consumption. But their development is only a question of time; and it is a matter of vital concern to the hill farmers. Italy produces, in a

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

good season, nearly a million gallons of wine, or about a fifth of the whole produce of the world. It is the only European country, except Spain, which exports more wine than it imports. But the export is inconsiderable, compared with what it might be. The inferior quality of the wine, the almost entire absence of any standardising, hinders its progress in the foreign market. An almost ideal climate, and the skill of the Italian vinedresser, cannot compensate for the want of care and science, the deficiency of apparatus. It is, of course, as difficult for a small farmer to make good wine at home, as it is to make good butter. But he has his remedy at hand in the co-operative factory ; and the time is perhaps not remote, when the Italians will supply some of the best wines in the market. They have as promising a future for their brandy. The wines of South Italy are rich in alcohol ; and, if the consumer realised what most of the brandy he buys is made of, and that his cognac is distilled from anything but grapes, he would use the wholesome spirit of less known but purer brands. Some of the best brandy now made comes from Palermo.

Co-operation is just beginning to show itself in another field. The silk production of Italy is very great ; it is far in excess of that of any other European country, and claims to be one-fifth of that of the world. But the little farmers of the Lombard and Piedmontese uplands, who breed most of the silk-worms, are handicapped by the difficulty and expense of drying the cocoons in their own houses, built though they are for the purpose. They are beginning to find that their remedy too lies in co-operation ; and a few co-operative drying sheds are springing up. The premier society at Cremona, started three years ago, is doing a fair business.

While the small farmers have put themselves on the road to prosperity, the agricultural labourers, at all events in the North, have been trying to work out their own salvation. It is a mistaken idea, that the farm labourers are a negligible quantity in France and Italy. Much of the latter is, after all, a country of large farms. The pastures and rice fields of the Po Valley, the wheat districts of the South and Sicily, the cattle ranches of the Maremma, the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

olive yards of Apulia, are farmed by the landlords themselves, or let to big tenants, sometimes, as in Lombardy, men of capital and intelligence, more often men with neither, in both cases generally paying their labourers a wage, which, even in a country where the customary food is scant and coarse, is barely a living one. The agricultural labourers and their families probably amount to 5,000,000, in an agricultural population of 8,500,000, and their numbers are swelled by many of the very small peasant proprietors, who find work for only a short period of the year on their own little plots. Miserable, indeed, is the condition of most of them. The fixed labourers, who take service by the year—the ploughmen, the cowherds, the dairymen—have a tolerable living, small as their wages, £20 to £30 a year, would seem to an English villager. But the casual labourers, finding work for 200 or 250 days in the year, at a wage which rarely exceeds a franc or a franc and a half, and in the winter sinks to 6*d.*, have a lot which is comparable to that of Irish peasants half a century ago. Their food is of the poorest, and often not enough at that; their cottages are dens of cold and squalor; hundreds of thousands have their lives embittered and cut short by malaria; in the impossibility of saving and the absence of a Poor Law, their old age is unprovided for, except by casual charity. Even this poor minimum of subsistence is reached only by toiling on an allotment after the long day's work, or by the miserable earnings of wife and children—earnings which mean that the children are truant from school for half the year, and that the wife perforce neglects her home and wears herself into premature old age, mowing with the men, or hoeing barefoot in the mud of malarious rice-fields.

But, even to them, hope has come at last. Their one remedy, apart from emigration (and they contribute one-fifth to the emigration of Europe), is to combine for higher wages. Up to three years ago, this was hardly possible; for, although the law explicitly recognised Trade Unions and the right to strike, the Government habitually disregarded the law, and put down Unionism with a heavy hand. In the freer air of the new reign, they have had

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

their chance. As soon as the Liberal Government came in, in 1901, a huge strike movement, starting from the Polesine and Mantovano, leaped through a large stretch of Northern Italy. Some 200,000 struck ; at the end of the following year the Peasant Leagues counted as many members, and the gain in agricultural wages has been put at £3,000,000. The movement was organised by the Socialists with a rare skill and moderation. Cases of intimidation and violence were few, and, where the leaders kept their hand on the movement, practically none. Such little disturbance as there was occurred among the women's branches, for some of these proved indisciplinable, or where the Christian Democrats organised a rival agitation. The strikes were short, thanks partly to the collapse of the employers, thanks largely, too, to the abundant use of arbitration, for which the men's leaders and the Government alike exerted all their strength. How moderate the men's demands were, may be seen from the instance of the Bergamo district, where they asked for 1s. a day in summer and 9d. in winter, or that of the Mantovano, where they were contented with an average rise of 15 per cent. on their old wages of a little over 1s. The fine humanitarian spirit of the movement is illustrated again from the Mantovano, where some of the Unions distribute their members' wages in equal rates among all, so that old and infirm may have as much as the able-bodied. And the strikes have not been for better wages only, but for a raising of the labourers' whole political and social status. How necessary this was may be shown by the demand of the labourers of the Lomellina that their employers should undertake to respect their men's liberty of conscience and the honour of their families, and promise not to swear at them. Many of the Leagues make it a condition, in the contracts with the farmer, that no work shall be done on polling days, so that the labourers may give their vote before the poll closes at four o'clock.

The Labour movement, it is true, has had its inevitable backwash. The priests organised blacklegs, and will never be forgiven for it. The masters quickly recovered from the shock of the first strikes, and, though far from united, for many of the Liberal employers sympathise with the men,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

created their defensive associations with the object of crushing the Leagues. Many of the larger farmers and landlords have thrown land out of cultivation, or turned it down to grass, on the pretext that arable does not pay with the new scale of wages. But much of this is due to momentary bad temper ; and sometimes the rise in wages has had its natural economic result in making the farmers recoup themselves by better cultivation. The more reasonable proprietors show a fairness, which is in pleasant contrast with what one remembers in England at the time of the Agricultural Labourers' Strike. A very temperate report, published by the *Società degli agricoltori italiani*, frankly acknowledges the men's right to combine, and admits that, as a rule, the strikes were justified. The labourers might still hold their own, had the early spirit survived. But the unfortunate change in Socialist policy last year, since the "revolutionary" section gained the upper hand and abandoned useful social work for noisy political scandalmongering, has paralysed the Unions. The reaction, however, is pretty certainly a temporary one only. The men, once awakened, will never return to their old hopeless acquiescence. The new Socialist policy is already discredited ; and the ultimate control will be with the saner section of the party. Mistakes will be repaired ; and the movement will go on all the stronger. Even as it is, much of the gain in wages remains, and will remain.

Such is the story of the extraordinary revolution which, in a few years, has changed the whole future of the Italian peasant, has lifted him out of his old sordid hopelessness, and, even where it has not already brought him comparative prosperity, has given him the promise of it. So great is the change, that one is tempted to represent it as even greater than it is. One must remember that most of the Centre and South is still untouched, that, even in the North, there are districts which the wave has hardly reached. But what has been done in parts of Italy, may be done in all ; what has been done even in the most progressive districts, is only an earnest of what will be. It may be long yet before the large-farm districts show any sensible progress ; though at all events the labourers advance,

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

and the pressure of their demands must, sooner or later, push the farmers to better cultivation. But the future of the small holders is assured. It needs no bold prophecy to foresee, when the co-operative movement shall be fifty years old, instead of twenty, as it is to-day, a rural Italy covered with a net-work of co-operative dairies, co-operative wine factories, co-operative oil presses and silk-drying sheds, perhaps, too, when Protection no longer cribs them and the Italian manufacturer is allowed to have cheap sugar, co-operative fruit-canning and preserving industries. Through his federated syndicates, the farmer will make his own manures, and supply himself with his machinery and seed ; in their warehouses and shops he will sell his produce direct to the consumer, and make his way on the foreign market. And what is happening in Italy is happening in other peasant countries. The future is to the small farmer ; and a new rural economy is dawning, which will laugh at tariffs as an old-world folly, and add to the political stability of nations as much as to their wealth.

BOLTON KING

DUMPING

IN his *Life of Gladstone*, Mr. Morley speaks of "our everlasting human proneness to mix up different questions, and to answer one point by arguments which belong to another." The more complicated the subject of debate, the more marked becomes this tendency, and, since the present discussion of the Fiscal Question is by far the most complicated we have entered upon in recent years, it is not surprising to find this peculiarity of all debate specially prominent to-day. If we could agree on a rigid definition of terms, it would be found that fully one-half of the arguments adduced could be ruled out, by showing that the terms in the premises were not identical, and, consequently, would not bear the conclusions. In no branch of the enquiry is this more marked than in the discussion relating to Dumping, and, in undertaking to deal with this subject, it is necessary in the first place to define what we mean, and to consider the various forms in which the process occurs.

I think I shall not be wrong if I define "dumping" as the act of supplying from afar certain of the inhabitants of a country or district with goods, which other of the inhabitants consider should have been made in the country or district itself.

It occurs under one or other of the four following conditions. The goods dumped are :—

(1) A casual surplus for which a market cannot be found in the country of the dumper ;

(2) A permanent surplus beyond the requirements of the dumper's own country, by which he maintains his

DUMPING

works at their fullest capacity, and lessens his cost of production per unit ;

(3) A surplus which, by dint of duties or bounties, the dumper is induced to make and sell out of his own country ;

(4) A surplus which, from natural advantages or superior skill, and without any question of governmental action, the dumper is able to supply cheaper than it can be produced in the country of the receiver.

We must proceed to examine in some detail the definition, and the conditions under which the act of dumping takes place.

It will be observed, that no interference by the Government of the dumper's country is necessarily implied. The Government of neither party to the transaction appears. A. (a foreigner) sells goods to B. (an Englishman) because it suits A. to sell and B. to buy. The foreign Government puts no compulsion on A. to sell, nor does the home Government attempt to constrain B. to buy or to abstain from buying. Acting in unfettered freedom, the two take part in an operation which it may be assumed is mutually advantageous, since it is only on the ground of advantage that either party goes into the business. Some attempt has been made to suggest that the German Government is, in some way, behind those German manufacturers who supply England with cheap articles. An unqualified opinion that German commercial or manufacturing combinations are deliberately at work to eliminate the competition of certain British works, and to kill a certain industry, is to be found in the voluminous correspondence in the public Press on the subject. It would require very strong evidence to convince any reasonable man of the truth of either proposition. Not only is no such evidence forthcoming, but all the evidence, and all the presumption, are the other way.

Germany has just escaped from the toils in which her sugar legislation had entangled her. It is hardly likely that her statesmen, just freed from that Nessus shirt, should at once weave another like it. Let any man read attentively the Memorandum, published in the Blue Book on "British and Foreign Trade and Industrial Con-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ditions," on the Export Policy of Trusts in certain Foreign Countries, as far as it relates to the German Empire, and say whether he believes that the German manufacturers have combined with the deliberate intention of killing one of the industries there mentioned. They appear from that Memorandum to have involved themselves in very complicated conditions, which enable them to charge their fellow-countrymen exorbitant prices, and permit them to sell to the foreigner at much lower prices. As they follow this policy, not in one only, but in a very great number of trades, it is difficult to see how Germany as a whole benefits, though it may be true that each group of German manufacturers does. I was at one time interested in a certain industry where, *mutatis mutandis*, this was just the course I adopted. My immediate neighbours could not obtain the article in question, except from my firm and some others, without paying a very heavy water carriage. We combined, and charged the consumer the price of the article at its chief centre of production, which lies in another part of England, plus all, or nearly all, the carriage. The consumer a score of miles inland paid the same price as my neighbour, plus the railway dues ; but, as the article got further from home, it began to meet the article coming overland from the chief centre of production. We reduced our price to secure the trade, and, as we got further from home, we kept on reducing our price, till we got to the point at which further reduction would have ceased to leave a profit. We "dumped for all we were worth," to use the cant phrase of the day.

It would not be difficult to give other instances, and to show that each exemplifies, from some fresh point of view, that dumping in its most general sense is an ordinary trade method, employed both in home and in foreign trade, for the purpose of winning new or regaining old markets. It is rarely, if ever, used as a means of ruining rivals ; for the prosperity of one's neighbour is no evil if one is prosperous oneself. It is, in fact, one of the ordinary phenomena of competition.

It will be further noted, that the person who, according to the definition, is complaining, is not the dumper, nor the

DUMPING

receiver of the dumped goods, but somebody else. Now I think we may assume that the unprejudiced bystander will not take much interest in the transaction one way or the other. Should he chance to want an article made out of the dumped goods, he will probably merely satisfy himself on two points: 1st, that the article is good for his purpose, and, 2nd, that it is as cheap as possible. Other things being equal, he will be all for dumping, as it means cheapness. The complainant will be the man who thinks the order for the goods should go to him—an English manufacturer. Does this not mean that he is to be made a judge in his own cause? Are we likely in this way to get a thoroughly impartial view? I hope I impute no improper motives when I say, in general terms, that no man should allow himself to be placed in the position of having to decide against his own interest. I might go further; no man ought to accept a position in which he may be called on to decide in his own interest.

Having thus made clear what we mean by the term dumping, let us see what is the effect of the process when applied in the four ways in which I suggest it takes place.

I

It will, I think, be admitted without demur, that the first of these (casual dumping) is not likely to cause serious trouble to the manufacturer of the dumped article in the country to which it is sent. It is true it may (and probably will) occur at a moment when an addition to the supplies causes some inconvenience; for, by the assumption, the demand in the producing country has fallen off, and, unless by chance that of the receiving country has increased, it may be difficult to absorb the additional supply. But it is to be observed, that the manufacturer of the article has no desire to take a lower price than necessary. He wishes to realise as much as he can for his goods, and will not wilfully and arbitrarily break prices merely to incommode his neighbour.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

II

The second case (permanent surplus) is more likely to be the source of lasting inconvenience to the manufacturer of the receiving country. It assumes that the factories in the producing country are turning out habitually more material than that country can consume, but that, by so doing, they can produce the whole at a cheaper rate per unit than if they confined themselves to supplying the home market alone. It is, no doubt, true, that by keeping a factory at full work the cost of production is diminished ; but the diminution may easily be exaggerated, for it can only apply to the standing charges, which, as a rule, are not a very large proportion of the total cost. If we assume that 10 per cent. of the selling price of the average article represents the standing charges, and that, by running full speed, an additional 10 per cent. of output is obtained, it is clear that the addition so got can be sold at 10 per cent. reduction, and leave the manufacturer as well off as before. If he can get a fraction less than 10 per cent. below the home price, he has an inducement to increase his make, and he is at all events enlarging his market. Much that we read on this subject seems to imply, that a manufacturer can go on increasing his output and reducing his expenses *ad libitum*. In no trade with which I am acquainted is this the case. It would not be difficult to lay down, for each particular industry, what may be called the "effective unit of production," and to show that this represents the most efficient condition. The vague generalities which one reads on the subject will not bear the test of practical experience ; and much, if not all, that one hears as to the saving to be effected by working at full speed, is exaggeration of the most obvious character. On the other hand, it must, no doubt, be admitted, that, to reduce the output of a factory below the capacity for which it was intended, frequently adds considerably to the cost ; and a prudent manufacturer will often find it advantageous to continue his larger make, keep his men together, and his goods in the market, even at some temporary sacrifice of profits. Here, however, we have brought the operation

DUMPING

rather under the first head than under that which we are engaged in considering. It is only necessary to add that, under certain exceptional circumstances, the two processes may go on at once—that is to say, a manufacturer habitually over producing and selling abroad at a lower price than at home may, occasionally, sell still more abroad, owing to a temporary failure of the home demand.

III

I turn to the consideration of the third case, viz.:—when a surplus can be sold abroad at much lower prices than are asked from the home market, owing either to the home market being protected, or to a bounty on export, or both. In reality, it will, I think, be found, that this is the sort of dumping about which people are most perturbed, but as to which I hope to succeed in showing there is not much cause for alarm.

By the assumption, the dumping manufacturers are not able to produce any cheaper than those of the receiving country. It is often admitted that, but for the protective duty, they could not hold their own market. They rely on the protective duty to prevent any intrusion into their home market and, raising their price by the whole duty to their own countrymen, from whom they consequently exact an extravagant profit, they use part of that profit to recoup themselves for the loss at which they sell to the foreigner. The amount of the duty is the gauge of the reduction they can make in the price to the foreign buyer. If it were 100 per cent., they could sell half their make to the home consumer at twice the price of the article in the free market, and give the other half to the foreigner on the condition that he should take it away. If the duty were 50 per cent., then, for every two tons they sold at home, they could give one ton to the foreigner, and so on. Our Tariff Reformers attribute strange vagaries to the foreign manufacturer, who, it would appear, is a fiend incarnate, looking about for means of destroying his neighbours, instead of an ordinary mortal desiring to make a profit. They have hardly gone the length of suggesting

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

that he would *give* the fruits of his labour for nothing. Yet, in ultimate recourse, what else is meant? A German steel-maker charges his compatriot a price some 25 per cent. in excess of the price in the free market. He has thus in hand the wherewithal to undersell the manufacturer in the free market. He avails himself of this to the tune of say a half, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., that is to say, he sells him 8 tons for the market price of the world, and gives him one ton for nothing. Now, if the German pooled his whole trade—metals, textiles, food, &c., and set himself to destroy one or other of the trades of some rival, he might succeed; but when we read that ironmaster, weaver, and spinner, are all about to be extinguished by the process, may we not begin to doubt whether the danger is so imminent as is pretended? Moreover, consider what happens to the goods thus sold. They are very rarely articles of ultimate consumption; in the majority of cases they are materials for further manufacture, often for further manufacture and export.

Can an unprejudiced reader come to any other conclusion, than that the policy described in the Memorandum to which I have already referred is disadvantageous to the German people, and advantageous to the persons to whom, in effect, the taxpayer in the Fatherland is making a present from his slender store. The Report of Mr. Oppenheim, the British Consul General at Frankfort, shows the German opinion of the operation of the policy of the Kartell as to export. Should conviction halt, let the doubter go to Westphalia, and talk to an ironmaster about the proceedings of the coke syndicate, or to a manufacturer of coke of the proceedings of the coal syndicate. The first will tell him (as he has told me) that, while the price of coke is kept up to the highest possible figure to the German ironmaster, it is dumped over the frontier to his Belgian competitor, who is thus enabled to produce under much more favourable conditions. The coke-maker complains that he is compelled to accept what the coal syndicate gives him; and if he objects to quality, quantity, or terms of delivery, he is told he can take it or leave it. It is true that ironmaster and coke-maker

DUMPING

alike treat those next on the list in the same way ; but this is only one result of the utterly vicious system which a policy of Protection builds up, for, but for Protection, the limits within which such tactics can be pursued are very narrow. The cost of carriage from one manufacturing centre to another—from Cleveland (say) to the Rhine, or French Lorraine to the Saar—is but a few shillings ; and this is the limit within which a syndicate must work, if there is no protective duty.

As manufacturing undertakings have become bigger and bigger, such arrangements have become more and more possible ; and groups of manufacturers of particular articles have been formed, to permit full advantage to be taken of the geographical position of each group, or each section of the group. The instance I gave above (p. 216) shows how this is accomplished, and how, in that case, my neighbouring buyer was prevented getting the benefit of the fact that he lived next door to the works producing the article he needed. In my experience, which is somewhat extensive, I have not found these arrangements at all popular with buyers. I note a certain restiveness on their part when (as frequently happens) they detect, by the appearance of a group of tenders, that in fact the freedom of choice of the buyer is only apparent, and that the manufacturers are really dictating to the buyer where he shall buy. If, when the scope is as small as I have indicated, annoyance is shown, how much greater would it be were the price not kept at a moderate figure, by the fear that any exaggerated claim would be frustrated by the import of the article from a foreign country.

IV

I now come to the fourth class of dumping : “a surplus which, from natural advantages or superior skill, and without any question of governmental action, the dumper is able to produce cheaper than it can be produced in the country of the receiver.”

With regard to this I say, that, should the circumstances exist, the sooner we know it, and the more rapidly we seek to withdraw our capital from the industry in question, the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

better. Before admitting that the industry is hopelessly worsted, however, it is necessary to be assured as to a good many points. The chief bogey which is trotted out to terrify the timorous is North America ; for both the United States and Canada are brought forward for different purposes, and to different audiences.

As to the United States, we have been used to tall talk from that quarter ever since, sixty years ago, Martin Chuzzlewit was informed by Mr. La Fayette Kettle that Queen Victoria, "in her luxurious location in the Tower of London," would be "fixed and nipped and frizzled to a most e-tarnal smash," when she learned what an American paper had said about her country.

The phenomenon which is known in vulgar parlance as "swelled head" appears to be still far from uncommon on the other side of the Atlantic, as the following extract from the evidence given before the Industrial Commission in the United States may serve to prove.

Mr. Guthrie, of the American Steel Hoop Co., in October, 1899, said, in answer to questions put to him when he gave evidence before that Commission, that they could lay down steel rails in China cheaper than an English, or Belgian, or German firm, and build bridges in Egypt.

"The truth of the matter is," he went on, "the Creator of all things has been good to us,—we have the raw material, the coal, the coke, the ability, the intelligence, and we are pushing it for all it is worth ; and I think it is only a question of time, and a very short time, when we shall control the iron and steel markets of the world We think we have pretty good directors. We think we have gotten the ability of all the Steel Companies, the best men, men of intelligence, men who understand the business ; and we all get together and consult about these matters, and we can do a great many things we could not do in any other way."

Mr. Guthrie appears to have omitted to say, that the Creator of all things had bestowed on him and his colleagues the inestimable blessing of a "gude conceit of themselves." Now this may be all quite true ; but I am reminded of an incident which took place when I was in Alabama, visiting the works there in company with an experienced ironmaster from Pennsylvania. We heard much talk of the same kind. As we departed, my companion, in his dry Yankee way, observed : "They ken make

DUMPING

iron for twelve dollars, but they ken't sell it for fourteen at a profit." It has been asked (and the question still awaits an answer): Why, if this is true, have American firms established works in England to manufacture sewing machines and electrical plant? Why do American millions flow to make underground railways in London, if shortly London is to dwindle to an inconsiderable village?

Another witness, Mr. Schwab, on the other hand, was not so sure that he could "whip the Englishman and make money." He is asked: "Can you afford to carry on business at the prices you get on your exports, and pay the rates of wages that you do?" "Nothing like it," he replies, but he goes on to say:

"I think you can safely say this, that where large export business is done, for example, in the line of iron or steel, nearly all the people from whom supplies are bought for that purpose give you a good price for the materials that go into export; railroads will, in most instances, carry them a little cheaper for you, and so on all down the line. But labour, within my knowledge, at least, has never been asked to work for a lower price for export material, so that labour benefits more by it than almost any other interest."

Oh! excellent, kind-hearted Mr. Schwab! Oh! generous, large-minded American railways! You will all combine to sell Great Britain cheap goods—each adding his mite to the gift to your brethren over the sea; but your tender natures will not allow you to ask your men to contribute any part of it. These men whom, when you and they differ as to wages, you shoot down like dogs, shall have all the benefits, except that part which you so kindly bestow on England. And yet though they can "whip us," they will not abate one cent of the duty by which they prevent their best customer paying them in the easiest way for the food-stuffs he buys. May we not take leave still to doubt whether they "ken sell it at a profit at fourteen"?

Next, supposing it be true that we are worsted in the struggle for any one market, does it follow that we shall not still find a market for our produce? I must ask my readers to follow me in a somewhat complicated argument, to which, I think, weight enough is not attached by Tariff Reformers. For the purpose I have in view, it is necessary to arrive at an estimate of the income of the United King-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

dom as a whole. There are some materials at hand. The Income Tax Returns give us the gross amount assessed for purposes of taxation. With exceptions of quite trifling moment, these show a growth year by year. Save for these exceptions, we have a steady progression from £308,000,000 in 1855, to £902,000,000 in 1902. If we take quinquennial periods, each period, from 1854-9, when the average was £317,000,000, to 1895-99, when it was £744,000,000, shows a marked increase on its predecessor.

These figures are very awkward for our Tariff Reformers ; and every device is used to minimise them. They say the assessment is more rigorous, the growth of the population must be used to discount them, and so on, and so on. But, allow as you will for rigorous assessment, a growth of nearly three-fold while the population grew from 27·7 millions to 41·9 millions, or one-and-a-half times, is difficult to explain, except by admitting that we have got richer. I want to be on the safe side, so I will not take the £902,000,000 of 1902 ; but I will take the five years 1898-1902, which give an average of £833,000,000. Estimates have been made of the artisan income of the Kingdom which is not assessed to income tax. These vary a good deal. I have carefully considered the matter, and have come to the conclusion, that I may safely put this down as being as large as the amount assessed to income tax. We thus arrive at a figure of about £1,670,000,000. There remains the vast mass of incomes which are neither artisan nor assessable. This comprises all the clerks and others whose incomes fall below the assessable limit, all the small shopkeepers who are in like case, and the great numbers who escape the vigilance of the assessors up and down the country. It is obviously very hard to make any estimate of these ; but I hazard a guess that they are not less than 250 to 300 millions. I will set them at £230,000,000 ; and I have as the total income of the United Kingdom 1,900 millions a year.

This, then, is the income earning capacity of this Kingdom. If we call it £5,000,000 a day, we shall not be far wrong ; and the figure is easily borne in mind. I will not burden this paper with more colossal figures, whose magnitude dazzles without illuminating ; but will content

DUMPING

myself by stating that, after some examination, I have come to the conclusion that the capital value of the United Kingdom may be set at from £10,000,000,000 as a minimum, to £15,000,000,000 as a maximum. That is to say, the United Kingdom is worth seven to ten years' purchase.

What is our foreign trade? And how shall we regard it for our present purpose? Our exports for 1903 amounted to £291,000,000, and our imports to £543,000,000. The interpretation of these figures gives rise to much difference of opinion; but there seems no reason to doubt that the nation, as a whole, derives great benefit from the trade, or to question that those who buy the imports, and those who sell the exports, do so at a profit. They enter into the transaction for that purpose alone. The more profitable the trade is, the worse it is for my argument. Let me assume that it is 25 per cent. on each operation. The 830 odd millions with which we dealt in 1903, left, then, a profit of about £200,000,000. Even if this extravagant estimate is correct, it is only about 10 per cent. of our total revenue. A profit of 12½ per cent. would be enormous; and yet it would represent only 5 per cent. of our revenue. All the potter is about this minute portion of our trade.

It was not to bring out this point that I embarked on a complicated argument, but to ask what advantage will come to America and Germany by destroying our trade? If they succeed, this machine which is earning £5,000,000 a day will have gone. What are they to do with the goods it will cease to require? Is it not clear, that the real interest of both countries is to encourage us to buy their goods, to go on buying, to buy more and more, and still to buy. Now, if we buy, we can only do so by selling. We shall not buy what we do not need; and people who sell to us must be willing to take what we have to offer. The course of foreign trade is very obscure; it does not often happen that we can illustrate it as I once did to a Middlesbrough audience of working men. Trade was brisk, and the town was in good case. I said: "Many (I hope most) of you had what you thought was an egg for breakfast; but you were mistaken, you ate a pennyworth of pig iron—and I will prove it to you." That very day we

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

had received, in payment for iron sent to Rotterdam, a cheque drawn on a Middlesbrough bank by an egg merchant at Middlesbrough, sent out to Holland to pay for eggs, purchased in Rotterdam by my firm's correspondent, and returned to us to pay for pig iron—thus completing the cycle of foreign exchange, and making it possible for me to say to my audience : " You ate a pennyworth of pig iron ; and a very wholesome and nutritious food I have no doubt you found it."

Of this, the simplest form of international trade, the protecting countries to a large extent deprive themselves. In most cases, even without Protection, a complicated round of commerce is established, which may involve the egg or corn merchants' cheque going to China or Japan to buy tea or silk, coming perhaps through Russia to purchase tallow or petroleum, before it finally reaches its destination and comes back to the town of its origin, to pay for the iron which it really represents. Needless to say, it rarely or never happens that the same actual cheque follows the whole round ; but it has been paid in to credit of one account, redrawn and passed on, till a perfectly new piece of paper represents the complicated series of transactions which ends by my being paid for my iron by a draft on London.

Observe, that the profit which is to result, which is after all that for which the German or American manufacturer is striving, is only a small fraction of the trade, whilst, if British trade is destroyed, the exporting nation will lose, not only the profit, but the whole value of the trade with Great Britain, which, like a fertilising stream, flows far and wide, maintaining thousands of men in comfort. Suppose all these considerations could be disregarded, and, instead of merely putting difficulties in our way, the foreigner were to succeed in refusing to take our produce in malt, or meal—were to become, as the less reflecting people seem to desire for us, absolutely self-supporting. He could not sell anything, for, by the assumption, there would be nothing he desired to buy. But England would still be full of men desiring to have the necessities and the luxuries of life, and willing to pay for them by their physical or

DUMPING

mental toil. She would have to find people ready to take her goods in exchange for theirs, and I confess I fail to see why this should not be the case.

I will deal very shortly with the case of Canada. I do not think it necessary to dwell on the fatal folly of which, in my judgment, she is guilty, in offering a bounty on iron produced in the Dominion. Men, it would seem, will never learn wisdom. If they would, surely the history of the Sugar Convention ought to have warned the legislators of the Dominion against entering on a course likely to produce such disastrous results. I only wish to refer to the corn-growing capacity of the undeveloped parts of Canada. This is held up for our admiration; but it is difficult to understand why the British agriculturist, about whose sad plight we hear so much, is to become enthusiastic, because Canada can shortly do all and more than all the United States of America are doing now. Canada appears to me a dangerous weapon for the Tariff Reformers. If she becomes a great corn-producing country, our home producer will be as badly off as before. If she does not, we shall give more money for our food, and not have the advantage (such as it is) of drawing our supplies from under the British Flag.

I have dealt with the four ways in which, as it seems to me, dumping takes place. I have endeavoured to show how little they need disturb our peace. I should like now to consider the effect of any endeavour to prevent dumping taking place in this country. Assume that effective measures are taken to prevent the delivery into this country of certain goods which some persons think they could manufacture, to their own benefit and to the advantage of the commonwealth. I refrain from dwelling further on the views which will be entertained by the persons who now find profit to themselves, and (as they no doubt also think) advantage to the commonwealth, in obtaining these goods, working them up into other commodities, and converting them to other uses for their compatriots or the world at large.

What, let us ask, must the foreigner do who is now employed in the shameful occupation of supplying us cheaply? Shall he, for the convenience of the first group

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

I have named, desist from his occupation, see his capital rendered useless, his workmen starving, and lay him down and die, reflecting that the extinction of all the machinery, human and material, which goes to supply the goods, is redounding to the advantage of that world-wide Empire we think of vast importance, and he views with a somewhat jealous eye? I fear we can hardly expect him to regard this as his duty. Frustrated in his endeavours to sell to us, he will most likely seek a market elsewhere. He will possibly find it necessary to carry the processes further in his own country, and, instead of selling the half-manufactured article to Great Britain, who, in her turn, sells it abroad, to sell the finished article direct to Britain's present customer. The British manufacturer is thus left out in the cold. By the hypothesis, he cannot buy his cheap half-stuff, cannot manufacture his cheap finished article, and, consequently, cannot compete with his foreign rival. Suppose the German unable or unwilling to take this course, he may have to undergo a period of suffering, while he seeks and finds a new channel for his activity. In the ever-varying conditions of trade and industry, such crises are by no means uncommon. To prevent, as far as lies in them, the recurrence of such crises, should be the business of our statesmen. But have I not shown, that the course which it is proposed to take will tend to multiply them? It will dislocate trade relations at home. It will have the same effect, in probably a more marked degree, abroad. I will at once confess that, if I were convinced that I would not suffer, but would benefit by producing such a crisis in Germany, I would go my own way and let my German rival look out for himself. But, for the reasons I have given, I am satisfied that, in this matter, an injury would accrue to my country greater than any countervailing benefit; and I am, consequently, firmly resolved to do what lies in me, to prevent our statesmen embarking in a course certain to end in disaster to us.

It must always be borne in mind, that our interest in the prosperity and the soundness of international trade is much greater than that of any other country—it would not be far from the truth to say, of all other countries put together.

DUMPING

The foreign import and export trade of Germany per head of population for the average of the three years 1900-2 was £9·08, of France £8·81, of the U.S.A. £6·08, or, together, £23·97. That of the United Kingdom for the same three years was £21·09.

It is obvious that we are more concerned than any other nation in seeing trade freed from trammels and protected from crises. It has been well said, that the greatest British interest is peace ; we may safely add, that the greatest British trade interest is universal world-wide prosperity. On all grounds, it is against our interest to take any course which tends to disturb the trade of a foreign country. A Bismarck on political grounds, an American millionaire on narrow views of personal aggrandisement, may desire to fish in troubled waters. Great Britain is always interested in seeing all her neighbours rich and prosperous ; for their wealth and well-being cannot fail to redound to the advantage of the largest traders in the world.

I have now completed the task I set myself. I have endeavoured to define the verb "to dump," to consider the conditions under which the act of dumping takes place, and to discuss its effect on the trade of the country. I am very sensible of the difficulties of my self-imposed duties, and of my defects in discharging them. I have endeavoured to compress, into a small space, arguments of a very intricate kind on a very complicated subject. To make this attempt was to undertake that from which one better equipped might have shrunk. I have done so, because I have been impressed with the culpable vagueness of much that we read on the subject, and in the hope that my very imperfect exposition may lead others, better qualified, to supplement what I have said.

Before leaving the subject, I desire to deal with a consideration of a more general character than those which have occupied us so far. The discussions we hear seem to assume that there is a limited amount of trade in the world, which is not enough to go round ; that, consequently, we must push and struggle to get our share of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

this, lest it is all appropriated before we seize our part. Is not this a radical mistake? Look, for example, at the trade I know best, the iron trade. Year by year the output of iron goes on increasing; year by year the huge mass of metal produced is absorbed. Now and again a pause takes place, or, to speak more correctly, power of production for a while outstrips the power of consumption. But, viewed as a whole, all the ever-growing quantity of iron finds a market. New uses are found, and old uses call for larger quantities than before. Did space permit, I should like to refer in detail to two remarkable papers by Mr. Edward Atkinson, the eminent American economist. In these papers, which were produced in June, 1900, and April, 1901, and which are entitled respectively *The Dominion of Iron and Coal*, and *Outlook for the Iron Trade in the next Ten Years*, Mr. Atkinson deals with the fears to which I have referred, only to dismiss them as baseless. I quote a few sentences:—

“Five States now supply 90 per cent. of the world's demand for iron—the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium. Outside their area are over 1,200,000,000 people creating a constantly increasing demand for iron In 1890, when our domestic consumption of iron was 300 pounds per head, that of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium was 175 pounds per head; that of the rest of the world only 11 pounds per head, amounting to about 6,000,000 tons Suppose that consumption of 1,200,000,000 people to be only doubled to 22 pounds, the increased demand would call for 6,000,000 tons. With the expansion of commerce which we may anticipate when we open our own door and cease to take part in the war of tariffs, such an increase would be far exceeded.”

I reluctantly leave Mr. Atkinson, with a renewed expression of regret at my inability to present his carefully considered and fully formed opinion.

I cannot conclude this article without some reference to what is no doubt a purely personal question. “How,” it may be asked, “does it happen that the opinions you have expressed are not shared by certain of the great leaders of the trade in which you are engaged, who have declared themselves in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal?” I am loth to claim for myself any wider outlook than is possessed by many men I could name, whom I regretfully

DUMPING

see take opposite views. But, in this matter as in others, a man must form his own opinion on the weight of the evidence as it presents itself to him. I can but note that, on the whole, Protection is a policy which in my judgment recommends itself to the capitalist producers, and not to the great body of consumers, who constitute the immense majority of the inhabitants of any country. The question is a very complicated one. Few men, in my experience, are willing to detach themselves from the narrower and more limited standpoint of their individual prepossessions, and envisage a matter of the kind from the broader aspects of the case. They persuade themselves that the good of the nation is composed of the good of the individual, and that the contemplated change, being, as they believe, good for them, will be good for all their countrymen. In this they are, in my humble opinion, utterly mistaken. The policy on which it is proposed to embark is, for reasons of which some are, I trust, sufficiently indicated in this article, fraught with the gravest danger to the well-being of the bulk of our fellow subjects ; with their highest well-being mine and that of those situated like me is inextricably bound up. On the grounds of the veriest selfishness, I resist the policy. On the grounds of that larger patriotism of which Mr. Chamberlain, to his undying honour, has largely contributed to make the subjects of the King in every clime fully conscious, I fervently and devoutly hope, that, when the time comes for the electors to pronounce judgment, they will say, in no ambiguous manner, that they stand for that freedom which, after generations of struggle, was won sixty years ago.

HUGH BELL

GEORG BRANDES

IT does not often happen that a literary critic can, like Dr. Georg Brandes, publish an edition of his collected writings;¹ it is certainly unprecedented in so small a country as Denmark, the language of which is hardly read at all outside the three Scandinavian kingdoms. Dr. Brandes' position in the intellectual movement of the last thirty years is, however, in many ways, unique. He is not merely the paramount critical figure in Scandinavia, who has done more than any other single writer to familiarise the rest of Europe with northern literatures; he has also exerted a wholesome influence on German critical methods, and helped to break down the boundaries of French exclusiveness in matters literary. And in England, where we have now admirable translations of several of his books, his stimulus has also begun to make itself felt.

Born at Copenhagen on February 4, 1842, Georg Brandes seems to have had a school career of uniform brilliancy; from 1859 to 1864 he studied philosophy and æsthetics at the university, and in 1863 he won a gold medal for an essay on the Idea of Fate in Ancient Tragedy. Of his student days we obtain many pleasant glimpses in later essays, in the reminiscences at present appearing in the Danish Review, *Det ny Aarhundrede*, above all, in the attractive framework in which he has set his correspondence with the art-historian Julius Lange. It was a period of intense and varied intellectual activity; and the success which Brandes' efforts met with soon made it possible for him to give up the study of jurisprudence, for more congenial literary and æsthetic pursuits.

¹ Georg Brandes. *Samlede Skrifter*, 12 vols., Copenhagen, 1899-1903.

GEORG BRANDES

The war with Prussia in 1864 made a deep incision into Danish national life ; in fact, for Scandinavia as a whole, it was of more importance than the revolutionary movement of 1848, which, in other continental lands, is the division-line of the nineteenth century. Previously to 1864, the Danes had followed docilely in the train of their greater neighbours ; during the eighteenth century, and at the heyday of the German Romantic movement, Danish literature was entirely subservient to that of Germany. Thus nothing could have been more desirable for Denmark's independent development than a break with her southern neighbour ; and this was brought about by the otherwise unfortunate struggle of 1864. The war opened the eyes of the nation to what the genius of Holberg had perceived more than a century before : namely, that, of all the Germanic races, the Danes are most closely allied to the Latin peoples. Form, restraint, self-consciousness, all those qualities which German literature has not, are natural to the Danes ; and, in a higher degree than either Norwegians or Swedes, they enjoy the saving grace of self-irony.

The rupture with Germany was decisive for Dr. Brandes' career. As a student, he had, of course, fallen under the spell of Hegel, who had in Denmark a brilliant representative in the person of J. L. Heiberg ; and, from Hegel, Brandes had naturally passed to Strauss and Feuerbach. When the war broke out, its stern realities pressed both Hegelian and Young Hegelian metaphysics into the background ; and the young critic transferred his sympathies from Germany to France. He spent the winter of 1866-67 in Paris, where he was soon on a friendly footing with the leading French men of letters. During the summer of 1868, Brandes was in Germany and Switzerland ; in 1870, again in France ; at the outbreak of the Franco-German War we find him in London ; and the ensuing winter he spent in Rome. Meanwhile, there had appeared at Copenhagen his volume of *Aesthetic Studies*, a translation of Mill's *Subjection of Women*, a dissertation on Taine, and a volume of *Criticisms and Portraits*.

In 1871, Brandes' "Wanderjahre" reached their conclusion. He had in France made the acquaintance of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Taine and Renan, and in England he had enjoyed the friendship of Mill—all of them men who left deep marks on his own development. He returned to Copenhagen, laden with the intellectual spoils of many lands, and, as was only natural after his experiences of three of the great European capitals, felt the provincialism and stagnation of Denmark more oppressive than ever. But Brandes was not one of those natures which, amidst uncongenial surroundings, are able to withdraw into themselves; he came home in 1871 full of ideas of reform, and, as a *Privatdocent* in the University, delivered the first of his courses of lectures on the *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. The introductory lecture—now the introduction to the work—is a document of importance, both for the literary history of Denmark and for the history of criticism. “My intention,” says the author :

“in the work which I here begin, is, by means of the study of certain groups and chief movements in European literature, to give the outline for a psychology of the nineteenth century. The year 1848, which marks a European upheaval, a historical turning-point, and, in consequence, a conclusion for the present, is the limit to which it is my intention to follow the course of development. The period from the beginning of the century to the middle, offers a picture of many scattered and apparently unconnected literary strivings and phenomena. But he who fixes his eye on the main currents in literature, discovers that their movements may be traced back to one great rhythmic movement, with its ebb and flood : the gradual sinking and vanishing of the sentient and intellectual life of the eighteenth century, and the return of ideas of freedom in new waves, rising higher and higher. The central theme of this work is consequently the reaction, which set in with the early decades of the nineteenth century, against the literature of the eighteenth century, and the overcoming of that reaction.”

The standpoint from which Dr. Brandes regards his theme has not, I think, been sufficiently kept in view by the critics of the *Main Currents*. What the Danish critic offers us, is not a history of European literature regarded as a phenomenon *per se*; his object is to enlighten us on the psychology of the nineteenth century, and, for this psychological history, literature provides him with the most convenient materials. The question with which Brandes thus approaches literature is not: “What is beautiful or intrinsically valuable?” but: “What is vital, what makes for progress, what has had a lasting

GEORG BRANDES

influence on social life?" And his criterion of vitality in literature is, as he states at the outset, the fact "that it brings problems under debate." A history of literature which endeavours to fit all the phenomena it meets with on its path, into the Procrustean bed of a simple theory, is rarely satisfactory as literary history in the proper sense of that term; it leads to an undue emphasis of the books which adapt themselves to the author's theory, and an undue silence about those which do not lend themselves to it. The classical movement at the turn of the centuries, for instance,—Goethe and Schiller in Germany, Chénier in France—hardly receives from Brandes its due; and, apart from his classicism, Goethe filled a larger place in the eyes of his contemporaries than he does in this book. There is hardly any mention here of the greatest dramatist of the epoch, Grillparzer; there is nothing about the Early Victorian novel, or the Fichtean idealism of Carlyle.

An acute French critic of recent Scandinavian literature, M. Bigeon,¹ has gone so far as to say, that Brandes' *Main Currents* is for the nineteenth century what Sainte-Beuve's *Histoire de Port-Royal* is for the seventeenth. But a reader who has once felt the ineffable charm of Sainte-Beuve's great history, with its calm, imperturbable beauty, and childlike faith, will, I fear, turn away impatiently from the hard brilliance and contempt for illusions of the *Main Currents*. The chief contrast between the books, however, is, that Sainte-Beuve was, or, at least, believed himself to be, in complete sympathy with the age he described, while Brandes' history bears only too plainly upon its face the stamp of its own epoch—the anti-Romantic epoch of scientific materialism and social agitation. Brandes had at this time little sympathy for literature which was reactionary in character, or deficient in ethical ideas. The great movement which, on the continent, is associated with the word "Romanticism"—after all, the most prominent feature of the first half of the nineteenth century—is here weighed in the balance, and found wanting in forces

¹ *Les révolutions scandinaves*. By Maurice Bigeon, 2nd ed., Paris, 1894.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

calculated to further the welfare of society. But if literature is to be viewed as an end in itself, and not merely as a channel of edifying ideas, surely one of the first conditions of a history of the nineteenth century must be a sympathetic attitude towards the Romantic Movement; the contempt for the practical and the utilitarian, which Romanticism taught, did more for the regeneration of Europe than the enthusiasm for Greek and Polish freedom to which Dr. Brandes would give a higher place. The most convincing criticism of the book is to be found in itself: it culminates with the Revolution of 1848, an upheaval which may have marked the triumph of a principle, but, so far as poetic stimulus was concerned, was the most barren of all revolutions. The fundamental tendency of Brandes' work, and its attempt to apply, to the extraordinarily composite literature of Europe during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, a simple hypothesis of action and reaction, thus lessen the value of the work as literary history *per se*; but we cannot be blind to the many excellences of detail, to the pages of admirable, penetrating criticism, and the insight into motive and character. And chief, perhaps, of all its merits, is its literary charm; it reveals an artist's power of distributing light and shade, of enhancing salient features and softening rough contours.

For Denmark the *Main Currents* had a significance of a different kind; for, in lecturing as he did, Brandes had a direct and avowedly practical object in view, namely, the regeneration of Danish literary life. Even as a student, he and his friends had gradually arrived at the conclusion that Danish literature of the first half of the century had "lived its life to an end," and, in an essay on Björnson, written in 1882, we find the words: "the year 1864 had knocked at the door, and it did not open, the year 1866 came, and 1870; it had clearly to be opened from within." The "opening from within" was the lectures of the young Copenhagen *Docent*. At no period of the century had Danish letters presented such an impoverished appearance as at the beginning of the 'seventies; and in choosing, as his first course, the

GEORG BRANDES

subject he did choose, Brandes was filled with the desire to shake his people out of the easy-going, half-hearted literary mood in which they were still fighting—fighting with the weapons of a narrow orthodoxy—the phantoms of Eighteenth Century Rationalism. He aimed, in other words, at bringing Denmark out into the main current of European ideas.

As was to be expected, the lectures awakened a storm of dissension; the Press, the clergy, every champion of tradition, rose in arms against the critic, and all hope of his becoming a professor in the University of Copenhagen had to be abandoned. It may have been, as Herr Alfred Ipsen, Brandes' most recent critic, maintains,¹ that he had been unnecessarily ruthless in his attacks on traditional prejudices and beliefs, that his irony was particularly galling to Danish sensitiveness; but, to the non-Danish observer, the charges brought against the first volume of the *Main Currents*—some remarks, for instance, associating the idea of home with the need of warmth, and a defence of the right of suicide, gave particular offence—are more damaging evidence of Danish provincialism than the facts the critic himself brought forward. But the battle was gained; Brandes' oversensitive nature suffered keenly under the blows that fell on him, but he had the satisfaction of seeing a number of young men of letters gathering round him—prominent among them Drachmann, Jacobsen, Schandorph, and Skram—who were to remove the reproach of provincialism that had lain so long on Danish literature.

In 1877, Dr. Brandes made Berlin his home; and the five years he resided there led to a more friendly attitude on his part towards Germany. Not that his Danish antipathy to Prussia was ever wholly eradicated—it burst into flame again as recently as 1899, on the occasion of Von Köller's anti-Danish policy in Schleswig; but, from 1878 on, Brandes at least writes of the modern German mind with complete understanding. The men and things that attracted him in Berlin are characteristic of his mental

¹ *Georg Brandes: en Bog om Ret og Uret*. By Alfred Ipsen, 3 parts, Copenhagen, 1902-3.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

temper. In the foreground of his interests stood the rise of socialism ; and his German literary friends then probably felt a disappointment similar to that which his English friends felt in 1897, when he spent his time in London with Russian nihilists, rather than in the literary society which England could offer him. But, apart from this, Brandes had lived too long under the spell of French literature and criticism to have much taste for the purely national products of modern Germany. What monopolised his attention then was the Germany of Bismarck and Lassalle, not that of Wagner, Böcklin, and Keller. Modern German literature is but meagrely represented in the volume of his works devoted to German personalities ; and the writers who do attract him are Heyse, Nietzsche, Sudermann, Schnitzler—men whose genius is more Latin than German.

The book on Lassalle contains the cream of Brandes' work in Berlin ; for Lassalle attracted him, not only by the magnetic charm of his personality, but also as a typical figure in the evolution of Germany from Hegelianism to Bismarckism. The author has objected to this book being described as "brilliant" : his model in portraiture, he said, "was Velasquez, and Velasquez was not brilliant, but true." And yet "brilliant" is the word that best describes Brandes' *Lassalle* ; it is a wonderfully clear-cut, sharply focussed book, a book full of penetrating insight into the mind and character of its subject. At the same time, most readers will, I think, admit that the fine study of the Danish thinker, Sören Kierkegaard, published in 1877, is a more solid contribution to criticism than the monograph on Lassalle, just as the scholarly memoirs on Holberg and Tegnér stand, in the finality of their judgment, above what is perhaps the least enlightening of Brandes' writings, his *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*.

A visit to Poland in 1885 brought Brandes into touch with a new field of European civilisation ; and he set himself the task of studying the Slavonic "soul," as he had already studied the Danish, French, and German "soul." The result was an outburst of warm Polish enthusiasm, *Impressions from Poland*, which was followed by a similar volume of *Impressions from Russia*. Meanwhile, in the winter of 1887-8,

GEORG BRANDES

Brandes had shown his keen discernment for the movement of European ideas, by delivering, at the University of Copenhagen, a series of lectures on Friedrich Nietzsche ; and in 1889 appeared the famous essay which marked the beginning of a serious study of this philosopher. In these years, too, the flow of essays on contemporary writers—many of them veritable masterpieces in form and style—continued unbroken ; and in 1895 came the two first volumes of what is, on the whole, Brandes' most ambitious book, his study of Shakespeare.

In Brandes' writings there are, it seems to me, three clearly marked stages to be distinguished—stages which may occasionally be found side by side in essays on such writers as Ibsen and Björnson, to whom the critic returned again and again at different periods of his career. The first stage preceded the lectures on the *Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*. Brandes stands here in the shadow of Hegelianism ; he is fascinated by the metaphysical and philosophical aspects of literature ; he revels—the essay on Goldschmidt is typical—in witty antitheses and startling paradoxes. The first volume of the *Main Currents* is still tinged with this spirit ; but, from this point on, Brandes' style changes ; it becomes chaste and restrained ; the Teutonic abstraction and the Jewish brilliancy both disappear, giving place to a solid, concrete style, modelled on Flaubert. The prose which Brandes has written since the beginning of the 'eighties, belongs to the best in the Danish tongue. And his standpoint advanced as rapidly. An attentive student of Kierkegaard, he obviously could not have remained long in the train of the Hegelians, even had French literature and criticism not thrown their weight into the balance ; in an obituary essay on Sainte-Beuve we see the first indications of a new point of view. But Brandes came just a little too late to enter at once into the heritage of Sainte-Beuve ; the age of scientific positivism, of complicated industrial and social problems, above all, of *Tendenzliteratur*, had begun, and Brandes was too interested in such matters to keep them apart from his conception of pure literature. From a period in which he looked essentially at the abstract in poetry, at its meta-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

physical basis, he passed to one in which literature appeared to him only to be alive in so far as it "brought problems under debate." Poetry became a key to the psychology of race.

"Psychology of race"—this phrase designates the tie which attached Brandes to the critical force *par excellence* of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, Hippolyte Taine. When Taine died in 1893, Brandes declared that he was the man whom he admired most, and to whom he owed most; and it is safe to say that, varied as were the forces which combined to form the *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*, the book would not have been written at all, had it not been for Taine's teaching and example. But a disciple of the French writer, in the narrower sense of the word, as he has so often been called, Brandes is not, or was at least only for a short time. His high estimate of Taine's value for his own intellectual development is to be interpreted otherwise. The French thinker, with his æsthetic ideals, was for Brandes an indispensable bulwark against that domination of utilitarianism which was inherent in the Dane's own temperament. In other words, Taine was of value to Brandes, not in so far as he won him for a disciple, but in so far as he helped him on to the path that led back to Sainte-Beuve.

In a number of essays, Brandes has expressed himself with great definiteness on his attitude towards Taine. Taine had taught him the conception of racial psychology; but, while the French critic looked to the masses as the originators of ideas, and ascribed to the *milieu* unlimited formative powers, Brandes insists that, in the progress of the race, the herd is nothing, the individual everything. And, just in this very point at which he found himself at variance with Taine, lay the possibility of an approximation to Sainte-Beuve. In his third period, Brandes turns away from his theories of literary vitality as "debate," and directs his attention mainly to those elements in literature which reflect the personality of the author. Literature has become for him the key, not to the psychology of a race, but to the psychology of individuals.

The representative work of Brandes' third period is his critical study of Shakespeare. That this work should have

GEORG BRANDES

met with a mixed reception was almost natural ; it is the penalty a critic pays for venturing on a much-discussed theme of supreme interest to a wide public. Not a few English critics transferred to Brandes that jealousy with which they regard German intrusion into the field of Shakespearean criticism ; while the German academic critic, with his antipathy to any but strictly scientific investigation, shook his head over the book. A writer who, in his work and interests, is so closely bound up with the contemporary world as is Brandes, runs an obvious danger when he turns to a historical theme ; he is apt to miss the historical perspective. Only once before, in his admirable book on Holberg, had Brandes gone back into a past more remote than the eighteenth century, and then, it must be admitted, he displayed a command of historical methods, and an understanding of the proper attitude of the modern mind to the past, which might not have been expected from the author of the *Emigrant Literature*. In one point, however, Brandes is always the "modern" critic. Both in his book on Holberg and in that on Shakespeare, he sees his subject in constant relation to the present ; he never forgets, as the purely academic critic regards it as his duty to forget, that he is writing for contemporaries. The *Life of Shakespeare* suffers from too great a leniency towards the hints and traditions on which so much of our knowledge of Shakespeare is based ; it shows what might be called too great a faith in the continuity of human nature. In other words, Brandes is too confident that the man of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries regarded the writing of poetry in the same way in which the man of to-day regards it. But the book remains a *tour de force* of the psychological method. Just as Brandes wrote his first great literary work with a view to laying bare the psychology of half a century, so, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, he set out to investigate the mind of a great poet : he studied the Shakespearean drama, in order to arrive, through it, at Shakespeare's personality. And in this reconstructive effort, he has, it will be generally admitted, succeeded better than any of his predecessors.

In his third period, the Danish critic has thus arrived at a literary standpoint which has much in common with

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Sainte-Beuve's, certainly more in common with it than with Taine's. It is also a standpoint which gives peculiar scope to his gifts as a critic ; for Brandes' strength lies in portrait-painting. Personality is everything to him, while, for the accessories of *milieu*—for the influence of nature on mind or poetry, for instance—he shows a want of appreciation which, in a modern writer, is almost anomalous. But there is a significant difference between Brandes' psychological method and Sainte-Beuve's. While to the latter, the hazy, unreasoning enthusiasm of the Romantic movement still clings, Brandes has built up his method on a scientific basis. His view is influenced alike by Darwinian evolution and Taine's theory of *milieu* ; his individualism, unlike that of the older Romanticists, is an individualism that has been in conflict with Hegel. As a Dane, Brandes had, early in his career, become aware, through Kierkegaard, of the possible issues of such a conflict ; and what Kierkegaard began in Brandes' mind, Renan and Nietzsche completed. Ideas, the forces that make for progress, spring, Brandes insists, from great brains, and not in some mysterious manner from the "Volk" ; these great brains are the real motive forces of humanity, the sources of all progress. Brandes is himself what he calls Nietzsche, an "aristocratic radical"¹ ; he hates, with all Renan's fervour, the mob. "Det store Menneske, Kulturens Kilde og Formaal" ("the great man the source and end of culture"), he wrote, at the turn of the century, "expresses both my philosophy and my religion."

"The fundamental question remains : can the well-being of the race, which is the end, be attained without great men ? I say No, and again No. He who, on principle, desires well-being without regard to human greatness, must look for his ideal in a Utopia, or, should he attempt to bring the ideas of well-being and culture as close as possible to each other, he must, as a natural consequence, see the end in an elementary, democratic culture, *i.e.*, in a culture which is extended to the greatest possible number. He who, on principle, desires the creation and development of great men—in the conviction that their appearance and existence are the conditions for all that gives life value, call it perfection, progress, development, happiness or well-being—must see the end in an aristocratic culture, even although very few can be

¹ "The expression 'aristocratic radicalism,'" wrote Nietzsche to Brandes, "is very good. It is, if you will allow me to say it, the most sensible thing I have yet read about myself."

GEORG BRANDES

immediate participators in it. He will regard Florence under the Renaissance as infinitely more cultured than Switzerland in our own day, although the inhabitants of Florence could then neither read nor write, and the inhabitants of modern Switzerland can all do both. . . . It is good and beneficial that the stream of culture should be led through manifold channels to millions of human beings in every land ; but it must never be forgotten, or lost from view, that the great individual is alone the source of culture."

As a critic, Dr. Brandes has his limitations—and the most serious of them seems to me the fact that he is so rarely able to regard literature as an end in itself ; it is for him a vehicle of ideas, or an expression of personality, seldom an art appealing to the craving of the human mind for what is simply beautiful. But, despite these limitations, it may be safely asserted that, since the *Causeries du Lundi* and the *Nouveaux Lundis*, no body of criticism has come from a single pen, which is comparable with these twelve Danish volumes. From France Brandes learned his art, and to his shoulders the mantle of French criticism seems for the time to have been transferred ; and, as with his French masters, the essay is the form in which he has produced the most enduring work. On the other hand, Brandes is not, like Taine, a discoverer of new lands in criticism ; he rather exemplifies the difficulty which modern criticism experiences, in breaking away from the Romantic ideals with which the nineteenth century opened ; he is himself, after all, what he called Renan : "one of the great group of Romanticists who passed their lives fighting against Romanticism." He who has written so much of reactions, has himself gone through the great reaction of our time—from collectivism to individualism, from Hegel to Renan and Nietzsche. But where Brandes is especially eminent is in his wide cosmopolitanism ; he is a more cosmopolitan critic than Taine, cosmopolitan in a less prejudiced way than either Sainte-Beuve or Edmond Schérer. The distinguishing feature of his mind is : "the ability to understand and explain an extraordinary number of other minds."

JOHN G. ROBERTSON

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

THE cessation of active hostilities in Macedonia affords an opportunity for a dispassionate consideration of Balkan affairs ; and a recent visit to some parts of the districts affected by the troubles of the last two years is my excuse for venturing to offer some remarks upon the present situation. Both in Turkey and Bulgaria, my companions and I had opportunities of speaking with men of the most diverse views and the most varied social positions—diplomats, statesmen, journalists, and insurgent leaders—and, whilst it would, of course, be quite absurd to pose as an authority on the Near Eastern Question on the strength of such a visit, there are certain facts with regard to which I feel it is possible to speak with confidence, though also, as I hope, with modesty.

In the first place, none of those most immediately concerned appear to believe in the efficacy of the Austro-Russian Reform scheme. This scheme has in it, as has often been pointed out, that one fatal defect which brought to nought the fair promises of the Treaty of Paris, and, twenty-five years later, of the Treaty of Berlin. The supreme control is left in the hands of the Turkish authorities, whose consent has to be sought at every step. The consequence has already been, such delay as must almost inevitably prevent the reforms from taking effect in time to prevent a revival of the insurrection next spring.

There still seems to be a good deal of uncertainty as to the functions of the Civil Assessors who are to assist Hilmi Pasha ; and many people believe that they are intended to be little more than itinerant Consuls, without any executive power whatsoever. At first sight a more hopeful portion

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

of the Mürzsteg programme is that which relates to the reorganisation of the gendarmerie. The exactions and brutalities of the "zaptiehs," or Turkish policemen, have always been among the most fertile sources of misery to the Christian subjects of the Sultan. More than half a century ago, during the Crimean War, General Sir Fenwick Williams, the heroic defender of Kars, wrote to Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary :—

"I need not remind your Lordship that words cannot describe the infamy of the lives of these men (the zaptiehs). The scene of their exploits lies in the villages, especially those inhabited by Christians."

Ill-paid and ill-disciplined, and scattered among the villages, the zaptiehs are accustomed, by the traditions of their calling, to levy all sorts of exactions upon the unfortunate people amongst whom they find themselves. There are, of course, good as well as bad men among them ; and it is not necessary to credit the Turkish policeman with a double dose of original sin, in order to see that such a state of affairs gives to the bully and the man of immoral character an awful power over the lives and honour of the peasantry. The Austrian and Russian Governments have, happily, shown considerable firmness with regard to this part of their scheme. It was said in Constantinople, when we were there a few weeks ago, that, when the Sultan's Government showed signs of refractoriness over the appointment of an Italian General to the command of the gendarmerie, the Dragomans of the two Embassies were sent to the Grand Vizier with a curt message, to the effect that the two Powers were themselves prepared to ask the Italian Government to appoint an officer, without further consultation with the Porte.

On the other hand, it is disheartening to remember the fate of a very similar scheme which was set on foot twenty-five years ago, after the last Russo-Turkish War. A large number of English officers, some of them men of considerable distinction, were appointed, under command of Baker Pasha, to reorganise the gendarmerie ; but, as soon as interest in the Eastern Question grew slack, the Turkish authorities were able so to hamper their efforts, that they found themselves without any real power over their men,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and quite unable to effect any reform. After a while, some resigned in disgust, others died, leaving to-day a solitary survivor ; and this part of the Mürzsteg scheme is itself a proof that the character of the Turkish gendarmerie is still what General Williams described it to be fifty years ago. It remains to be seen whether the same wretched farce is to appear once more.

But, as long as the telegraph wires which bind the provinces to the Capital remain uncut, or at least as long as an Ottoman subject sits at one end of the line, receiving secret instructions from Yildiz Kiosk at the other, so long (it is much to be feared) will European officers and Civil Assessors be unable to put an end to the every-day miseries and oppressions incidental to direct Turkish rule. The source of the trouble is in Constantinople itself ; and the only policy which seems to many observers likely to succeed, as a permanent remedy for the chronic disorders of Macedonia, is that which has succeeded in putting an end to similar disorders elsewhere, in the Lebanon and in Crete—the policy of boldly severing the ties by which the corruptions of the Palace are diffused among the Provinces, and the resources of the Provinces drained away for the benefit of the Palace. The nominal sovereignty of the Sultan, of course, matters nothing. But a real, not a pretended, control of his administration, is everything.

Second only in importance to this question of a cardinal change in the spirit and methods of government, is that of the exclusion from the Reform scheme of the whole vilayet of Adrianople. No doubt, the proximity of Constantinople renders any attempt to deal with this district one of even more than ordinary delicacy. But, at the same time, there are urgent reasons for its inclusion. Though geographically distinct from the vilayets which compose Macedonia proper, its population is composed of the same racial and religious elements : Greek (or “ Patriarchist ”), Turkish, and Bulgarian (or “ Exarchist ”). The last-named is probably predominant, though, in the absence of trustworthy statistics, it is difficult to speak with certainty ; whilst the Serb and Wallach elements are absent from this vilayet,† or, at least, are not considerable. No part of

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

Eastern Europe, excepting, perhaps, the vilayet of Monastir, has suffered more during the troubles of the past year. North of Kirkilisse, towards the frontier of Eastern Rumelia, and eastwards towards the Black Sea, scores of villages have been completely deserted by their inhabitants, and a large number partly or wholly burned. A heavy fall of snow prevented my friends and myself from seeing as much of the country as we could have wished, and compelled us to confine our inspection to villages lying on or near the main road from Adrianople to Malko-Tirnovο. But, even so, we saw enough to assure ourselves, that the reports which we had received by no means exaggerated the seriousness of the situation. A few miles from Kirkilisse we found the villages of Raklitza and Kurukoi almost wholly destroyed, the burnt houses including, in the case of Kurukoi, the parish church. A little further east, we came upon another village partially burned : Derekoi. The little town of Malko-Tirnovο, the capital of the Kaza, seemed, when we first entered it, like a city of the dead. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets, and but few of the houses showed any signs of being inhabited. It is said that, of the 1,200 Bulgarian families who, until a few months ago, inhabited the town, not more than 300 remain. The deserted houses, and some of those still inhabited, have been pillaged, as I was able to satisfy myself by inspection of many of the interiors. The last village which we were able to visit, Mokroshevo, had been completely deserted, and partly burned. Amongst the snow-covered ruins of the church, one of my companions found a charred iron cross. The village had apparently been a prosperous one ; the houses well and solidly built—as indeed are most of the houses in the district—and surrounded by fine old walnut trees.

In all these places, with the exception of the last-named, a few of the inhabitants still remain ; but I am inclined to think that the case of Mokroshevo is the more typical of the condition of the large number of villages which are, or were, to be found in the north-eastern portion of the Sanjak of Kirkilisse. The villages which we saw are all Bulgarian ; but I believe there is no doubt

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

that several Turkish villages have been similarly burned by the bands, or deserted. The Komitadjis are also accused of having attacked Turkish and Greek villages on the Black Sea ; whilst, on the other hand, the large Greek or Patriarchist village of Evkarion, near Kirkilisse, was wantonly destroyed, and the church desecrated by Turkish soldiers. The primary object of our visit to the district was to ascertain how far relief, such as has for some time been splendidly organised by Mr. and Mrs. Brailsford and their helpers in Monastir, might be required. Happily, we were able to satisfy ourselves that, though there must be much misery among such people as remain in the remoter villages, and especially in the families of political suspects, with whom every prison is filled, the sufferings of warfare have not in this district been followed by those of famine. Thanks to the proximity of the Bulgarian frontier, most of the refugees were able to reach places of safety, where their most urgent needs have been attended to. So long ago as the middle of October, *The Times* correspondent at Philippopolis estimated the number of refugees from the Adrianople vilayet, at or near Bourgas, at 30,000 ; and I am informed that certainly not less than 16,000 remain. The Greek refugees, who are not, I think, very numerous, have found shelter in neighbouring villages (as those of Evkarion at Usküb or Skopo, near Kirkilisse), and are being cared for by charitable persons of their own race. The Mohammedan refugees, who again cannot be very numerous, have found shelter at Kirkilisse and elsewhere, and are being supported by the authorities, who in some cases have already rebuilt their villages. The authorities, I may add, profess to be distributing similar relief to Christians ; but we were unable to hear of any cases in which the Government bounty had actually been received by a Christian family. Seeing, however, that the Greek and Bulgarian refugees receive aid from their co-religionists and from Europe (and I hope we may soon be able to add, from America, since there was a prospect of American missionaries charging themselves with the work of relief in the vilayet) one cannot blame the Turks for preferring to assist their own people.

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

Seed for the next spring sowing is much wanted in the vilayet ; for even those whose houses have not been burned have, in many cases, had their grain stolen. But I confess it seems very doubtful whether there will be any people this year left to reap, even if there be some to sow. In the Blue Book just published (Turkey No. 1, 1904), I find, under the date September 8th, a *communiqué* from Musurus Pasha which contains the following statement in regard to the disturbed districts generally : " By the care of the military authorities, those of the inhabitants who had retired to the mountains have been restored to their homes." So far as the vilayet of Monastir is concerned, I understand that this is a diplomatic way of announcing, that the soldiers and zaptiehs have been driving the fugitives who had found shelter in the mountains back into the ruined villages, where they have since been sheltering from the cold of the Arctic winter, in what Mr. Nevinson calls " dog hutches," put together of such materials as they have been able to gather from the ruins. In Adrianople, as I have said, there are no refugees of this kind, for those whose houses have been burned have taken refuge, either in Bulgaria, or in unburned villages. So far, however, from any Christian refugees having been restored to their homes, all the information which we could gather on the spot points to a continuance of the exodus, even during the winter, and an almost certain flight of the remaining population in the spring, unless things speedily improve. How, indeed, should they return? The Great Powers and their reforms are afar off ; the Turks and their methods of pacification are near at hand. The prisons are crowded with political suspects (out of a total of 700 persons imprisoned at Adrianople, over 300 come under this category), and almost every day brings in fresh batches. One such gang of 56 men, roped together, with their village priest among them, was brought into Kirkilisse whilst we were there. Another such gang was the occasion of the wittiest summary of the whole situation that I have yet heard. Two Bulgarian ladies happened to pass, as the string of prisoners, wearied with the long march, wound its way slowly through the streets of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Adrianople. One of the ladies, being somewhat short-sighted, asked who the men were. "Ah," replied her companion, "c'est les réformes qui passent !" There you have the situation in five words.

Possibly I may take too gloomy a view ; but it seems to me only too clear that, whatever intrinsic merits it may possess, the Austro-Russian scheme, as amended in October, has so far done nothing to pacify the country or to restore confidence. "Europe," say the malcontents, "has had ample warning and opportunity. To say nothing of the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the Treaty of Berlin promised to Macedonia the amplest of reforms, putting aside even the period in the past year occupied by military operations, the Great Powers have had a clear field during the whole winter season ; and they have done nothing with it except to exchange diplomatic messages with each other, and with the Porte." Insurgent leaders make no secret of their disbelief in the sincerity of the two Powers ; and, unless within the next few weeks the people can be convinced that a real reform of administration is intended, we shall certainly see, in April at the latest, a renewal of the insurrection. Members of both the interior and exterior revolutionary committees assured us, that their losses of men had been very small indeed, amounting to not more than five per cent., and that very few rifles had fallen into the hands of the Turks ; and General Tsoncheff, at least, is of the opinion that they will be able to prolong the conflict for a dozen years if necessary. On the other hand, I believe that both he and the other chiefs would at once lay down their arms if European control, which alone offers a real guarantee for the lives and liberties of Christians, were established in Macedonia by the Powers. When we remember that the insurgents, probably never numbering more than 10,000, have been able for more than a year to hold their own against a Turkish army of occupation of over 200,000 men, it is not difficult to believe that a guerilla warfare can be kept up for an indefinite period. The bands will certainly receive next year reinforcements from 40,000 refugees who have found safety upon Bulgarian soil, and who, having lost all they possessed in the world,

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

will not be disinclined for any adventure which holds out a promise of restitution or, at any rate, revenge.

Moreover, the presence of these refugees in Bulgaria greatly increases the danger of a Turco-Bulgarian war. In the first place, their maintenance, month after month, is a serious matter for the little Principality, most of them being entirely destitute. The Bulgarian people, headed by the Princess Clémentine, have responded nobly and unobtrusively to the demands made upon them ; and have, for more than a year past, afforded food, clothing, and shelter, to great crowds of fugitives at Rilo, Bourgas, Philippopolis, and elsewhere. We had an opportunity of seeing the fugitives at Sofia, under the guidance of a member of the local Relief Committee, and of Madame Karaveloff, widow of the former Prime Minister of Bulgaria. There are not many refugee families in the capital (which is a long way from the Turkish frontier) ; those we saw appeared to be admirably cared for, and help has evidently been extended to them in no grudging spirit. But, it is clear there must be some end to the willingness of the Bulgarians to charge themselves with the entire support of the victims of the Turkish troops.

In the second place, each family arrives with its own special story of violence and wrong. One young woman whom we saw had had her baby killed on her back, by stones flung at her by Turkish villagers during her flight. Another had had her father killed whilst returning to seek some money he had left in his ruined home, and had herself, with her children, been compelled to hide from her pursuers in a wood under a covering of leaves, being only eventually brought to a place of safety, like many of the refugees, under the protection of a band of Komitadjis. Similar stories are being told wherever a group of refugees is to be found ; and, as these people are of the same race, language, and religion, as the Bulgarians, it is clear that the limits of patience must before long be reached. No peasant State is fond of war ; and I do not think that I have met with any people who seemed to me less Chauvinist than are the Bulgarians, or less inclined to embark upon adventures, either for the sake of pleasure or of glory. It seems quite clear

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

that people and Ministry alike desire to avoid a war ; but, if the present tension is not relaxed, the breaking point must be reached before many months. In the case of any other race than the patient, somewhat phlegmatic, Bulgar, it would have been reached long ago.

In addition to what has been mentioned above, the economic situation is serious. Trade is arrested, and, from this point of view alone, even a disastrous war might be no worse for Bulgaria than an indefinite continuance of the existing unrest. With a disorganised trade, and an army necessarily maintained on a war footing for fear of attack, Bulgaria must bleed to death. What the issue of a Turco-Bulgarian war would be, no one can say ; but competent military observers do not, I believe, think as badly as might be supposed of the chances of the Bulgarians, at any rate at the commencement, though ultimately, if Turkey can pour in her hordes from Asia Minor, numbers must turn the scale against them. There are, however, many complications to be feared ; for the attitude of both Servia and Roumania is still doubtful, whilst Greece appears to be definitely hostile to the Bulgarians. And there are graver perils yet. If Bulgaria should be defeated, and overrun by the Turks, she might, and probably would, be saved from complete destruction by Russian bayonets. But that would, in all probability, mean the end of the independence of the Principality ; and that overwhelming predominance of Russia in the Near East, which the Crimean War was fought to avert, would then be accomplished and irrevocable.

For my part, I am convinced that Bulgaria deserves a better fate. Probably no people, saving only the Japanese, have exhibited such astonishing aptitude for progress as have the Bulgarians since their liberation twenty-five years ago. Sofia was then an ordinary Turkish village, a mere cluster of cabins, with filthy, unpaved streets. To-day it is a European capital, with little beauty indeed except that which is lent to it by the proximity of the great Vitosch Mountain, but with an unmistakable air of progress and industry. Their capital is characteristic of the people. The Bulgarians are destitute of those qualities which attract sympathy, somewhat stolid and (notwithstanding

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS

that they have been charged with "buying" the Press of Europe, including *The Times*) having much to learn in the art of self-advertisement. But they have shown, beyond all other people of the East of Europe, a genuine aptitude for self-government. They have conciliated their Moham-medan subjects ; and the fez-capped deputies who sit in the Sobranje voted, a few weeks ago, in the majority which approved the extraordinary expenditure incurred by General Petroff's Government upon military preparations, made necessary by the risk of a Turkish war.

For education, Bulgarians exhibit an enthusiasm superior to that of nations who boast an older culture. Their Budget last year, notwithstanding the extra military expenditure just referred to, shows an outlay of 8,367,924 francs on education, as compared with 23,310,362 on the army. The disappearance of Bulgaria would be a calamity to the cause of progress and liberty. It would also be a severe blow to British interests in the Near East. Under the guidance of Stambuloff, the Bulgarians have shown an independence of spirit which belies the fears, entertained in 1878, that a free Bulgaria would be the servile tool of Russian ambition. Stambuloff met his death at the hands of political foes ; but his teaching has not been forgotten by his countrymen, who, at the last election, returned a Stambuloffist Ministry to power, with a large majority at its back. The older generation, which remembers the days of Turkish rule, is naturally and rightly pro-Russian ; but the spirit of nationality is strong, and the indifference exhibited of late years by the Russian Government towards the sufferings of the Slavs still subject to Turkey, has lost to Russia, in a great measure, the affection of the Bulgarians. It would be absurd and wrong to expect the Bulgarians to show themselves Russo-phobe ; but it is right we should realise that, properly supported, they, in concert with the other Balkan States, are both desirous and capable of forming the one possible barrier to the exclusive predominance of Russia in the Peninsula. It is for Englishmen to consider whether such a barrier is desired. It is at any rate abundantly clear that Turkey, upon whom Great Britain

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

formerly relied, is no longer capable of resisting a Russian advance.

I should perhaps add, to avert possible misconception, that, when I speak of Bulgaria as worthy of support, I do not by any means suggest that she should be encouraged to annex Macedonia, were such a thing possible. I have in my mind only the support of Bulgaria against aggression by Turkey on the one hand and Russia on the other. The Macedonian Bulgars themselves do not desire a union with Bulgaria. Their demand is: Macedonia for the Macedonians. Under the firm rule of a Governor independent of any of the Balkan States, and not the subject of any of the Powers signatory of the Treaty of Berlin, a period of tranquillity would be ensured, an ever ready excuse for Russian aggression in the Near East removed, and a new Balkan State would no doubt ultimately be evolved, fitted to play no unimportant part in a Confederation of the Nations in the Peninsula.

H. LAW

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

IT must have struck many thoughtful persons, that the comparison which we see on every hand, between the wages of the English workman and the manual labourer in Continental countries and in the United States, is not an altogether satisfactory comparison of the well-being of the respective classes. It by no means follows that enhanced wages mean that there is a condition of life, judged either as regards intellectual, physical, or moral welfare, correspondingly better than that from which the worker has passed. As regards the artisan, using the word in its widest sense, we must admit, in England, that wages, expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, are as satisfactory as we could reasonably expect them to be. But there are almost limitless other elements for comparison. Only one who has had some opportunity for seeing into the heart of the life of the toilers of Lancashire, for example, can estimate its real nature. Others may deal with statistics. Others can show, with undeniable accuracy, that there has been a gradual and a constant raising of the standard, so far as the amount of money which passes into the hands of the artisan and the operative is concerned. We may, perhaps, set out on a profitable field of study if we examine the inner life of the Lancashire artisan, if we see something of his home life, if we learn something of the emotions and the sentiments which animate him, if we find out what, if any, ideals he has, and what, if any, are the blessings of life on which he sets any particular value.

Hitherto, novels of the more or less realistic class are all that we have had in the way of human documents. The writer is by no means inclined to undervalue the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

worth of the novel as a means of revealing life, nor would he reflect upon those novelists who have placed the scenes of their stories in this grim Lancashire. But he would venture to say that, in respect of the life of industrial districts, there is a danger lest the element of romance which the novelist, be he never so realistic, is bound to introduce, should demand a halo for his characters, or at least for some of his characters, which they are utterly incapable of wearing. More than that, there are essential elements in the life of industrial men and women, which are quite incompatible with any conception of romance. We must set out by some other method, if we are to depict, for those who have not the opportunity of first-hand knowledge, what this phase of life really is. Both the statistical method and the more or less pictorial method of the novelist are at fault, inasmuch as the former gives facts without the conditions which affect those facts, and the latter modifies the conditions by interpolations which are necessary to the existence of that which the world demands in a story. This article, if this word by way of apology be admitted, has little to do with statistics. It is the writer's firm belief, that the manner in which the wages of the artisan is spent is of far more importance than any amount of exact knowledge of the amount of wages which he has received. It is his view, also, that the most important elements in the well-being of citizens are those which cannot be stated in any summation of money, or even of material things.

At the outset it should be observed, that the life of the manual worker of the industrial zone is pitifully materialistic. It is absolutely incredible to what an infinitesimal extent the intangible things have affected him. Even in the relationship which in life, as in novels, ends in marriage, it may be stated that it is only the rare individual who has feelings. This will appear to be startling, and it may be thought that I am writing for sensation ; but the statements I make are the results of direct observation, and my view is confirmed by all those with whom I am acquainted who have had similar opportunities. Courtship, in the district which we are considering, is strangely matter-of-fact. It is

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

contended by some, that there is a danger of misunderstanding the inarticulateness of the Lancastrian. It is urged that he has the finest of feelings, but that he is unable to express them. But not only is there an absence of the power of expressing the gentler and the more refining feelings ; there is also the expression of the direct contrary. There are cases innumerable in which young men and young women have quarrelled, not in respect of such intangible matters as jealousy or disappointment, but in respect of the materialistic matters which will affect their future lives. This may be said to indicate a judicious prudence ; but it is a prudence which has its very dark side. It reduces the relationship of marriage, in the vast bulk of cases, to the lowest level of mutual convenience ; and that a mutual convenience in which the convenience of one is paramount. There is even a darker side to the question. The stories of marriages in the industrial area have often the sanction of preliminary lust. Preachers may preach, and moralists may moralise ; but the fact is, that the pre-marriage relationship is, in fully one-fourth of the cases, one which can only be kept from positive and open disgrace by marriage. The novelist has pretty phrases for the fact. He discounts the ill by stating that "Love is a dangerous guide." No one would deny the fact ; but those who have talked to the men soon learn that it is not love at all. It is never centralised on one object of what we may call "affection," for want of a better word. The remark of the young man who faces the ultimately inevitable result of his wrong-doing is often known by his associates to be, that he "wished it were one of the other women" ! The reader must work out the inference for himself.

The consequence is, that Lancashire is marked by a home life which is the merest and roughest utilitarianism. The man's home is where he sleeps. It is the last place in which he would think of spending his evenings. The instances in which the man is at all interested in the welfare of his family are more rare than in the slums of the great towns. Here I must come to a few simple statistics. There is only one source for such statistics, and that is to enquire from ministers of religion of various denominations.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Naturally the clergy of the Church of England have the best opportunities ; for the men often claim to be members of the Anglican Church, though, indeed, they rarely darken a church door. I have obtained four independent sets of figures. They are marvellously consistent ; and the general result is, that, in respect of the class with which we are dealing, it can only be said that, of the men, something like 16 per cent. display the parental instinct, and use their homes as the particular field for exercising their own influence. Not that positive neglect of wife or child exists to any extent, nor that the women feel any sense of being ill-treated. But there is an absence, a far more widespread absence than would be believed, of that sense of marriage which exalts manhood by exalting the conceptions of fatherhood and husband. The common talk of the men in the public-houses, and in the clubs, leads one to suppose, that the conception of the duty of man to wife is lost in the exaggeration of the conception of the duty of wife to man. The man expects. He makes his sacred internal life the common knowledge of his associates. There are no hidden sweet arcana in his matrimonial relationship. His wife is no partaker in his joys, nor is he a partaker in her sorrows. True, wife-beating, as a practice, is no more, just as bastardy is on the decline. But the sentiments which gave rise both to wife-beating and to bastardy are as evident as before. Indeed, in respect of the latter, we may well wonder whether the decrease is not indicative of what is far worse ; for the smallest chemist's shop in the industrial area could reveal facts which would astound the cool economist. Yet these men have a natural chivalry. Though they may be selfish to an incredible degree, and indifferent to even a greater degree, yet, on the occasion of family trouble of any kind, especially the trouble which comes with the illness of the wife, there is frequently manifested the finest devotion and self-sacrifice. Men who have not spent a moment in the company of their wives, save during the meals which expectantly they demand at their hands, have been known to sit up night after night, and undertake the duties of nursing, the while they toil by day. We shall see the explanation presently ; but it suffices for

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

the present to say briefly, that lack of thought is the characteristic of Lancashire.

Seeing that there is so little of the sweetness of marriage in the life of the artisan and the operative, as a class, we might say summarily that it is not very likely that there will be manifested other sweetnesses. Granted that the men are thus selfishly inclined, we may ask what they do with their money and their time. The question is not very difficult to answer. I do not believe that the Lancashire wage-earner is drunken, as a class. True, he drinks; and, seeing the nature of his daily toil, small blame to him. If the public-house offered anything worthy in the nature of social intercourse, we might well think that it was a defensible institution. Unfortunately, the conversation in the bar-parlour is very rarely of the kind which elevates. We must remember, before coming to this point, that the large proportion of the company visit the same inn night after night. I have been favoured with some notes made by a very intelligent barman of my acquaintance in respect of the nature of public-house discussions. He took the particulars for three months, and the district is quite representative. Put into percentages for simplicity, we find that, on 60 per cent. of his entrances into the bar-parlour, the men were discussing horses and horse-races; on 20 per cent. they maintained a conversation on some other sport, mostly football, though pigeon-flying was a considerable proportion; on 10 per cent. they were discussing political issues, and these, my informant assures me, very rarely manifested anything of the nature of a sound grasp of principles, but were mostly discussions of men. The greatness of Dizzy, Chamberlain, and Balfour was compared with the greatness of Gladstone, much to the disadvantage of the last-named, while the knowledge of the issues at stake was of the most meagre kind. The remainder of the discussions was of a jocular type, consisting of stories of a broad description, not necessarily evil.

We thus see that the main interest is horse-racing. Betting is the relaxation of a vast majority of the men. The bookmaker hangs furtively about the works when the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

men come forth for the midday meal ; and slips of paper are passed slyly from hand to hand. The bets are generally for half-a-crown, and, if the man bets but once a day for this amount, we see whither a third of his earnings go. Of course he wins at times, and the amount of his winnings it would be impossible to estimate ; but I have been informed, by men who know the facts, that not more than one or two men a week are winners, out of the dozen or so whose doings they know. When luck does follow them, there is the standing of treat ; and often it is a dire day for a man's pocket when he backs a winner which started at a low price. In any case, we may say that his family sees but rarely any of his winnings ; and so, from the point of view of the family exchequer, we may write off as loss that which is spent in bets. At the very least, some thousands of pounds weekly are thus lost to the families of industrial Lancashire.

There are other sports in which the artisan occupies his leisure ; and, first of all, football calls for mention. The majority of the men "follow" a team ; that is, they are interested especially in the doings of this or that club. Saturday afternoon by Saturday afternoon, they are to be seen in their thousands, standing around an arena, being entertained by performers in the game. I call them "performers," for it is the only term for a handful of professionals, who this year may play for this club and next year for that. Betting prevails here, too ; but it is only fair to say, that betting on football is far less prevalent than is often supposed. At least, only in a few of the cases is it systematised betting. But the same characteristic of the pleasure may be observed as in the other cases. There is a striking disregard of the womenkind. If there is one woman present to a hundred men at one of the gladiatorial exercises which charm Lancashire, it is an unduly large proportion. More positively ill in its influence is the fact that, since the rise of football, there has been a striking degeneration in the occupations of the artisan. Such spare thoughts as he may have for study and research, after he has mastered the racing records, he devotes to the records of football teams. He can tell the year and the day when

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

this team beat that team ; he can tell the year in which Jimmy Brown, or Tommy Smith, began to play for this team or that team. With these and other worse than useless pieces of knowledge, he fills a mind which might have offered place for better things.

As a matter of fact, anything in the way of steady intellectual occupation is almost impossible to discover. The St. Helens Free Library has recently boasted, that, in the last year, a thousand more serious books were borrowed than in the year before. I doubt if one per cent. of them were borrowed by the class with which I am dealing. So far as I can trace the artisan life of the town, there seems to be an utter disinclination even to think on serious topics. It may be alleged that here I am not dealing with the true artisan ; that colliers, and chemical and glass hands, do not represent industrial Lancashire. But, for all that, these form a very important section of the wage-earning class, and, in what is called "steadiness," they are above the average. Yet I find, and not from my own observations alone, that less than one in three hundred would bother to read a book, even a reasonably good novel ! As for serious books, say on history or on politics, they are utterly disinclined, save in the rarest cases, to attempt them. The increase in the loans is due (I imagine) to the impetus given to study by the apparent improvement in the status of the teacher by recent legislation ; for the great bulk of those who attend evening classes are pupil teachers and the like. In other towns this claim of an increase of serious reading has not been made. Here again we come upon the statistical method. I am once more indebted to two clergy and to a Nonconformist minister for figures, though it would not be fair to mention names. Each has taken one hundred average houses with which he is acquainted ; and they assure me that they arrive at an average of only four per cent. in two cases, and of six per cent. in one case, where even a magazine of the "Pearson's" or the "Harmsworth" type is taken in. The general reading is absolutely confined to the weekly editions of the newspapers of Liverpool and Manchester, excellent in their way, eked out by the perusal of the local weekly, with the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Christian Globe or the *Christian Herald* for Sundays, and, in many cases, a novelette for the women.

This estimate of the intellectual occupations of the Lancashire artisan is bitterly disappointing, I know; but it is not relieved by an examination into the appreciation of Institutes, lectures, and the like. Earnest and energetic lecturers provide these excellent means of mental improvement; but they are not used, save in the smallest way, by the wage-earners. Technical classes, in which the worker by day can spend his evenings at much the same occupation, are better attended; though, even in this case, there is but little ground for believing that the general body of men care a button about them. An exceptional man, who has dreams of being a foreman, obviously an exceptional case, will attend a technical class. But there is very little indeed in the way of the advancement of general culture attempted, even by this superior type. My clerical friends assure me, that one per cent. of the wage-earning class is an extreme estimate of the number of those who seek any definite self-improvement at all.

In respect of religion, the outlook is even blacker. This is not the place in which to discuss religious differences. It would suffice for us to learn that the men recognised any need, whether it be spiritual or intellectual, beyond the needs which are to be ranged on a lower level. Alas, we shall find but small evidence of it. It is not that the wave of atheism which is said to be rising has swept Lancashire; rather it is that there is a cool indifference to the whole matter. I have summed up many results which have been given me; and I find that nowhere in the wage-earning zone is there a larger percentage than 25, who attach themselves to any religious organisation whatever. In this total I include those ventures which call themselves "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" and the like, where attendance is purchased by the giving of prizes, and other attractions more or less worthy. As for those who definitely recognise religion in any shape as having claims upon their higher natures, the figures, were they forthcoming, would not be less than appalling. There are practically no evidences to-day, or at least I for one cannot find them, of that

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

outburst of Evangelical fervour, which thrilled the Lancashire of thirty years ago.

It is astonishing how, in other little ways, we can find proofs of the gross materialism of the life of the industrial area. A bicycle agent tells me, that nowhere is there a smaller proportion of bicycles sold than in this district. "The fact is," he added, "the men do not care very much for the country." To what a pitch of deadness and lack of warmth life must have come, when this is to be said of it! When men who live their day in grimy and ugly surroundings, and their evenings amongst the monotony of their equally grim cottages, care nothing for the leaf in bud, nor for the glories of the summer sky, there must be some deep influence at work which it is essential that we should analyse. That men who can read and think should be satisfied with all that these present of life—the toil, the public-house, the speculation on a horse-race, the sight of a football match, the long sleep on Sundays relieved only by the mid-day feast—is enough to give us pause, who are pluming ourselves on a betterment which we estimate in increased wages and improved dwellings. As for the poor women, the tale is even more pitiable. They toil week-day and Sunday, and on Sunday enough for two week-days; and all that the bulk of them hope for is to find favour in the eyes of their lords by the meals they can cook, the diligence with which they can keep the children out of sight, the speediness with which they can recover after the birth of the soon-coming next. As for the children, they are hustled off to school, and, ere they have felt that education is a thing worth having, they are hustled into the ranks of the wage-earners, until, both male and female, they are glad at the earliest moment to join the ranks of the married, as an escape from the tyranny of the home in which they are units only on pay-day. They are hideously familiar with the grossest facts. The other Sunday I heard a group of children in an inland Lancashire town accusing each other of open vice; and their ages were certainly not above eight years.

It may seem to some that this is a very gloomy picture. So it is; but, unhappily, it is a true picture. It is not

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

suggested, as was indicated at the outset, that the Lancashire man is lacking in heart ; but it is suggested that he is lacking in thought, and that his life, in all its phases, manifests this pitiable deficiency. It will be alleged that the wage-earning class, of whom I have thus written, is in no sense different from other classes ; but the contention is difficult to maintain. It seems, as time goes on, that there is something in our system which leads these men to assume a curious self-satisfaction ; and self-satisfaction is good neither for their present nor for their future. It does not occur to them that they have needs, whether intellectual, or ethical, or spiritual. The day's life is much as the life of the day before. Eat, drink, and be merry, is the sole content of the ethic ; and the merry-making gradually assumes forms which excite the mind less, and the thirst for sensation more.

With such a criticism no one would rest satisfied. Here we have home life which is not home life, though legislation has guarded wife, and child, and the fabric in which they live. Here is social life, of all the most empty, though Licensing Laws have acted and reacted. Here are schemes for education, and we cannot but feel that the men and the women have caught scarce a touch from the sacred altar of sweeter things. Here are religious organisations, and Lancashire is heathen almost absolutely, in spite of mission services, and able, energetic preachers, and elaborate parochial systems. The fault is with the individual ; and yet the individual is not to be blamed. The fact is, that the Juggernaut of industry has progressed faster than the humankind which has had to carry out the work of industry ; and so the humankind is rather under the wheel, than guiding it aright.

And we are boasting the scale of wages, and with excellent reason. But it would seem that we have other work to do, and that it must be done, if the industrial population is not to be lost to everything which is worthy of diligent search and cultivation in this life. The spread of the materialism of England is very different from the spread of the materialism of France. The former was, and is, unconscious. No philosophers teach it, and no men acclaim their

THE LIFE OF THE ARTISAN

acceptance of it. None the less, it is there ; and we have to meet it by something in the way of idealism. It is not that we have to offer opportunities, so much as to evoke the power and the desire to take advantage of the opportunities ; it is not that we have to remove grievances, but rather inertnesses ; it is not that we have to check vices and tendencies, but rather that we have to implant desires for the things of deeper import, and, in some way or other, to introduce in the stead of the sluggish, day-by-day, eventless, and hopeless life, irritated into tolerableness by occasional excitements unworthy of men with brains, a keen interest in movements and national aims, and the insight into those things of beauty which are so intangible, that, in a materialistic day, they are overlooked. Unless we have the foresight to do this, we may see a shaking of the dry bones in the valley ; and then it will be too late.

JOHN GARRETT LEIGH

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

THE long, narrow valleys lying between the spurs and ranges of the Pennine Chain are sprinkled with industrial settlements, and filled with a teeming population of workers in the pits, kilns, mills, quarries, and foundries, that cover the face of the country. Strangers from the South, visiting industrial Lancashire for the first time, are usually somewhat dismayed by the terror and wonder of it. They are overcome by the smoke, grit, and noise, and by the prevailing odours of oil and chemicals. Their sense of amazement that any civilised people can be induced to reside here, is blended with a kind of indignant pity for these seemingly miserable, toilworn inhabitants, tramping the daily round of their treadmill existence.

Lancashire, as I am well aware, needs no apologist, nor do I propose to play any such impertinent *rôle* ; but the present paper is an attempt to show that this attitude is a completely mistaken one. A great deal of uncalled for pity is quite needlessly expended upon the Lancashire operative ; and no one would laugh at it more heartily, or repudiate it with more scorn, than the Lancashire people themselves. That there are pitiable conditions of abject misery in Lancashire, as elsewhere in England, I would be the last to deny ; but they are in Lancashire, as elsewhere, the outcome of vice, not of the life conditions—as such—of the working people. Dirt and smoke are disagreeable, certainly, but they are far from making existence intolerable ; and those who have been brought up in this atmosphere do not suffer, equally with the chance visitor, from the torments of possible comparisons. The people are rough-mannered ;

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

but they are warm-hearted and very kindly. With them, as the French proverb has it, the manner is the man: they are brusque because they are busy, they have the preoccupied air of one whose whole being is absorbed in his work, and who cannot afford to waste his words. Yet, in spite of their taciturnity, these valley dwellers are far from being a dull people. Your yokel can grin, but he has no real laugh in him, whereas your Lancashire man or woman shakes with laughter upon any occasion which rouses the very strong sense of humour that possesses him or her.

Stand with me in imagination, at mid-day, opposite one of the great factory gates, just when the great bell clangs out the dinner hour. Immediately, while it is still ringing, a number of people emerge; then pours out a stream of workers, increasing every minute, till a flowing tide of human beings fills the roadway, and carriages can only pass at a foot's pace among them. See them come out in files, and groups, and masses, all with one obvious aim—to get to their homes as quickly as may be. Observe their lively, intelligent faces. Here comes a group of big girls together, one or two of them laughingly shouting over their shoulders at a company of chaffing young fellows behind. These reply with equal spirit, and so the ball is kept up between them till they pass out of earshot. Many of the women come out smiling or talking vociferously, as they throw their shawls over head and shoulders. The men, on the contrary, do not talk much, but merely nod their heads or shake them with a knowing smile, as some well-aimed shaft of wit or satire hits home. A few slacken to light their pipes before starting, some mount bicycles and speed away, others again loiter about waiting for companions who have not yet come out. Regarded in the mass, how swiftly they all move. Some of the men seem to be walking almost at the “double”; so that the lads accompanying them have often to run to keep up. And, mark you, all these men and women who walk so briskly away have been closely confined—with only the breakfast interval—in the stuffy mill atmosphere since dawn; yet there is nothing dull or fagged in their demeanour. They seem fit and vigorous enough, judging by their pace; and, in less than an hour, if we choose to wait, we shall see

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

them return, joking and talking as vivaciously as if they were hurrying to take their places for the play.

The comparison is not so inapt as might be supposed ; for, as a matter of actual fact, the great majority of the Lancashire operatives love their mill-life, and, so far from regarding it as a hardship, they are only miserable when, from sickness, age, or domestic requirements, they are obliged to stay at home. Another explanation of the ardour with which this populace goes to and from its daily work is to be found in the comparative prosperity and physical comfort enjoyed by the workers. They are, for the most part, well housed, well fed, and well clothed ; and they receive good wages. And—what is especially cheering in their limited circumstances—if any particular place, either of work or residence, proves unpleasant or inconvenient, they can very easily change it for another. For change of employment there is ample scope, inasmuch as many of the trades and manufactures are interdependent. To the all-round handiness of the Northerner nothing comes amiss, whether it be weaving, stone-breaking, engineering, carting, carpentering, hedge-cutting, or hay-making.

As an instance of their fondness for changing and varying their occupations, I venture to quote the example of a smith-wheel-wright whom I have long known, and who, getting tired of that occupation, has, as he tells me, given it up altogether. I found him some little time ago, building two cottages after his own designs, and doing every part of the work himself, though before this he had never, to my knowledge, built anything higher than a garden wall. Similarly, many of the “colliers” (as the coal-miners are called here) change their occupation after middle life. Their high wages enable them, if they are thrifty, to retire with a competency, and to devote themselves to some hobby or fancy to which they have previously been attracted. Some take small grazing farms, or poultry runs, others become horse, dog, or pigeon fanciers. Market-gardening is the delight of a few, and one retired miner, whom I know well, has taught himself (for he was never apprenticed) watch and clock making, and now owns a considerable jewellery business. Gifted with a remarkable genius for applied

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

mechanism, he, together with his sons (who seem to have inherited their father's capacity), spends most of his spare time in perfecting a patent loom he has invented. In connection with this fondness for changing employment, I might also mention a small tenant farmer of our own who was formerly a coal-miner, but gave up mining about twenty-five years ago, and took to grass-farming. His sons and daughters work in the factory ; but one or two of them attend to the cows and take out the milk after factory hours. In harvest time it is an interesting sight to see the fine old man, surrounded, in patriarchal fashion, by his sons and sons-in-law, all mill-hands, who cut, rake, and lead the hay for him, and help to build the stack or put it into the barn.

A further explanation of the Lancashire operative's joy in his work is to be found in the actual bodily vigour of this people. Overmuch has, I think, been written about the degeneration of the factory workers. Small of stature they may be ; but they are tough and wiry beyond belief, and their powers of endurance would astonish those who put them to the test of fitness.¹ Factory work is also popular because, unlike shop, farm, or domestic service, it is so free from the constraint of a personal tie between employer and employed. Little responsibility attaches to the worker ; at his own will he comes or goes, and no one thinks any the worse of him for changing either his work or his master. In other ways, too, the close and joint co-operation of the mills and workshops brings with it the obvious reaction, and tends to individualism, each worker in his " off " time betaking himself to that particular form of amusement or recreation that lies nearest his heart.

This valley, like the rest of Lancashire, is the home of all manner of athletic sports and pastimes, such as running, jumping, swimming, or walking competitions. As in all populous districts, there is also a certain portion of the inhabitants which is addicted to coursing with greyhounds, rat-hunting, pigeon-flying, and various kinds of racing and

¹ By a curious coincidence, some time after these words were written it was brought to my notice that the champion wrestler of the world, at his weight, is a Lancashire (I think Oldham) man.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

gambling. Cricket claims its followers in the short summer months ; but football is the serious occupation of the spring, autumn, and winter. There is for me, I confess, no more inspiring sight, on a Saturday afternoon in the season, than to watch a company of admiring followers escorting the local team to the club ground in the immediate vicinity of the town, where they are to meet and play their rivals. With what pride and dignity they carry the ball, and how the small boys vie with each other in trying to look as big as possible. See them all jostle and straggle over fields and fences together, till, arrived at the goal and in changed apparel, they charge and recharge for possession of the ball. Now it is on this side, now on that, now it rises high in air and falls in the midst of them. With what bated breath the onlookers watch the scrimmage, and with what relieved lung power they cheer the goal-keeper when, with some cool and well-directed kick, he drives back the threatened invasion, and saves the goal !

While the money lavishly spent by these valley-dwellers upon pleasure excursions is to be deplored—and all the more so that it is occasionally borrowed, or expended out of all proportion to the spender's income—it may be pleaded in excuse that the toilers feel the imperative need of a break, and, with characteristic obstinacy, are determined to have it. On fine Saturday afternoons the roadways are thronged with driving parties, and the trams and railway-platforms crowded with passengers setting off to the nearest town, or on a half-day trip to the sea.

But, gregarious as numbers of these working people are, and fond of taking their pastime in crowds together, there is a considerable remnant that prefers to take its holiday very differently, a remnant that shrinks alike from the roystering companionship of the excursionists and from the clamour of the football field, and to which the ordinary profitless amusements of its neighbours are almost anathema. These are the quiet, thoughtful workers, steadfast and temperate in word and deed, total abstainers many of them, lovers of Nature always, frequently book-lovers also, and great readers of the Bible. These men, hale and hearty at the age of three-score years and upwards, were

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

among the pioneers of the great social, religious, political, and educational movements of their day, the early and passionate advocates of Temperance Reform, of the Co-operative, the Church, the Unitarian, or the Methodist movements respectively.

Many of these men are strong pedestrians, and, even at the ripe age of three-quarters of a century, not a few can still cover their thirty miles with ease. As my attention was recently drawn to an account given by one of these pioneers of a walk he had lately undertaken for the pure pleasure of it, I venture to offer a very short extract. It opens as follows :—

“When I was a good deal younger than I am now, and was weaving at the old commercial mill . . . while in the boiler-house one dinner hour, they began to speak of a man that was going to be hung at Lancaster the day after. Some one suggested going, and several of us started after the mill closed, and walked through the night, when, owing to the darkness, we could not see any of the beauties of the road. So, as just now seems to be an age for walking, I thought I would take one of my young days’ walks, and walk to Lancaster. . . . I was pleased with the beautiful old roads and the number of blackberry bushes laden with fruit that grew along the sides. Further on, I picked a little bunch of honeysuckle to replace a rose which I had in my coat After I had covered 6 or 8 miles further, I came across some men repairing the roads and hedges, one or two of whom were smoking. As I was in good humour, I began to talk to them, telling them how far I had walked, and what age I was. I also told them I had neither smoked nor yet spent a penny in intoxicating drinks. I then gave them a short teetotal speech, trying to show them what they would gain by taking their money home instead of to the Public House. You see I tried to make my journey a useful one. When I was leaving they thanked me, and wished me a safe journey I arrived at Lancaster at about five o’ clock. It was not a short walk for one who was born in the year 1832.”

Such men are the backbone of Lancashire, and are to-day, in the opinion of those who know, its crowning pride and boast. They are, for the most part, men of a keen and fine critical faculty, possessing great powers of general and particular observation.

That such powers should have become specialised in many directions is, I think, obvious ; and the Valley can boast many clever amateur naturalists. I know nothing more delightful than a conversation with some of these veteran collectors, who have made the *flora* and *fauna* of the district their special study. One of these, a fine botanist,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

may be seen any day in the season, setting out upon his solitary ramble, "just to see how things are getting along," as he will tell you. By profession, this old gentleman is a music teacher; but botany has been the private and absorbing passion of his life. There is no plant, grass, flower, fern, or tree, in the adjacent fields or hedges, of which he does not know the name, and the exact spot where it may at any season be found. He can put his hand in a moment upon unsuspected botanical specimens growing almost under your very feet. He can show you the wild barberry growing in the hedgerow, and can direct you for early coltsfoot, marsh marigold, or dusky cranesbill. He, alone perhaps, can tell you where, in this neighbourhood, the melancholy thistle grows.

Another neighbour, a mason by trade, is a fine conchologist by private acquirement. Once, at my special request, he kindly examined a varied collection of shells I had long, but quite ignorantly, possessed. He classified them, and dictated to me the Latin name of each one of them, thus infusing a meaning into what had hitherto been for me a merely unintelligible jumble. Another friend, a travelling draper (now a fast disappearing type), is a gifted ornithologist, and has a valuable collection of birds' eggs. I only discovered his gift by accident, as he was showing me some samples of cloth in a room that looked upon a secluded corner of the garden. He then and there pointed out to me one or two varieties of birds, common enough, but strange to my unseeing eyes; and, among the rest, one rare stranger, a fine ringed-ousel, which chanced to be just then feeding on the lawn. He showed me also two or three varieties of warblers which, in my ignorance, I had hitherto taken for something hopelessly wrong—wrens, I think. He mentioned places, quite near, where owls could be met with, and he knew the rare haunts of hawks and eagles. He also spoke of a wild upland moor on the hill side, where now and again you could hear the peculiar cry of the curlew—which he described as like the noise made by some one blowing bubbles with a reed over water.

Yet another old friend—now dead—had a very remarkable collection of butterflies. He was only a simple

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

weaver by occupation, yet he contrived to travel all over England in search of specimens. Like many of his fellow townsmen, who still remain, he was a great pedestrian, and thought nothing of a thirty mile walk in pursuit of his especial hobby. He, with several other ardent naturalists, often organised expeditions for the examination of the neighbouring geological strata, which, belonging, as I am told they do, to the older formations, are peculiarly rich in fossil remains. Many years ago, also, I recollect the stir that was caused by the discovery of a large fossilised skull by some workmen who were laying a deep gas-main. The local experts were equal to the occasion, and quite correctly pronounced it to be that of an "elk," a verdict which scientists who have subsequently examined it have confirmed.

It must be admitted that, with one notable exception, the sciences claim more disciples than do the arts among these valley workers. Nevertheless, there is one art which has not left herself without witness among us ; for, to many of the elder generation of workers, music has been the darling passion of their lives. I can at the present moment call to mind at least half a dozen old friends to whom the grave, religious compositions of the old masters are things of awe and wonderment, only to be spoken of with reverence and bated breath. In early times, it appears, these music lovers came together, and formed a kind of orchestral society to study these masterpieces. After a time, a "Choral Union" followed, and, finally, both choir and orchestra were trained to the annual performance of one of the great oratorios. Scarcely a winter of my childhood was passed without the excitement caused by the performance of the *Messiah*, the *Elijah*, or the *Creation*, on which stupendous occasion the local violins would be led by the well-known Herr Jacobi of the then Hallé Orchestra : an arrangement which did honour both to the enterprise and true musical instinct of the local management. I seem still to hear the thunders of applause that greeted the handsome and distinguished *maestro*, as he stepped quietly forward to take his place among the humble artisan orchestra ; and I can still see the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

enthusiastic reverence with which these turned their eyes towards him, and followed his lead.

Ballad concerts are now more in request, but the standard of taste is still high. It would probably have surprised the reader, as much as it did me, to have heard the fine and delicate rendering of *Bid me Discourse*, given by a mill girl with a remarkable soprano voice, at a recent musical gathering. But surprises of all kinds await the enquirer who becomes intimate with the tastes and attainments of this wonderful people. I was recently talking with a weaver—a man of very decided character. Music became the topic, and, at the mention of some famous modern singers, his eyes glistened, and he made an impatient gesture of dissent. He had heard Patti *in her prime*; and, for him, the world held no other singer. He then told me how, only a few years ago, hearing that the *prima donna* was advertised to sing some thirty miles away, he and some kindred spirits rose with the dawn, walked all the distance, and finally obtained tickets at half a guinea each, just to hear again the charm and finish of that *Home, Sweet Home*, which they had once heard and never forgotten.

Glee-singing is the passion of these valley dwellers; and there are many companies of them. Nothing more entrancing can be imagined than to hear them burst upon the frosty silence of a Christmas morning with their *Christians, Awake!* or *Hail! Smiling Morn.* They have learnt nothing professionally, but are all self-taught. See this dusty, broad-shouldered mason, coming down the road with his tool-bag swinging from his shoulder, as he salutes us gravely and passes on. This man, mark you, is the original trainer and master of them all. To hear the company of singers whom he has led for the last twenty years render the Stainer *Amen*, or any of the old Scotch, or English part-songs,—such as *Robin Adair*, *In a Cell or Cavern Deep*, *Celia's Arbour*, or, perhaps best of all, *Allan Water*,—is to have one of the treats of a lifetime.¹

¹ It will perhaps be remembered that, at the last year's Eisteddfod at Ruabon, a Lancashire choir, or glee party, won the prize against the competition of all the Welsh choirs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

Except in this matter of music, Fine Art is little known in the Valley ; but her handy maid-of-all-work, Design, is a well-deserving favourite. It is perhaps typical of the happy-go-lucky method of Art teaching among us, that the local Art master should present himself in the person of the working market-gardener, now jogging dreamily up the road in his somewhat broken-down-looking "lurry." Yet, his artisan exterior notwithstanding, we have here a teacher of so enthusiastic and painstaking a character, that pupils flock to his classes in preference to all others. The study of both arts and sciences will, however, very soon be placed upon a more permanent basis in this district ; and the roomy and well-lighted Technical Institute is a triumph for the pioneers of popular education, who have worked for this end from their youth upwards. They have laboured, and their children are entering into the fruits of their labours.

From what I have seen of the younger generation, they appear to be no less full of vigour and enterprise than were their fathers before them. But their enterprise takes new and startling directions. They have a passion for seeing the world ; and I was quite recently amazed to discover that three mill girls, whom I know well, had taken a short summer trip to New York and back, just to see what America was like. Similarly, many of the young men are abroad seeking their fortunes : this one is running a factory in Egypt ; that one managing a large business in Russia ; another is in the Indian Department of Woods and Forests. A fourth, who has just returned from the Pacific, came back viâ Washington, and recounts with pride how he visited the White House, and shook hands with President McKinley.

It is also typical of the advancing and daring modern spirit, that the young people of the Valley are devoted to the art of acting. There is no theatre in the town, so that dramatic performances are only rendered possible by the enterprise of amateurs. But enterprise is not lacking ; and an amateur company has, for many years back, given performances of a most classical and ambitious character in a local hall. They will be content with nothing short of the highest : Shakespeare ! *Hamlet* is their favourite,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

though the *Merchant of Venice* runs him very close, and they are not afraid even of attempting *Macbeth*. As a study in the potentialities of unaided individual achievement, their performances have been most interesting. I doubt if any of these players has seen a single modern performance of any of Shakespeare's plays ; but it is quite certain they have caught the perfect spirit of them. Peculiarities of diction there must be, of course, among a comparatively uneducated and inexperienced cast, consisting, as it does, of a printer's assistant, a French polisher, a carpenter, a house-painter's apprentice, a monumental mason, a plumber, a weaver, and the greengrocer's daughters and nieces. But all minor blemishes are forgotten in the amazing enthusiasm with which they carry the piece through. Nowhere have I seen *Hamlet* played with more conviction or dignity, than by this local artisan company. To me, I confess, the whole performance is a continual piece of wonderment. Whence these attitudes and graces ? Can this young fellow, who bears himself with the peculiar distinction that reserve and melancholy confer on the Prince of Denmark—can he be merely the tall quiet youth who executes your order over the stationer's counter next morning ? Refinement is innate in the soul of most women, therefore the sympathetic charm of *Ophelia* (the greengrocer's daughter) is not altogether surprising ; and yet her sweet, mad singing, the realistic touch lent by its inconsequent breaks and snatches, is surely a marvel of original achievement. With the broad humour of the grave-diggers the Lancashire spirit is completely in harmony : it is merely themselves in a previous century. But the courtiers ! This fine young gallant handling the foils, where has he caught the poise, and all the Elizabethan manner of it ? How comes it that, apprentices or artisans as I know them all to be, they are neither awkward nor embarrassed in their unaccustomed robes, nor abashed with all this old-time bravery of doublet, rapier, and shoulder-cloak ? I confess I find it difficult to decide whether to marvel more at the high-flying ambition of this gallant little stage-company, or at an achievement which of its kind—that is, as Shakespeare acted by the people—falls, in no particular, short of the very best. The

THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY

secret of it all lies, here as elsewhere, in that absence of self-consciousness, combined with a strong belief in their own capacity, that is so eminently characteristic of this fine Northern people. Just as they can rarely be persuaded to undertake what they do not feel they can carry to completion, so, on the other hand, in what they actually attempt, their self-confidence bears them triumphantly onwards: *possunt quia posse videntur*.

If I have appeared to dwell at some length on these last instances of Lancashire artisan intelligence, it has been in order to show my readers that the gifts of specialisation, so conspicuous in the elder generation, are still amongst us. The *comparative* attainments of the growing youth of Lancashire are startling in their quality and intensity; and it is certain that, in the future, these powers will be a strongly positive force for either good or evil. The future of England is linked, to a far greater extent than is realised, with the fate of the toiling millions of the North. It is for those who are responsible for the education of these keen Lancashire intelligences, to see to it that they are not directed merely to the acquisition of material wealth, and that their higher aspirations are not dwarfed in the cramping mines of purely technical training. It will be the duty and privilege of their instructors, as occasion serves, to practise their ardent and willing energies in the exercise grounds of discipline and self-restraint, and afterwards to lead them into the free fields of a noble altruism.

ALICE LAW

CNIDUS

CNIDUS is not yet a seaside resort, nor am I afraid of making it one by describing my visit to it. There are some places that are safe from popularity—for example, that peninsula in Southern Asia Minor, townless, roadless, three miles across and fifty miles long, at the end of which lies Cnidus.

Greek captains never will use a chart. They sometimes have one, but it is always locked up in a drawer; for, as they truly say, it is nothing but paper and lines, which are not the least like the sea, and it is far better to trust to yourself, especially in parts where you have never been before. But, as they combine instinct with caution, progress is sometimes slow; and, instead of having a long afternoon at Cnidus, we did not anchor till five o'clock, and it was pouring with rain.

Desire for information tempted some of us ashore; the name of Asia others. By some mischance, we were landed on the broken edge of the town wall, and had to stumble upward over vast blocks of dislodged stone, amid the rapture of competent observers, who had discovered that the iron clamps were those used in classical times, and that we were straining our ankles over masonry of the best period. Within the walls were darkness and much mud, such as there is within the Hades of Aristophanes, and heavy dropping rain, such as befouls the Limbo of Dante, and at first the great silence that befits a city dead a thousand years.

So I have never seen Cnidus, for the land was only an outline, and the sea ran into the sky. And who would expect visions from a dripping silhouette, when, time after

CNIDUS

time, the imagination has dwelt in vain desire amidst sun and blue sky and perfect colonnades, and found in them nothing but colonnades and sky and sun? But, that evening, under those weeping clouds, the imagination became creative, taking wings because there was nothing to bid it rise, flying impertinently against all archæology and sense, uttering bird-like cries of "Greek! Greek!" as it flew, declaring that it heard voices because all was so silent, and saw faces because it was too dark to see. I am ashamed of its outbreak, and will confine myself to facts, such as they are.

Cnidus, then, is only an outline. The high mountains of the peninsula are on the right, and on the left is the great Triopian promontory, joined to the mountains by a flat and narrow strip of sand. Thus the city is shaped like a dumb-bell—athletic similes are pardonable when the theme is Greek—having a throne on the mountains, a throne on Triopia, and a smooth causeway whereby she may pass between them. I do not know whether Greek art has ever embodied Cnidus as a maiden dominating the Aegean from a double seat of empire. It might very well be; for has not Eutychides personified Antioch bending over the side of a hill, to dip her feet in the waters of Orontes? Such conceptions, I ought to add, do not date from the best period of art, and therefore give no pleasure to those whose taste is really pure.

There are two harbours. Our steamer was in one, and the other was the Trireme harbour beyond the causeway, and our destination. We went to one or two temples, I think, and an agora; and I know we went to the theatre, for I fell off the stage into the orchestra, to the confusion of the competent observers, who, in the uncertain light, had mistaken the stage for the base of the harbour pier. The orchestra is planted with Jerusalem artichokes, and the mud in it is more glutinous than the mud outside.

Somewhere or other there must have been the temple of Apollo, and the temple of Poseidon, and the shrine of the nymphs, in whose honour all the men of the Dorian Hexapolis came yearly to race; and somewhere else there must have been the ruined house of the Cnidian Aphrodite. But

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

I did see the home of the goddess who has made Cnidus famous to us, for, far up on the right, the mountain had been scarped and a platform levelled, and someone pointed it out and said: "That is the precinct of the Infernal Deities, where they got the Demeter"—that Demeter of Cnidus, whom we hold in the British Museum now. She was there at that moment, warm and comfortable in that little recess of hers between the Ephesian Room and the Archaic Room, with the electric light fizzling above her, and casting blue shadows over her chin. She is dusted twice a week, and there is a railing in front, with "No Admittance," so that she cannot be touched. And if human industry can find those lost arms of hers, and that broken nose, and human ingenuity can put them on, she shall be made as good as new.

I am not going to turn sentimental, and pity the exiled Demeter, and declare that her sorrowful eyes are straining for the scarped rock, and the twin harbours, and Triopia, and the sea. She is doing nothing of the sort. If her eyes see anything, it must be the Choiseul Apollo who is in the niche opposite; and she might easily do worse. And if, as I believe, she is alive, she must know that she has come among people who love her, for all they are so weak-chested and anæmic and feeble-kneed, and who pay her such prosaic homage as they can. Demeter alone among gods has true immortality. The others continue, perchance, their existence, but are forgotten, because the time came when they could not be loved. But to her, all over the world, rise prayers of unconscious idolatry from suffering men as well as suffering women, for she has transcended sex. And poets too, generation after generation, have sung in passionate incompetence of the hundred-flowered Narcissus and the rape of Persephone, and the wanderings of the goddess, and her gift to us of corn and tears; so that generations of critics, obeying also their need, have censured the poets for reviving the effete mythology of Greece, and urged them to themes of living interest which shall touch the heart of to-day.

There have been other finds in that mountain precinct—some fascinating terra-cotta pigs for example, broad of

CNIDUS

back and steady of poise, and a number of those interesting *katadesmoi*, leaden tablets stamped with curses, which have thrown such a flood of light on the subject of classical vituperation. But we had no time to go up there, and plunged along, over a real ploughed field, to reach the Trireme harbour while there was yet a vestige of light.

The rain hammered down on our umbrellas, and filled our ears with fictitious uproar. It was only when we put the umbrellas down to speak or listen to each other, that we heard what was really happening. There were sounds then from the black and the illimitable grey—the bark of a dog, a sheep coughing in the wet, and most certainly the sound of human voices. We put up our umbrellas again and hurried on ; for human voices are alarming when they cease to be imaginary. It is not pleasant to meet new people in the dark.

The long ploughed field ended in a stone wall and a sharp slope of cliff. Looking down, I saw the Trireme harbour at last—a perfect curve of grey that bit into the black. It must face west ; for it still shone, though not with colour, being to the eye without substance or perspective—a vast well that went through the middle of the earth into nothing. Some great building had fallen into the shallows ; and pillars, capitals, and cornices were isolated mysteriously, as if in air. Only by the delicate smell and the delicate whisper of ripples on the sand, was it revealed to us that it was a harbour, and filled with the sea.

We had to turn at once and hurry back over the fields to our own harbour ; for the rain was wetting us through, and it was quite dark now, and late, and voices were calling all about the hills. There was light of a kind by the boats—the light of phosphorescence, that was born when the ripples clashed and died when they subsided. And a small Japanese lantern, grotesquely incongruous, assisted us to embark.

Heads were counted, to see that no one was missing. There were ten already in the boats, and seven pressing to get in, stumbling about amid sea urchins and wet rocks ere they did so. And five more were coming up behind, all blurred out of the night. We were twenty-two in all ; but

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

that was hardly satisfactory, for we had started out twenty-one. Someone had joined us.

It is well known (is it not ?) who that extra person always is. This time he came hurrying down to the beach at the last moment, and tried to peer into our faces. I could hardly see his ; but it was young, and did not look unkind. He made no answer to our tremulous greetings, but raised his hand to his head and then laid it across his breast, meaning, I understand, that his brain and his heart were ours. Everyone made clumsy imitations of his gesture, to keep him in a good temper. His manners were perfect. I am not sure that he did not offer to lift people into the boats. But there was a general tendency to avoid his attentions, and we put off in an incredibly short space of time. He melted away in the darkness after a couple of strokes, and we before long were back on the steamer, amid light, and the smell of hot meat, and the pity and self gratulations of those who had been wise enough to stop on board.

It was indeed an absurd expedition. We returned soaked and shivering, without a photograph, without a sketch, without so much as an imprecatory tablet to link the place with reality and the world of facts. It lies a defenceless prey to the sentimental imagination, and, as I am absolutely certain never to go there again, I do not see how it is to be rescued. I never cease to dry up its puddles, and brush away its clouds, and span it over with blue sky in which is hanging a mid-day sun that never moves. I saw nothing when I was there ; and self-respect forbids me to write what I can see there now. Even over that extra person the brain will not keep steady.

E. M. FORSTER

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

SOME few years back, a distinguished Government official, Mr. D. R. Fearon—speaking more particularly of what he himself, as a Charity Commissioner, had seen of the growth of the Welsh secondary school system—addressed a Yorkshire audience on “The Romance of Welsh Education.” A phrase so flattering to Welsh patriotic susceptibilities soon became, as might have been expected, one of the stock watchwords of educational orators in the Principality. It lent itself so admirably to purposes alike of eulogy and of adjuration. When any new enterprise had to be broached, or some signal achievement panegyrised, the people were inevitably invited to bethink themselves of the “romance” of their educational history. The word still retains its vogue and its power; for the pages of the romance are by no means closed. Chapters big with adventure are still in store. But it is easy to pardon those who hold that the most precious and soul-stirring episodes are over, and that Wales will see nothing quite like them again—nothing comparable to the passionate zeal, the self-sacrifice, the chivalry, the “painful patience in delays,” which distinguished the efforts of those who, from Henry Richard and Sir Hugh Owen down to Thomas Ellis and Viriamu Jones, have brought us where we are. For the full meaning of the “romance” comes home only to those Welshmen who have themselves borne the brunt of the long struggle for Higher Education, who have lived through all its moving accidents, who have felt in mind, body, time, and purse, the strain and the sacrifices that it entailed, who have known its disappointments and despairs, no less than its hopes and enthusiasms. But it

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

was a sympathetic observer from the safe shore of Whitehall who first used the word, and proceeded to justify his application of it by pointing out in detail how no more remarkable educational reform than the establishment of the Welsh secondary school system had, within the same space of time, ever been accomplished in any European country. Some of the results of this movement I shall have occasion presently to describe and to appraise. Its romantic character, in common with the movement for University education in Wales, consists in its being, above everything, a popular movement—an expression of the desire and the zeal of the common people of Wales for Higher Education.

It is hard for those who have watched the gradual rise of the educational fabric in the Principality to be obliged now to speak in terms which suggest that something is wrong with its foundations. For the moment, the "romance" seems to be forgotten, and everybody is talking, pragmatically and often only too acrimoniously, about the "crisis" in Welsh education. The newspapers from time to time flash disturbing intelligence about "the Welsh revolt" against the Education Act. The builders of the Welsh system of secondary education would have trembled for the fate of the structure upon which they spent so much anxious thought and labour, could they have foreseen the dangers to which it was to be exposed, by the attempts of a reactionary Government to reconstruct the rotten fabric of primary education. As things stand, the entire system of administration with which the Welsh secondary schools came into being has been swept away. The old county governing bodies are either extinct, or—as the result of a momentary reprieve from the Board of Education—only awaiting extinction. The Central Welsh Board remains, so far, untouched amid the general wreck; but it can only be said, at best, to maintain a precarious existence—a statutory shadow, deprived of the constituent elements which once gave it administrative and financial substance. The government of the primary schools is in a similar state of chaos. The old School Boards are gone, or are going; and the voluntary schools are, in most places, threatened with partial

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

“starvation,” as their friends put it, because of the ruthless insistence of the county councils upon public control.

The situation is, doubtless, critical enough; and the prophets of evil are not gravelled for lack of matter. The optimists, however, are in the majority, and have, on the whole, both precedent and reason on their side. No intelligent student of the character of the Welsh educational movement, of its impulses, its aims and ideals, its amenability to firm guidance and expert control, can fail to have faith in its future. The essentially popular and spontaneous character of the movement from the start justifies the confident expectation that, out of the present dislocation, notwithstanding the many inconveniences and the possible disasters the near future may bring with it, there will emerge a more spacious and durable educational edifice than even the sanguine pioneers of thirty years ago dared hope for. It is even conceivable, with the aid of a little imagination, that the sudden Parliamentary stroke which abolished the county governing bodies, and the consequent bold policy of the county councils in fighting the enemy at the gate on the question of popular control, may come, when the passions of the moment have subsided, to be regarded as but another chapter in the expanding “romance” of Welsh education. It is difficult to believe that, in a country where the people have made education a cause of their own, educational and political interests will ever be allowed to clash, to the ultimate detriment of education.

The popular character of the educational movement in Wales is, at once, its strength and its weakness—though, as I have already hinted, much more its strength than its weakness. Its strength comes, in the first place, from the genuine desire and concern of the general body of the population for Higher Education, and, in the second place, from their proved readiness to make substantial personal sacrifices in order to secure it. The Welsh people of to-day have inherited what can only be called a tradition of culture, of a sort—a concern for the things of the mind which, though it may not be very deep, nor always particularly illuminating and liberalising in its operations, is at any rate earnest and widespread, and constitutes one of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the soundest influences in shaping and informing the Welsh national character. This it is which leads passionate Welsh patriots to draw comparisons, all, in favour of their own nationality, between the Welsh and the English working classes, and which inspires some of our younger Members of Parliament with a vital belief in the self-governing capacity of the Welsh democracy. The Sunday School, the Eisteddfod, the countless popular literary societies of Wales, have, between them, given the common people of the Principality—the small shopkeeper, the farmer, the artisan, the labourer—interests and pastimes very different from those of the same class in England. It used to be the habit of a certain type of English journal, from *The Times* downwards, to ridicule the Welsh National Eisteddfod; and the muscular English tourist of to-day wonders why, in the name of the goddess Hygiea, Welshmen will gather in such numbers to hear sermons on popular holidays. But even a “provincial” Eisteddfod, or a preaching meeting, is a form of relaxation of a much higher order than a football match or a horse-race. “An Eisteddfod,” wrote Matthew Arnold long ago, in reply to the strictures of *The Times*, “is a kind of Olympic meeting; and that the common people of Wales should care for such a thing at all shows something Greek in them, something spiritual, something humane, something (I am afraid one must add) which in the English common people is not to be found.” The humane spirit fostered by the Eisteddfod and its kindred institutions has been one of the main influences in predisposing the Welsh people to educational effort, and in keeping alive that interest in intellectual things which makes educational work in Wales so stimulating, and so much its own reward.

Again, the adult Sunday School, and the many subsidiary societies by means of which the Free Churches, in particular, minister to the intellectual, no less than to the spiritual, needs of their adherents, have been even more powerful factors in the formation of the modern Welsh character than the Eisteddfod and its numerous off-shoots. In addition to habits of self-help in mental culture, the Welshman has learnt, mainly in the strenuous school of Dissent, the constant practice of pecuniary sacrifice. In

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

the matter of enforcing the duty of voluntary contributions towards educational, no less than religious, institutions, and of setting signal examples of combined and organised effort for raising large funds, Dissent, in Wales at least, has proved anything but a *hortus siccus*. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it alone made the popular "collections" in aid of the Welsh colleges and secondary schools possible. Any one who examines the details, for example, of the Sustentation Fund raised for the Aberystwyth College during its days of trial in the 'seventies, will find that the subscription list is made up almost entirely of chapel collections. Out of a sum of £3,138 17s. 6d. raised in the year 1875-76, £1,526 15s. 8d. were contributed by subscribers of 2s. 6d. and upwards, while, as the Report tells us—

"the remaining sum of £1,612 1s. 10d. is made up of the contributions of at least 66,000 persons, making, with those whose names have been supplied, an aggregate of more than 70,000 contributors." "The collections were made," the Report continues, "in a very large proportion of Nonconformist places of worship, and in some instances in those of the Established Church. Where they were made from house to house, it is believed that many members of the Established Church availed themselves of the opportunity to co-operate with those of other denominations."

This single year's ingathering in aid of the first of the Welsh University Colleges, remarkable though it is as indicating the extent of the popular interest in Higher Education, is but a small item in the long and splendid list of popular subscriptions for educational purposes in Wales. The Report of the Departmental Committee, appointed by Lord Spencer to enquire into the educational needs of Wales in 1880, records the fact that, "largely by contributions from persons in very humble circumstances," a sum of £51,131 was raised between the years 1863 and 1880, for the foundation and maintenance of the Aberystwyth College. By the year 1894, the total sum contributed by the people for the support of the same college had amounted to £74,543. In the meantime, two rival institutions had been founded at Bangor and Cardiff, and, before the same year, sums of £78,940 and £44,708, respectively, had been contributed from purely voluntary sources in sup-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

port of these two colleges. It was in 1894 that the Welsh University Conference addressed a petition to the Treasury, praying for an annual grant to the newly-founded University of Wales. That petition stated, that if to the £198,191 raised by that time in aid of the three University Colleges:

“there be added the £60,000 or £70,000 subscribed for the buildings and plant necessary to found the new county intermediate schools, the amounts contributed to the eight voluntary Theological Colleges, the money found for the establishment and partial maintenance of the four Welsh Normal Colleges, the £3,000 contributed to the North Wales Scholarship Association, and the funds set on foot for purposes connected with the education of girls,—a sum of little less than £400,000 may fairly be estimated as voluntarily raised in Wales (independently of rates) for educational purposes, other than elementary, within the lifetime of a single generation.”

Let one further instance suffice of the way in which some of the items in this great total were raised. The University College of North Wales was opened in 1884. Early in 1883, an appeal for funds for the foundation of the college was made. In twelve months, the subscriptions amounted to upwards of £30,000, the total number of subscribers being nearly 8,000. In this case, there were no chapel collections, and the money was raised entirely by personal appeals, and, in many places, by a house-to-house canvass. Over £1,250 was contributed by the quarrymen of Bethesda and Llanberis, who themselves undertook the work of collection, by appointing collectors for each “gallery” in the quarries, and contributing, each monthly pay-day, a fixed sum out of their earnings. A somewhat similar effort among the miners of South Wales, resulted in the addition of a substantial amount to the subscription list of the University College at Cardiff.

Now, it is just in this popular desire and effort for Higher Education that one also finds the weakness of the Welsh educational movement. The present situation is full of dangers and of possibilities of disaster, precisely because of the zeal and the energy which have been thrown into the pursuit of high educational ideals. The people have, indeed, built, if not better, at any rate on a much larger scale, than they knew. The first Welsh University College was opened at Aberystwyth in 1872, with 52 students. At the present moment, that college alone educates some 450

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

students. The Cardiff and Bangor colleges were founded some eleven years later, and the students of those two colleges together now number close upon 800. There are thus, altogether, some 1,200 students attached to the three constituent colleges of the University of Wales. Before the passing of the Intermediate Education Act of 1889, Wales possessed no secondary schools, except a few endowed grammar schools, mainly of the English Public School type, of which not more than half-a-dozen were institutions of acknowledged success and repute. Scarcely any provision at all existed for the higher education of girls. At the present time, there are, in the Principality, no less than ninety-five county intermediate schools, founded by scheme and under full public control, educating between them over 8,700 boys and girls. Most of these schools have come into existence within the last twelve years. The echoes of a controversy, which was at one time waged with some spirit, about the multiplication of intermediate schools, have not yet quite died out. Just as the more far-sighted educational leaders of Wales found it difficult at one time to bring home to the people the true function and value of secondary education, so does the educational reformer of to-day find it hard to convince a certain stubborn class that the Principality is not being over-educated. Parents have, indeed, on the whole, endeavoured bravely to live up to the ideal of secondary education which was held out before them. They have commendably refrained from either expecting or demanding too much of the new schools, in the form of immediate cash returns to their children. The cry for more "bread-and-butter studies" is not even yet very loud and articulate in Wales. But it was inevitable that some sort of reaction should come, that the hopes and enthusiasms of fifteen years ago should fall considerably short of fulfilment. So we now find many a disillusioned parent willing to lend a ready ear to the complaints of old-fashioned squires, of retired merchants, and of nondescript cranks, who urge that the country is being over-educated, and is being taxed to the verge of ruin, only to save the faces of a handful of educational doctrinaires.

Time will do its sure work with the short views of
No. 6.—Vol. II. 289 u

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

those who talk about over-education. The really serious feature of the educational situation in Wales at the present moment is to be found in the daily accumulating evidence, that the colleges and schools are grievously under-financed. The penalty which Wales is called upon to pay, as the result of its long struggle for higher education, is not "over-education," so-called, but the necessity of finding adequate provision for the constantly increasing requirements of the crowd of institutions which the educational movement has brought into being. Let us look, first of all, at the needs of the University and its colleges, as they have been assessed by a competent and impartial authority. In an appendix to his published address *On the Influence of Brain-Power in History*, Sir Norman Lockyer calculates the financial requirements of the Welsh colleges, in the way of equipment and endowment, in order to place them on an equal footing of efficiency with the best American and Continental institutions of their type. The present annual income of the three Welsh colleges from private endowments amounts to £2,350, while they and the University between them receive, from Government, annual grants to the amount of £21,250. Sir Norman Lockyer, while paying a tribute to "the healthy but disproportionate effort" which has provided the colleges with such buildings and private endowments as they now possess, points out that :

"Wales has comparatively few men whose individual possessions could enable them to take part in endowing her colleges in any way commensurate with the need." "If, therefore," he continues, "the Government wishes that the £21,000 a year which it now spends in grants to the colleges and the University of Wales shall not be wasted, it is high time that it should face the question of what they really need."

After a full enquiry, he calculates that the three colleges need for buildings and equipment a capital sum of £438,300, and for endowment a sum of £3,496,700. This round sum of four millions :

"will not be thought an extravagant figure," Sir Norman concludes, "when it is remembered that the need of the Birmingham University was estimated at five millions, and that the Welsh colleges minister to the needs of a far more diverse population."

This, then, is the bill which Wales presents to the

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

public and to the State, after thirty years of voluntary effort on behalf of its University Colleges. But it by no means exhausts the obligations that have to be met. The Chief Inspector of the Central Welsh Board states, in his last report on the secondary schools, that, in his opinion, an additional revenue of at least £40,000 per annum is required to make these schools thoroughly efficient. The Intermediate Education Act of 1889 was, from a financial point of view, an absolutely futile measure, and, but for the fortuitous advent of the "whiskey money," the Welsh secondary schools, founded by schemes under that Act, would long since have had to close their doors. The new Education Act, with all its imperfections, enables the county councils to make some provision out of the rates for the needs of the secondary schools. An additional impost of a penny, or even of a halfpenny, in each county, would largely help the schools to tide over immediate difficulties ; and there is no doubt that the ratepayers will everywhere cheerfully submit to the increased rate, whenever the appeal comes to be made to them. But it is obvious that the schools, no less than the colleges, will ultimately require more assistance from the Imperial Exchequer. The immediately imperative demand for increased Treasury grants comes, however, from the University Colleges ; and it is now generally recognised that the authorities of the three colleges must very shortly be invited to combine in another petition to the Treasury.

The heavy obligations thus incurred by the various public bodies entrusted with educational administration in the Principality are, of course, quoted, by reactionaries of all sorts, as an instance of the ruinous tendencies of unchecked municipal and other local enterprise. But it is not only in their extravagant habits, and still more extravagant demands, that the enemies of the Welsh educational authorities see signs of coming danger ; their very constitution to them spells disaster and ultimate anarchy. Even the University and its colleges, we are told, are far too democratic in their government. Instead of being content with drawing the members of their Courts of Governors from among their subscribers, with a sprinkling of representatives of old and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

respectable educational corporations, the University Colleges have had the temerity to ally themselves with county and borough and rural district councils. They have gone a-begging among these local authorities for grants for technical education and other purposes, and have admitted them to a large share of representation on their governing bodies. County council representatives form a very large proportion of the members, even of the Court of the University of Wales. The proposal to elect county councillors on the Court was at one time regarded with dismay, and stubbornly resisted, even by some of the more progressive academic men who, ordinarily, have little in common with the croakers and the cheeseparers of the Church and Country party. Experience, however, has shown, that the academic members of the Court had little, if anything, to fear from the county council element ; and the University as a whole has undoubtedly profited by the close association into which it has thus been brought with the popular representative bodies of the Principality. As for the schools, the amendment moved by Sir Alfred Thomas in November 1902, which abolished the county governing bodies established under the Intermediate Education Act, and constituted the county councils the education authorities under the new Act, has made their government still more democratic. This change has caused much more alarm in certain quarters than it need have done. In a country where educational reform has been so largely an affair of the people, there is every reason to believe that a policy of trusting the people, and of giving them the fullest possible share in the management of their own schools, will have results commensurate in their advantages with the noble ardour and self-sacrifice which, for the last thirty years, have been themselves a kind of liberal education to all who have felt or been inspired by them.

Popular pressure, however, must be said to be, for the moment, a disturbing element in the development of the Welsh secondary schools. Largely in response to popular demands, the schools are, individually, attempting to do too much. The education given in them is too uniform in type ; and small and under-staffed schools are valiantly

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

struggling to crowd into their time-tables all the subjects taught in the larger schools. The Board of Education, and the Central Welsh Board, alike admit, that the differentiation of schools is one of the most serious problems with which the Welsh administrative authorities have now to deal. It is becoming increasingly felt, that school curricula will have, in many places, to be largely modified to suit the circumstances and needs of the locality ; and the difficulty of the authorities will be, to determine how such modifications can be effected, without the sacrifice of anything that is held to be essential to a sound general education. This question of differentiation is to some extent bound up with the larger question of the proper co-ordination of the primary and the secondary schools. Secondary school teachers constantly complain, that many of their pupils come to them too late, and leave them too early. They do not, they say, get a fair chance even of giving the children a sound general education, not to mention instruction in such special subjects as might be required to meet local needs. Premature withdrawal of pupils is due either to the poverty, or to the indifference and thoughtlessness of parents. The elementary schoolmaster, on the other hand, is chiefly responsible for keeping children back from entering the secondary school at the proper time ; it is not to his interest to part early with children whose performances may have an appreciable effect upon the size of his grant. Fortunately, the new Education Act provides a remedy for all this. By placing the primary and the secondary schools for the first time under the control of a common authority, it makes co-ordination at once possible and imperative. The "over-lapping," which has so long been a bone of contention between primary and secondary teachers, must be done away with. The primary teacher's salary should be fixed on a basis which will remove him from all temptation to exploit his pupils for any personal ends ; and the age and the tests for the transference of children from the primary to the secondary school should once for all be determined. The opinion of those best able to judge is, that twelve is the age at which, ordinarily, a child should proceed to the secondary school ; and it is

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

generally agreed that, to profit adequately by the instruction there given, he should stay at the school for a period of at least four years. It will at once be objected, that the fees are, in most of the secondary schools, too high for a large number of parents to allow their children to remain at school for so long a period. This, indeed, is only too true ; and the remedy must come in the form of free education in the secondary, as well as in the primary school. Even with free secondary education, some parents will find it difficult to keep their children at school for four years. For these children, as well as for others who will be debarred from entering a secondary school at all, provision will have to be made, in the form of a thoroughly organised system of Evening Continuation Schools. In any case, the proper co-ordination of the two classes of schools under their control is a task to which the new Education authorities will have at once to address themselves ; and effective co-ordination must, in the long run, spell free education all round.

While these are some of the difficult problems that await solution, the Welsh Education authorities have hitherto had their attention distracted from strictly educational work, by the call to fight the Government on the question of popular control. This it is which has precipitated the immediate "crisis" in Welsh education, although, as I have indicated, the new authorities will have critical business enough to deal with, when the din of the present political conflict has died away. For the moment, the struggle of the county councils with the Board of Education dwarfs everything else in public interest. From the instant the Government acquiesced in Sir Alfred Thomas's amendment, substituting the county councils for the old county governing bodies as the Education authorities in Wales, it became clear that it had, involuntarily, delivered itself over into the hands of its enemies. The first to grasp the possibilities of the situation was Mr. Lloyd-George, and, in January of last year, he issued a manifesto calling the Welsh county and borough councils to arms. All, with two or three exceptions, responded with alacrity, and, by pledging themselves to withhold rate-aid from all non-provided schools which should refuse to accept

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN WALES

full public control and the abolition of all religious tests in the appointment of their teachers, they stood together in that organised resistance to the Education Act, which has proved so much more effective than the sporadic "passive resistance" of English Nonconformists.

The Welsh policy of "active resistance," in spite of denunciations of its organisers as "law-breakers" and "thieves" and what not, has already all but justified itself. The Government is virtually helpless in the face of it. Neither the Board of Education, nor any other responsible authority, has, so far, had the courage to mandamus the Welsh county councils. In some cases, the Board of Education has sought to administer a temporary check to the recalcitrant councils, by postponing "the appointed day" within their respective areas, thus causing them some petty vexation and additional expense. But, in other counties, such as Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, the Act is already in operation, and the county councils are boldly administering it in their own way. If the Board of Education really meant to cow the Welsh local authorities, it should of right have tried to do so, not by postponing the appointed day in areas where the authorities have only threatened "to break the law," but by taking strong measures against those councils which are actually breaking it. The Board's half-hearted policy has been attributed to the hope, that the forthcoming county council elections would rescue it from all its difficulties. One can hardly believe that Whitehall has so signally failed to gauge the temper of the Welsh electorate in the present struggle as to cherish any such illusion. If the March elections in Wales are to be fought on the Education Question, the Government will not have long to wait to know what Wales really thinks of the Education Act.

As I write, everything seems to point to the triumph of the Welsh county councils, and to the surrender of the Government, on the main questions at issue. When the Bishop of St. Asaph, the ablest and most intrepid of the Welsh Church leaders, admits that full popular control and the appointment of teachers without religious tests, are inevitable, and when Church and Tory candidates for county councils are pledging themselves to support the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Progressive policy, the "last ditch" defenders of the Voluntary schools must know that the game is up. We are, I believe, on the eve of a settlement of the entire controversy, so far as Wales is concerned. The Government must, whether it likes it or not, ultimately concede full popular control and the free appointment of teachers to the Welsh councils, on condition that facilities be given for denominational religious instruction on every day of the week. The question whether these facilities shall be what are called "outside" or "inside" facilities will, doubtless, lead to some further friction; but, in either contingency, a victory for the Welsh local authorities on these conditions will be a remarkable one. Its inevitable corollary will be, the establishment of a separate Board of Education for Wales; and even this is now not obscurely foreshadowed. It may be taken for granted, however, that Wales will not submit to be governed by a Board which is in any sense bureaucratic; it must be in close touch with the local Education authorities. The link between such a Board and the local authorities is already at hand, in the proposed Joint Board, or federation, of county and borough councils which, although not explicitly provided for in the Education Act, has been implicitly sanctioned by the Board of Education. Thus will Wales have gained, in large measure, that educational autonomy, which is only the just reward and crown of a people's united effort to work out its own educational salvation.

W. LEWIS JONES

MR. BURDEN

CHAPTER IX

MR. BARNETT did not rise.

He held between his hands such "teeming destinies," he controlled in the pursuit of his high mission so many various men, that his life necessarily suffered from the tension of artificial effort.

He was the more inclined to relax upon those occasions when he felt himself in the presence of friends who were bound to him by the ties of gratitude. That evening in Norwood, such a temptation was enhanced by the influence of a cosy room, soda water, spirits, a deeply padded chair, and all the atmosphere of refinement.

He relaxed, I say, and a more truly lovable, because a more real, Mr. Barnett shone outwards through the surface of the man: a Mr. Barnett not anxious for his accent or for any other thing, a Mr. Barnett interior, domestic, and at ease.

In such a mood he saw no need to rise; but his courtesy did not forsake him, nor the inbred habit of a man of the world. He lifted himself some inches from the chair by a pressure of his left hand, and lifted up his right towards the owner of the house.

The high cosmopolitan sphere in which Mr. Barnett had been formed is naturally indifferent, as our eager English gentry also often are, to the conventions of the suburbs; but my readers must be certain that nothing could offend Mr. Burden more than a breach of the usages of Norwood.

Mr. Barnett's attitude was at first incredible to him: to this incredulity succeeded a gust of anger.

The late hour, the recent quarrel with his old friend, and, doubtless, the approach of illness, might have betrayed Mr. Burden into an irrevocable step. He might have left the room without speaking. He might even, so thoroughly was he put out, have manœuvred for his guest's departure by that process of persistent patient pressure which is called "kicking a man out of one's house." He might have sworn—had not Cosmo, with an excellent comprehension of his father's petty vagaries, saved the position.

For Cosmo stepped out to greet his father warmly; he expressed

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

every congratulation that he had been able to return in time ; he told the flurried merchant how long and anxiously the financier had waited ; with the pardonable exaggeration of filial care, he antedated Mr. Barnett's advent and his own by a little over three hours ; he insinuated in every tone that nothing but the overwhelming importance of his father's judgment could have led Mr. Barnett to so great an effort.

Mr. Burden was but partially appeased, he sat down in a stiff chair, not his own, and faced Mr. Barnett sternly, as one might a witness in a Court ; the Leader of Men returned his gaze with a beam of comatose good nature. His head leaned slightly to the right, his upper eye-lids (which were double, as are those of the vulture) dropped deeply down, but from the little slit of prominent eye beneath a liquid humour still gleamed. That humour played upon Mr. Burden steadily for some forty seconds, and then the voice spoke.

"I am ver' happy to zee you, Mr. Burten."

A thought ran through Mr. Burden's mind, it leapt into a formed phrase, he felt the words coming—but it never reached his lips. He controlled himself during the pause that followed, and, during that pause, it was most evident that Mr. Barnett's vast organising mind was plunging deeper and deeper into the baths of silence and recuperation.

When he spoke next, it was with eyes quite shut and head bending forward irregularly at intervals.

"About that fellow Äppott?" he said.

Mr. Burden did not answer.

"That fellow Äppott—" Mr. Barnett's big head wagged slowly in disapproval, "he is obstinate—but he is o.k. All right. Aha? Not so?" Mr. Barnett felt out with his right hand as though to lay it upon Mr. Burden's knee ; but, finding in the way the arm of the deep chair on which he sat, he patted that affectionately instead, and closed his eyes again, and was silent.

The younger and more active, though lesser, mind of Cosmo, came to the aid of Mr. Barnett, whom fatigue, coupled with his remaining difficulties in the English tongue, had led into some vagueness of expression. Cosmo was the better fitted to speak, by the fact that Mr. Barnett, earlier in the evening, when his mood had been for some reason more sprightly, had fully explained how and why Mr. Abbott was necessary to the M'Korio.

"Father," said Cosmo rapidly, "you know how very few men there are in London who know one subject ; Mr. Abbott really does know the Delta. That is the whole point. But I am not sure that Mr. Barnett quite understands. . . ."

MR. BURDEN

Mr. Barnett smiled and grunted; he was following, but indistinctly.

"Of course you know the difficulty, and I suppose I know it too. It all comes from what is finest in his nature; but the suspicion is intolerable, father. And that is another reason why he ought to come in."

After this lucid sequence of ideas, Cosmo, who was standing with his hand on the table looking anxiously at his father across the lamplight, said, with real earnestness: "We *must* get him to come in."

Mr. Barnett opened his eyes rather widely and suddenly, and said—

"Ah! Yes! He *môt* come in. That is so." He nodded wisely; then, had not breeding forbidden him, he would have gone to sleep.

He fought against the temptation successfully, straightened himself a little in his chair, and pursued the attack upon Mr. Burden in a manner whose effectiveness was only marred by his extreme drowsiness. There was in his manner that which should connote so extreme a respect for Mr. Burden's powers as to permit of confidence. He leant forward heavily and pressed his thumb against the merchant's ribs, not as do lighter men and less consistent, with a jerk or dig, but with a continuous pressure, such as one uses against an electric bell.

When he had done this, Mr. Barnett said, with increasing wakefulness and a kind of mock sadness in his voice:

"Sômetimes they do *nôt* come in. . . . No? . . . Then we. . . ." And Mr. Barnett made with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand a peculiar screwing motion, a gesture native to the conquering man. Having done so, he concluded: "we *môt* use *pres—sure*," and, as he said these words, he got up and stood steadily upon his feet.

It was a thing considerable and arresting to the eye to see the fumes of lethargy pass from that great mind, as mist does from the face of a mountain at morning; by an effort of the will it had thrown off sleep and the blessing of repose. The power of concentration had returned with every word during the last five minutes; the accent had grown purer; the attention more decisive. Mr. Barnett noted the hour, he noted the cast of Mr. Burden's face in the shade of the light, and interpreted it to mean a comprehension of his scheme. He exaggerated, I believe, the intelligence of his host and colleague.

He took his hat from the table and put it firmly and ceremoniously upon his head, as was his custom before he left a

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

private room ; he took up his cane, the top of which was of lead covered with gold ; he buttoned round him a great coat of fur ; and, being so prepared, went out through the drawing-room into the hall. There, with great emphasis, he said good-night.

Cosmo not only opened the door for him, but leant his right hand upon his shoulder, to afford support to a man older, and, perhaps, more infirm than himself. So supporting him, they went down the Drive together, to where, at the gate, stood the carriage, throwing great cones of light upon the thick air of the small hours.

As they went, Mr. Barnett spoke twice. The first thing he said was : " You should have a Drive up herein. So a carriage can come. There is no good if a carriage cannot come." When he had said this, some rapid process of thought led him to another topic, and he continued : " Your father is a very fônny man."

Cosmo also, though he had received so much wider a training than his father, retained a trace, perhaps hereditary, of those conventions which I have already condemned. He felt the colour come into his face ; but the darkness screened him, and his knowledge of the world restored him his balance in a moment.

" He'll be all right," he said cheerfully. He opened the carriage door (not without the thanks of his chief), and tenderly arranged a warm rug around Mr. Barnett's knees. The young man in livery, hired for such purposes, stood by in somnolent respect. Then they bade each other good-night, and the last word Cosmo heard that evening, as he turned back towards the house, was the great and comforting word " Home," rolled out by Mr. Barnett to his servant in the accent of command.

When Cosmo had re-entered the house and approached, with great reluctance, the room whose atmosphere still seemed full of failure, he found that his father had gone to bed, and he was glad ; for, like most men possessed of wisdom, he trusted half his fortunes to the influence of sleep.

.

If the effect of a misunderstanding or a quarrel were immediate, with what rapidity would not the tragedies of the world develop, with what certitude could one not foresee, and perhaps provide against, the climax of an evil fortune.

If things led on from logical step to step, what simple stories would crowd the world. Then indeed the epic and the lyrical, which we perpetually seek in fiction, would divert us in the common affairs of our own lives.

But the real world around us, the world one corner of which it

MR. BURDEN

is here my business to describe, is not arranged in that fashion. A crime, a miscalculation, produces consequences, not immediate but ultimate. Suspicions confirmed, quarrels brought perhaps to the point of violence, seem rather to sink into the mind and to make a soil there, than to bear their full fruit at once ; so that, when the catastrophe falls, it is commonly at an insignificant, and nearly always at a most unsuspected moment.

So it was with what I can only call the tragedy of my friend.

It was inevitable that when his even, narrow, and placid mind should finally come face to face with the broad and rugged power of Mr. Barnett, sharp pain, and possibly misfortune, should follow from such a meeting. The unhappy accident of the visit to Mr. Abbott, and of a couple of hours' delay, had brought those two minds into the presence one of the other ; and a very grave hour had passed. But so are men made, that this experience led to nothing at the time. A night's long sleep, the activities of the following day, sufficed to blur the image. Is it not Seneca who tells us, that our own judgment is qualified by the expressed judgment of others ? The public character of Mr. Barnett recovered its place in Mr. Burden's mind. Many days at his business, a sudden change in the weather, a small but lucky investment, a very active quarrel with his cook, who demanded and received instant dismissal—these good and evil things soon put the misfortune of Mr. Barnett's visit into its true perspective. It produced no visible, certainly no deplorable, result ; what it did do was to leave Mr. Burden all ready for further irritation, and for a growing misconception of his surroundings, until at last the great misfortune fell, after apparently the most trivial of accidents. The heart of his confidence had been eaten out ; it held by the outer shell alone, and a touch was enough to make it crumble.

Moreover, if Mr. Burden had been inclined to let the incident weigh upon him, Cosmo's efforts alone would have dispersed such an inclination. He returned home quite regularly day after day ; he entertained his father with a thousand things. It was not till a week had passed, that he permitted so much as a letter concerning the affairs of the Company to come under the old man's eye. When such a letter did arrive, he had carefully provided that it should be a short note of congratulation from a country gentleman, a distant acquaintance, a man of great possessions, wholly ignorant of the Delta and of most other things ; one that hoped, if all went well, to be a shareholder, and who very warmly said so in his letter to Norwood.

At intervals of several days, business details, of no great importance, but such as gradually reawakened in Mr. Burden the old interest, began to come to his table ; later, he dined with Mr.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Harbury and met a very charming American actress, the manager of the Banque des Pyrenées, Lord John Mackintosh and his wife, and Lothingbury Grail, a gentleman who had written verses. They talked of Art.

A week later, Cosmo and he lunched with Lord Benthorpe at Cosmo's club, and, the very next day, walking in the best of moods towards the City, they met by accident Mr. Barnett himself, fresh with the morning, and in the most sympathetic of moods.

And all this while around him, in the Papers, in the conversation of men, the M'Korio grew and grew. The season continued, the debates in Parliament languished, the heat increased, and the spirit of the great African River ran through the veins of London.

The prospectus was drafted, many little inconclusive conversations engaged ; in a word, by all those small preliminaries which are necessary to a great and worthy enterprise, Mr. Burden was reintroduced to the routine he knew. His active interest returned. But, deeper down, the pall lay over his mind, and could not be lifted.

The struggle between these two things, his fatal lack of comprehension, his eager and patriotic pride, has been hitherto the matter of my record. Alas ! the victory of the former must now lead on to my conclusion !

.

Mr. Burden permitted his colleagues to undertake the necessary details : and he was even glad that they should look after such wearisome business. The registration of the Company, the finding of brokers for it and of bankers and of solicitors, would have interfered with what he honestly believed to be his own engrossing labours in connection with his trade.

He was profoundly thankful that no further word was spoken of Mr. Abbott ; but it was the thankfulness of respite, not of reprieve. He saw before him an inevitable day ; and he dreaded it. He consoled himself with guesses ; he tried to forget that his great friendship had been turned into an instrument—an instrument which could wound as well as work for him.

Eddies of uncertainty swirled in his mind. The bankers were as firm as the Bank of England, the brokers were of immense respectability, the very name of the solicitors seemed like part of the Constitution ; but all these things did but increase his disease. It was as though a man should be given a picture framed in a solid gilt familiar frame, a frame suited to hold the portrait of his father, and to be hung before his table : and as though, in such a setting, the picture within constantly shifted and changed, now terrifying, now

MR. BURDEN

evil, now grotesque, now merely irritant, but always a night-mare of discord. In this mood a critical day found him; the day when his presence in the new offices was demanded, to hear the prospectus read and to pass it finally for printing.

The new offices were in Broad Street. Their position I have described in an earlier part of this work; with their magnificence perhaps most of my readers are acquainted. I have but to recall the two plaster lions that guard the stair-case, symbolising (it is believed) the majesty of our race, the splendid negro, in Vienna-ware, of life-size, holding the lamp in the central gallery, and clothed as to his middle with a ring of ostrich feathers, whose ring of white against the shining darkness of his skin naturally led on to the row of smiling teeth above, and the very conspicuous eyes. This masterpiece, which Mr. Barnett had accepted long ago in lieu of payment of a debt, was already familiar to London; little reproductions of it were to be seen in the shops of the West-end, the symbols of the M'Korio. The doors of the main room were of oak, the door-plates and the locks were Marie-Antoinette-bronze-gilding, embossed, single, and reversible. It was a matter of pride to the promoters that no two were exactly alike. A large male black cat, bearing round its neck a silver collar, added the note of domesticity, and was already familiar to Britain through the personal paragraphs of the daily press. The whole was rendered complete by a porter, than whom nothing more splendid could serve a Sovereign in Arms, whether in London or Berlin.

This man was a Swedish Protestant; in height he was fully six feet seven, his hair was of the colour of tow, his eyes were of a faded blue, his face was white and yellow; in intellect, while not deficient, he was of a deliberation which admirably suited the nature of his employment; nor could any length of hours passed in the public gaze at the main entrance weary the Northern steadfastness of his mind. Proud of his uniform, content with his wages, enormous in his manner as in his dimensions, he was a further and a crowning proof of Mr. Barnett's instinct for what those adjuncts are, which cheer on to success the energies of an Imperial race.

I would I had the space or leisure to deal at further length with this remarkable and simple figure; indeed, long before Mr. Burden's death, it was my intention to devote to the portrayal of his life and character that literary skill which that misfortune has turned into another, a far graver, and, I fear, a more monotonous channel. I had intended to relate exactly his career. How, stranded in the docks of London, this towering Scandinavian had found employment as a Lifeguard; how, deserting from his corps on account of the bullying to which he was subjected by his comrades, he found his

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

way into the Metropolitan Police. How, dismissed from this force for drunkenness, he became a chucker-out in a music hall, in which position his grievous muscular weakness, universal in men of his type, soon proved him unfitted to deal with that athletic youth which frequents such haunts in the hey-day of its vigour ; finally, how, a giant in a fair, a position he occupied at the wage of his bare food, he was tempted to break his contract by the prospect of a higher wage. At the persuasion of Mr. Barnett himself, he fled by night, accepted the service and livery of the M'Korio, and so reached the culmination of his career.

His interesting personality has detained my pen too long. I must return to Mr. Burden entering the Great Room, where he should find his colleagues on the day when the prospectus in its final form was to be passed for press.

.

Mr. Burden had played a great part in the world. He had been Sheriff in the early 'eighties ; he had been Treasurer to the Candlestick-makers' Company, and had drawn up in that capacity the scheme for endowing a new chair of Comparative Religion at Dublin, a city sadly in need of broadening its outlook upon God ; he had been called as an honoured witness before many Royal Commissions, and had sat on the Committee for the Adjustment of Port Dues ; he had even enjoyed now, for some years, the position of Justice of the Peace ; and, on the occasion of the Mansion House dinner, but eight months before, he had sat between the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the moment, and some other member of the Cabinet whose name escapes me.

He was, therefore, not unfamiliar with the honourable pomp with which we surround the conduct of Empire ; he was accustomed to the scenes and the personalities that accompany the furtherance of our fate.

As he had entered daily deeper and deeper into the machinery by which that fate is advanced, its complexity had overwhelmed his simple mind.

I have sufficiently described the vortex of conflicting moods into which his soul had been drawn ; yet must it continually appear in this short story of his end, for, without some sympathy of his grievous torment, a view quite false to his nature might be conveyed. He could not comprehend.

It must be so. The past and the name of such men are necessary to the grist of expansion ; but expansion and the newer kind of responsibilities kill them. So, doubtless, Venice in the sixteenth, Spain in the seventeenth, Holland in the eighteenth

MR. BURDEN

centuries were compelled to use, and destroy in using, what had been their most national type. It was the price they paid for the varied glory they proceeded to achieve. My friend was a necessary sacrifice, I know ; but he was my friend. The victim moves me.

Consider him here in this great modern room—how much it was a torture place for him.

He and they were ending their work. That day the last stone would be laid ; yet was he further than ever from repose.

He and the three other men before him were now occupied in the actual work of forging a new province. The dignity of such an occasion should have touched him, he thought, more profoundly than it could his colleagues, whose lives had been spent in no other atmosphere. But, alas, unrest, most cogent, most bewildering, robbed that great occasion of any note of the solemn reality and unreality mixed in his mind continually. The world, so long a quite familiar thing, grew unfamiliar to him, more and more with every hour. The constraint which he felt in Mr. Barnett's presence ; the certitude he had that Mr. Barnett was a genius and a maker of England ; the natural awe wherewith he regarded Lord Benthorpe's experience ; the astonishing phenomenon whereby Lord Benthorpe showed himself purely passive ; Harbury's manifestly clear and decisive intelligence, coupled with his complete subservience—all these contradictions put his mind into a whirl.

Full of an aged complaint, not very distant from despair, he sat him down wearily in the vacant chair set for him. It was of the kind known to the trade as "Dutch Mediaeval Easy," fashioned of American hickory so treated as to resemble old English oak, and handsomely upholstered in a green imitation of Spanish leather.

He noticed Mr. Harbury's quiet impressive face, Lord Benthorpe's somewhat nervous ease, above all, Mr. Barnett's powerful ill-dressed figure, sitting at random, bent over the scattered papers before him ; and in his heart he groaned, remembering his fortune risked, the friendship of his life in jeopardy, and his hopeless see-saw of misunderstanding.

As usual, it was Mr. Harbury who spoke first : as usual, he spoke rapidly and clearly.

"I think, gentlemen," he said, "there is very little for us to do . . . Payleys' will bank for us, as you know. Charles and Charles will naturally do our legal work. The Directors I think we know : " he smiled as he said this, a slight conventional smile which fluttered on the face of Lord Benthorpe, and died on that of Mr. Burden. "All we have to do is to read over the prospectus for the last time." He sighed, and there was a pause. Then he turned to Mr. Burden saying : "Perhaps Mr. Burden can suggest something."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Mr. Burden frowned solemnly. How often at his breakfast table, when he opened his morning's letters, had he not come upon such documents : prospectuses, the bricks and stones of Dominion. How often had he not held them before him, judging them steadily through his spectacles of gold. How rarely had he been misled by the false, how rarely had he despised the true. His investments had not been many. The expansion of his business had absorbed the greater part of his savings. But such ventures as he had made were safe enough. He could remember but one that had failed ; and that was through no fault of his own judgment, or of that of his directorate. It was the Foreign Office which, as usual, had failed to put its foot down, and had permitted the ruffianly Emir of Yollabù to repudiate his most solemn engagements. On all these things Mr. Burden pondered in a confused silence ; then he said, in that measured tone which marks the man of affairs :

"I can remember nothing that needs alteration, Mr. Harbury : nothing material."

Mr. Harbury suggested that they should read the draft of the prospectus immediately, and that if anything occurred to any of them for the last time he should mention it.

Mr. Harbury had not got very far into the body of the work, when Lord Benthorpe stopped him at the word "exploitation." It seemed to him a foreign word, and it had a flavour of something grasping and unjust about it. He hoped that no atmosphere of that kind would mar the effect of the prospectus.

Mr. Harbury was evidently interested, and asked Mr. Burden's opinion. Mr. Burden, who had been lost in thought, gazing at the great map of the M'Korio Delta that hung on the wall, patched with yellow for gold and with grey for coal, looked round, somewhat flurried, and said that he had nothing to say.

Lord Benthorpe suggested the word "development" ; but Mr. Harbury pointed out that the word already occurred at the head of the sheet, in the phrase "M'Korio Delta Development Company."

Lord Benthorpe murmured :

"True, true."

After about ten minutes of discussion, the word "exploitation" was allowed to stand. . . .

Such are the limits of the modern story, that it is impossible for me to give at full length every remark that was made during this historic meeting. I abandon the attempt with reluctance. So many subtle shades of meaning were thrashed out between these four men ; so powerfully did their various characters come into

MR. BURDEN

play ; so many aspects of the forces that build up new colonies appeared in them ; that the subject possesses an irresistible fascination to the writer, and perhaps to the reader of this chronicle. It is a fascination which he is compelled to combat.

Briefly, then, to mention only the more important matters, the word "but," in the fifth line, was changed to "and" ; the Anglo-Saxon word "employee" was substituted for the printer's "employé" ; and (a very striking example of Mr. Barnett's grasp of the public pulse) the word "lagoon," though it had become familiar to the Island Race in the last two months, was changed to "lake."

The whole discussion did not absorb more than an hour and a half of their time ; and, at the close of it, Mr. Barnett rang for a servant. He was that man of magnificence whom we have seen : a giant amenable and of service : he brought in wine and sandwiches upon a tray. The four men ate and drank, relaxing for a moment their attention to business, and touching upon lighter things. Three-quarters of an hour was all that Mr. Barnett allowed for this pleasant interval : he rang again, and their discussion was resumed. They went carefully over all the points which had previously been decided, deleted a comma after the words "Brightest Gem," and put a full stop after "In the British Crown."

At last, as the afternoon was drawing on, one or the other would rise at intervals, stroll to the window with his hands in his pockets, and gaze out, or saunter to the fireplace, and lean upon the mantel-piece looking into the glass above it. Conversation of a more general kind occasionally relieved the strain and tension of their great task. Lord Benthorpe had quite an interesting argument with Mr. Harbury upon the value of the inter-colonial postal system ; and Mr. Burden slept for perhaps five or six minutes, towards the close of the afternoon.

By four o'clock, however, there remained nothing to decide ; and Mr. Barnett suggested that he himself should read over the prospectus for the last time aloud to them, that they might have a final opportunity of touching upon any matters that had not hitherto occurred to them.

.

Outside in Broad Street, men passed and re-passed, and most of them glanced up at that great window. There were many of the shrewdest, and many of the most solid, who envied the little group within ; and even the great run of people, the crowd which turns the curving lane to a river through the middle hours of the day, felt the magic of what was passing behind those walls.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

There were some random enthusiasts—vague, belated democrats from an earlier age—who were filled with sudden anger at what they considered invincible powers of evil, forging, in that room above, the chains which were to bind a new country. To these, the names of Benthorpe and Burden were the names of implacable fiends : oppressors of humanity, but oppressors of such more than human genius, that humanity could do nothing against their power.

On the top of a passing omnibus a father of the name of Bailey said to his son, who sat beside him :

“ You see that window ? Those are the M’Korio offices.”

He wagged his head wisely, and said :

“ It’s a big thing,” and the expression upon his face was at once illuminate and reverent : that of a familiar but devoted worshipper at the shrine of some god. The boy, careless as all boys are of all religions, said “ Oh ” ; and the ’bus rolled on.

Even the policemen and other poor men, who might have no share in these high things, felt the awe of what was toward. The hawkers and the newspaper-boys, members of a rank where finance is forgotten, yet remembered England, and felt a pride of their own in the venture upon which these four men had entered ; nor is there to-day any great city in the world save London, where every citizen can forget envy, and the differences of wealth, in the passion of patriotism.

.

Meanwhile, Mr. Barnett, within, was reading the prospectus for the last, and, if I remember rightly, the fifth time.

He held the paper down on the table by the weight of his large left hand, and read it through most carefully ; the volume of his voice was emphasised by the slight guttural accent and the broad vowels, which alone betrayed his foreign experience.

It was a peculiarity of his—common to most men of dominant character—that he suffered no interruption : a chance remark from Mr. Harbury, an interjection from Lord Benthorpe, passed by totally unheeded. His voice, slowly proceeding from word to word, or jolting at the stops, went steadily over the other men’s remarks, and crushed them, as a great stone roller crushes clods in its going. It had also this in common with the roller, that its pace was even. He emphasised no syllables ; every letter—contrary to our modern English usage—was pronounced : and this, in words such as “ advantageous,” “ undesirability,” or “ incalculable,” produced an effect most rich and strange.

When he had finished reading, he smoothed the papers out, gathered them up, and sighed as over a thing completed. He rose,

MR. BURDEN

and the three others with him : and you may say that one of the greatest days in the recent history of our country had gloriously ended.

“Not once or twice,” as someone says somewhere, “in our rough island story, the path of duty was the road to glory.”

.

CHAPTER X

THERE runs a mandate to chosen nations to govern upon earth as vice-gerents of the Divine. It has fallen upon peoples so separated by time and customs, that its essential unity is with difficulty perceived ; nevertheless that unity is assured. The process whereby Dominion is achieved is called by different names ; the names and not the events deceive us ; the names alone produce a false atmosphere of change. First perhaps it was the vague loyalty to the tribe, the marauding foray, the settlement ; next the intense love of a city and of its gods, the successful defence, the advance, the conquest and organisation of lands beyond the boundary. Karl Unterwassen reverses the order : it is a point of small importance.

To-day the registration of the Company, the lease of offices, the prospectus, the flotation, are the progressive revelations of such a mandate. Of all these, Allotment is the crown.

The M’Korio Delta Development Company opened its lists on the 9th of July. By four o’clock of the 10th those lists were closed, the capital had been subscribed, it is not known how many times over.

With the next day the allotment began.

.

Those of my fellow citizens who have been engaged in the active work of Empire building, will know what I mean when I say, that Allotment is among the hardest tasks which our country demands of us. Those who have not been thus actively engaged in the expansion of our civilisation (“they also serve who only stand and wait”), must take it for granted.

Consider the care and judgment which must be exercised. Not to disappoint what is influential or what is strong. Not to alienate the mass of small subscribers—for the mass of small subscribers is Public Opinion. Not to offend the Proprietor of a great newspaper. Yet also, not to offend the Manager, the Editor—sometimes the Paper-maker. To consider the claims which good birth and a

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

long tradition of government will give to this man, a genius for affairs to that. To remember (and sometimes it is only remembered at the last moment) that such and such a name—almost passed over in its insignificance—stands for Another Much Greater Name. To recollect the power of this subscriber with men of his own religion, of this other with men who cultivate honesty, of a third with those who admire the capacity for intrigue. Monarchy must be remembered : it is a permanent feature in our English life. The Army must be remembered. Politicians, some of whose names the public will ignore, must yet be accurately gauged. Their power as managers and as leaders must be estimated. Even the foreigner must have his place, and must be known. The foreign Sovereign, the foreign negotiator, may help to wreck or to make the thing. He may be turned from the ally to the enemy of our beloved country, by one involuntary error.

It is a task, I say, of awful responsibility, and one in which a man may do more in a few moments to advance or retard the designs of Providence, than in any other of the modern world.

The work went on. Three hours of it, four hours, sometimes five. On the second day Mr. Burden nearly broke down, Lord Benthorpe was actually absent for two days running, fallen ill from sheer fatigue. It told even upon Mr. Harbury. He got black patches under his eyes, and he walked, a new thing for him, with some fatigue. Mr. Barnett alone seemed to be actually refreshed by the closeness of application that was necessary.

The public outside grumbled ; nothing could be done till the allotment was declared. They would have grumbled less had they seen the grinding work of those ten days. Every morning the mass of letters was sorted, the list of names drawn up, and, with strict commercial probity, every single application passed before each of the Directors.

On the fifth day Mr. Burden's head was lost, and Lord Benthorpe's assent had become mechanical. Mr. Barnett, on the contrary, became more and more eager, more and more exact, as the work proceeded. Before the close of the sixth day, his brain alone was sitting in judgment over that mass of papers ; it was fortunate, for on the remaining few days the most delicate part of the work was to be done. There did indeed pass by Mr. Burden one or two incongruous things that troubled him. Canon Cone had sent no cheque : Mr. Barnett would make himself responsible for that. Major Pondo, whom Mr. Burden had always regarded as a poor adventurous man, applied for fifteen thousand shares. The secretary of that politician who had most consistently denounced the financial side of our colonial expansion, applied for ten thousand.

MR. BURDEN

There were perhaps a dozen incidents of this sort, which Mr. Burden could not fit in with what he had known of the world. But the work was too pressing and too exacting to leave energy for comment, or even for hesitation. All these discrepancies made upon Mr. Burden's mind only one general and blurred effect : to wit, that his own judgment was doubtful, and that society around him was more complex, and perhaps more perilous, than he had imagined.

On the 19th the allotment was declared. On the morning of the 21st, though no sales had taken place, the anxious informal bidding, which went on in the House, and afterwards in the street, and even privately between individuals (rigorously as etiquette forbids such things), was offering two and one-sixteenth, two and one-eighth, two and a quarter before evening. The prices began to be talked of, and the selling to be regular within three days ; and the price then was over four. The shares rose with the steady movement of a balloon, up on an accelerating curve. They began changing hands with such rapidity, that it was no longer possible to come to any conclusion with regard to the individual motives of the more important buyers and sellers. The pace was the pace of a crusade. As religions take men, or the enthusiasm of war, so the public had come to believe in themselves and the M'Korio ; in what they could *do* with the new province. They saw the Delta already drained, already mined—as it will be mined and drained ; they saw that the nominal capital of this new company was the petty ransom of a great kingdom in the future of England. By Wednesday, the 26th, the shares were at seven.

It is the most fruitful and the most beneficent of exultations. It bridges the ford, as Kipling has so finely said ; it imposes Law ; it is creating a new and happy world, from the West of Ireland to Putti-Ghâl. There is something awful and mysterious about it. As it sweeps by (this missionary spirit, this determination and confidence of a whole people), a plain man's spirit, feeling it, comes very near to that of the lord. On Monday, the 31st, the shares were at eight and a quarter, and there they stopped, up, poised upon a summit, as genius poises upon the columns of conquerors : hovering in bronze.

It is not in humanity—even in ours—to bear these moods for ever undisturbed. Some moments of doubt, but not of despair—perhaps it is juster to say some moments of repose—will overtake the temper of the firmest race. On Tuesday, the 1st of September, the shares were at six and three-quarters. On Thursday, the 3rd, they were a fraction below five. But something rallied in the soul

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of England ; the country clergy read in the *Standard* of Saturday morning, with something of the throb a trumpet peal evokes, that M.D.D.'s had gone 'way up over seven, at the close of the yesterday's market.

By what avenue shall I approach the analysis of that vast agglomeration of sub-conscious national forces ? Any single method seems crude and petty in the presence of such a complex and Over-powering Whole . . . perhaps it is most reasonable to follow the fortunes of one block of shares. For men are but atoms whirled hither and thither when great States are fermenting towards ripeness. Economic necessities drive them, and these necessities in their turn are but the expression of some historic Will . . . Yes, it is better to follow the fortunes of a block of shares than of an individual shareholder : for men pass, but the company remains. . . .

I will consider the one thousand shares allotted to the first cousin of the Secretary for the Fine Arts.

He became the possessor of these upon the 19th, and had paid for them £250 ; two hundred and fifty more to be paid (as the prospectus directed) in three months, and the remainder when called for. These were but a part of his holding : but I am dealing with this one block of shares for the sake of example. On the 23rd I find them bought, at the price of three and a quarter, by the Bishop of Ballycannon. On the 26th his lordship sells them at seven to young Lord Berpham, who had been advised by his solicitor that they were a good thing : sincere advice, for his solicitor was also his creditor and trustee. On the 31st, when they touched eight and a quarter, Lord Berpham should have sold ; but that young, disdainful spirit was too noble. He was too noble. Had he sold, he would have realised no less a sum than eight thousand two hundred and fifty pounds (less brokerage). He was too noble. The blood in him was confident of England ; and he held on for a rise. My readers know what followed. The next day they had fallen to six and three-quarters. On Thursday, most reluctantly, by the advice, not to say the pressure of his solicitors, the young man sold at four and seven-eighths, having lost no less a sum than two thousand one hundred pounds, which he could ill afford. The buyer was Mr. Zimmer, the broker, but as I find that Mr. Barnett himself acquired them in the same afternoon, I have no doubt that he was the *bonâ fide* purchaser ; my certitude becomes the more fixed when I find that on Saturday morning, the 5th of September (the shares having then touched seven and a-half), Mr. Barnett disposed of them to Henry Bowling, the well-known trainer and proprietor of *English Racing*. He, in his turn, sold them at the same price to Mrs. Maidstone, who disposed of them a fortnight later at the same price to her sister-in-law, who

MR. BURDEN

sold them at a slight premium in the open market. I see them receding into the distance, passing through the hands of that fine old poet-patriot, Gaystone; then, woefully disintegrated, a mournful procession, as the winter comes, they drift off into the middle classes, sink, and are engulfed.

But Mr. Burden, Mr. Burden, he neither bought nor sold. He was astounded at these fluctuations, but more astounded at the permanently high level which M.D.D.'s maintained, in spite of the rough sea upon which they were tossed. Sudden fortunes sprang around him, sudden reputations startled and but half convinced his sober mind. Even that Major Pondo, whose face he thought he must have seen in dreams, was wealthy now, and met him with an easy air.

Then it was, after a month of so much violence, that the old man's inner spirit, no longer confused or troubled, leant towards its end, and was possessed by sadness continually.

One part of it, the strongest and the safest, the part that had so sanely judged his people and their politics for fifty years, still dwindled.

That other startled part was not so easily to be silenced, nor was so readily content. Here suspicions had hardened (vain imaginary suspicions without proof; born of a narrow knowledge and of an ignorance of modern things), had hardened till they became like thorns, piercing him. He began to notice every gesture, and the shifting of every eye. He would talk to Cosmo more than Cosmo wished. Once or twice he walked alone, and to no purpose, southward out of Norwood, until he could find the fields. Once, all night, he lay awake. There was no pain; but he met the next day in a spirit of awful tension, akin to madness. Once he refused, for the first time, an invitation to Mr. Barnett's house.

In such a mood he wasted his last midsummer. In such a mood Death, which needs all our preparation, found him not half prepared.

.

To return to Mr. Abbott.

His name had not been mentioned for days and weeks; partly, of course, because every guide in this adventure, from Cosmo to Mr. Barnett, was determined to give as little pain as might be to Mr. Burden, the oldest and weakest of their number, and partly also because the giving of that pain (in itself, after all, only an imaginary evil), might result in the most practical of evils to the M'Korio.

Mr. Abbott was best as a friend, nay, as a Director; next best as

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

an enemy ; but worst of all as one neither enemy nor friend, but contemptuous, and perhaps influencing secretly a member of their own group. They knew all this, and July ended without a word being said. Mr. Abbott himself had neither spoken nor written : Mr. Burden had not approached the offices of the Ship Master. Mr. Barnett and Cosmo were both confident that he dreaded the road to that familiar room ; they were confident he had not met his friend. Nor had he.

On the other hand, neither was the younger nor the older of these two active brains willing to temporise. It was not in their sound scheme of business to temporise ; and the moment seemed to them, of all moments, the least fitting for delay.

Mr. Abbott pressed.

The session was lagging to its end. Within a week or two, the chance would come for the transference of all M'Korio from the Government of the Foreign Office to that of the Colonial ; the moment for a few men, undisturbed by the necessities or accidents of debate, to go right forward and do their best for England, was at hand. But if time was propitious, time also urged them. Soon the great editors would have left their offices, the heads of the great businesses would be abroad or in the provinces. I have already alluded to the Grouse ; but a very few weeks, and the shadow of the Partridge would appear between Mr. Barnett and the best laid of his plans. Already multitudes of the middle class were asleep upon beaches of sand. Anxiety, a mood that cannot long disturb such minds, had begun to cast a wing over Mr. Barnett's clear and creative intelligence.

The necessity for Mr. Abbott was clamorous.

It was not only as a principal authority with men as ordinary as himself (and such men are often possessed of great influence or wealth, sometimes of a voice in Parliament) ; it was not only as a loud name, which the public had long connected with the M'Korio Delta ; nor only as the owner of the Abbott Line ; that Mr. Abbott's support was demanded in Broad Street. There were a number of other considerations, each apparently of little importance, but forming in the aggregate a strand which men like Mr. Barnett are the last to neglect.

Bowley depended more perhaps upon Abbott's general judgment of affairs than upon any other man's : and Bowley controlled the two groups of insurance which the M'Korio Coast still had to reckon with.

A friendship, a trifle fantastic, was to be discovered between Abbott and the Permanent Under-Secretary for Malarial Districts. That in itself might have been of little importance a month earlier ;

MR. BURDEN

but, with Lord Halham at the Malarial Office, it made a difference ; he had only been there three weeks (since the Belphegor scandal), and the Permanent Under-Secretary was still the master of the show.

Abbott at lunch, two months before, had sworn "by this and by that" to go into the House of Commons. I will not repeat the coarseness of his phrase. The man was so happy-go-lucky, that his determination might mean nothing at all ; but Mr. Barnett knew, as well as anyone, that, if Abbott should so choose, there were perhaps five constituencies in which room would at once be made for him.

Lastly, there was the fact of Abbott's resistance. Such resistance of itself demanded a caution ; for it is in the essence of those that conquer to fear and to cajole.

Therefore it was that, one morning, without so much as a note to announce him, Cosmo walked straight into that little office, where his father had suffered one of the chief pangs of his life about two months before.

It was eleven o'clock of an August morning, and London was as hot as Rome. The energy had gone out of things ; the streets were curiously silent ; many of the offices deserted. Mr. Abbott sat sweltering in a shirt and odd white breeches, which he had preserved from some Eastern travel. He thought it his business to be there, and there he was ; but no work could he or any other man do on such a day.

Cosmo, rigidly dressed, and with an extreme neatness, cool in the tropical weather, everything about him ordered, came in with a brief recognition. In the few months of his training, he had advanced years in the knowledge of conduct and of business, and was already manifesting the material of which the great successes are made. To almost any other man in London, he would have used the delicate art which a great scheme demands ; but he knew his man too well to attempt any such art with Mr. Abbott. Here and there, you will find, even in the modern world, the man that must be driven. You will not always succeed in driving him ; but there is one method only of approaching the business. There was exact determination and aim in every gesture of the young man : his vigour and directness were the more remarkable, in that until this moment he had never used such an attitude—save possibly to servants.

He sat down in the chair just opposite his father's friend. He put down his hat upon the table with a slight, hard rap ; looked Mr. Abbott steadily and strongly in the eyes (an effort so unusual as to cause him positive pain) and said :

"I think you know why I have come."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

To such gross simplicity as the Ship-Master's, all this was as yet nothing but an annoyance. He took the young man's hat off the table, reached out so as to hang it on the gas bracket behind him (whence it fell to the floor) and said : "No." And, as he said it, a very displeasing expression passed across his face.

Cosmo jumped up, picked his hat off the floor, brushed it with his arm, rapped it down upon the table again and said, with admirable self-restraint : "You know as well as I do why I have come."

"Let me put it up safely for you," said Mr. Abbott, and he reached forward again for the hat. Cosmo withdrew it and held it in his right hand, and, even at that most incongruous moment, Mr. Abbott could not refrain from laughter.

"You will have it," he said ; and his amusement so far got the better of his temper, that Cosmo thought for one moment inwardly whether it would not be better to approach this coarse mind by another channel. But his training wisely persuaded him, that the most brutal of methods was the best—the method whereby men tame beasts : the masterly method of Fear.

"I have come," he said, still keeping himself well in hand, "because matters cannot go on much longer as they are doing now. He paused a moment to let the impression form. "It can't go on, Mr. Abbott, and I have come to tell you so quite frankly. . . before I leave this room I mean the business to be settled . . . It can't go on."

Mr. Abbott rang a bell.

A young and rather nervous clerk came in, and gazed anxiously from one to the other ; for Cosmo's face was unfamiliar to him, and there had been quarrels of late.

"Arthur," said Mr. Abbott, "is it Friday or Monday that the *Patagonia* sails?"

Cosmo looked up with something like a scare on his face ; he knew from his reading how often these irrelevant questions may be leading up to some great move.

"Monday, sir," said Arthur in a whisper.

"Then you can just have the box of cigars sent here," said Mr. Abbott jovially ; "I'll give 'em to Cap'n Gunn meself. I'd pre-fer to do that. Rather than he shouldn't have had 'em, o' course I'd have sent 'em a-board. I thought some-ow-r-other she sailed to-morrow. As 'tis, why, I'll give 'em to him myself. That's all right, Arthur."

Mr. Abbott nodded, and Arthur disappeared, relieved.

"I'm sorry, Cosmo," said Mr. Abbott, leaning familiarly across the table like a second-rate uncle, and wiping an enormous red hand-

MR. BURDEN

kerchief over his face, "I'm sorry ; these things aren't of much importance, but if one don't attend to 'em at the time, you know. . ."

I have had to praise Cosmo for many things in these pages, as I have had to blame him for a few ; for nothing was he more worthy of praise than for his complete command of himself at this moment. The effort of the severe strain was hardly perceptible ; certainly not to so coarse a nature as his opponent's.

"You were just saying, lad," said Mr. Abbott, with increasing vulgarity and kindliness, "how the thing couldn't go on. Well, I'm sorry for it. But you can sell out, ye know, and so can your poor old dad. Hasn't come to see me for weeks and weeks!" Mr. Abbott shook his head. "You can sell out, ye know. Of course, I dunno' how it 'll look, mind ye, but you can run the risk that there won't be any trial ; safe risk to run now-a-days."

Cosmo answered him with the clear measured voice of a man whose plan is exactly defined, and who is dealing with forces as irresponsible and inferior as those of Nature.

"Mr. Abbott," he said, "it is twenty-five minutes past eleven ; if I do not know before half-past that you are coming in, I shall go. And our plans will be made accordingly."

"And then the band played," answered Mr. Abbott, with exquisite vulgarity.

It was his theory (a theory which had so far compelled him in this exchange of views) that a man should never lose his temper. He gave way to passion as little as possible. Three times a month, perhaps, or five at the utmost. Upon this occasion, he struggled with himself ; in less than a moment came what is inevitable with men of Mr. Abbott's hopeless type ; he exploded.

"And then the band played," he said somewhat inconsequentially, "and then the —— ! —— ! —— ! band played !" With each repetition, his face grew redder and redder, and his voice rose : not very loudly, but sougling, as do the boughs of trees at the beginning of a storm.

"And then by —— ! the —— ! —— ! —— ! —— ! band played !!" (Every adjective was varied.) "Oh, Lord" (striking the desk), "if you weren't his son ! And if I hadn't —— ! well known you ever since you were a little whining prig of a boy, I'd throw you out of this little window ; I would ! Out of this little —— side window. This dirty, little —— little —— ——, side window. As it is, I'll do nothing more than throw you down the stairs !"

Towards the end of this extraordinary harangue, Mr. Abbott's voice—huge in volume, rolling in tone, thunderously deep in note,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and menacing every species of violence in its mere sound—was shaking the walls of the old room ; in the new, palatial offices without, clerks were cowering, though they were not unused to the echoes of such scenes.

Cosmo was standing up, he was very pale, and his voice was only just master of itself ; but he did not give way. He stepped backward and felt, without looking round, for the handle of the door, as Mr. Abbott rose gigantic from beyond the table. And Cosmo said, very rapidly, as a light gun, retreating, fires one last, sharp, shattering shell :

“Then we will freeze you out.”

With the last syllable of that final phrase he slammed the door, and ripped down the stairs into the street.

A good three seconds after he had turned the nearest corner, there was a roaring and a storm on the landing he had passed ; there was terror in all the floors above, great boots upon the stairs, and Mr. Abbott, still in his shirt sleeves, was at the private door, glaring up and down the street, half apoplectic in the heat, and fearful to the passers-by. He turned, still holding all his rage, clanked up the stairs again, burst through the door of his little room and on into the splendid outer offices, all marble and mahogany, where his clerks were shivering like the doves in Virgil. He stood tremendous in the entry, and roared at them all : “You heard that ? Freeze me out ! Eh ? You heard it, all of you ? You heard it, I say ?” The wretched head clerk answered “Yes,” which was a lie. Mr. Abbott’s voice sank a little, but only a little, as the sea sinks when the tide turns in a gale. “Ah ! You heard it all ! That’s better !” Then he went on again : “Freeze me out ! Freeze out Charles Abbott of the Abbott Line ! I’ll wring all their necks !”

With that last pitiful, unpracticable, boasting threat, this mass of noise, this anachronism without strength or value, stooped to pass the low door, regained his sacred den, assumed his ancient wooden throne, and sat there fuming for an hour.

Long after, at dinner that evening, he found himself muttering once or twice : “Freeze me out !” ; and he felt blood coming up into his face. But in the Plantagenet Club, westward four miles, wiser and stronger men were deciding what had best be done for the M’Korio, for their England, and indeed for Mr. Abbott himself.

Far off, in Norwood, Mr. Burden slept.

(To be continued.)

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY¹

IN *The Problem of the Army*, which is a republication, with many additions and some alterations, of a series of articles which appeared in *The Times* a year ago, Mr. Amery has gone to the root of that most complex of all subjects, Army Reform. Many writers and correspondents, even before the publication of the Report of the War Commissioners, had fearlessly laid bare the blunders of the late war. But Mr. Amery has done more than this. He has not been content with deploring facts and explaining causes; he has clearly and distinctly drawn up a complete scheme, based on the most logical principles, which should carry conviction even to those who are most sceptical of the possibility of our ever possessing a military system, organised on rational lines, and destined to fulfil a definite and specific purpose.

Mr. Amery begins with the not unreasonable question, which, on the authority of Sir Redvers Buller, has hitherto invariably nonplussed the War Office itself: Why do we maintain an army, and what do we want it to do?

We were happy in the feeling, five years ago, that we had been engaged in no war of importance for fifty years; and not only the nation, but the army itself, forgot the possibility of a change in the situation. Consequently, when the South African war broke out, we were totally unprepared to meet it, and paid the penalty, by suffering enormous losses and by enduring a struggle protracted over an inordinate length of time. Even this bitter experience does not seem sufficient to encourage us to bring about any genuine reform. It is far better to have no army at all, and to blindly accept the policy that the navy is competent to secure our Imperial prosperity without any military support, than to maintain an army, which is incompetent, either from faulty strategy or insufficient training, to fulfil its purpose. The army must always be supplementary to the navy, and, until the needs of the latter are fully satisfied, no question

¹ *The Problem of the Army*. By L. S. Amery. London: Edward Arnold. 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of military expenditure should be entertained for a moment. We are, however, accustomed to Army Estimates which vary annually from twenty-nine to thirty millions ; and, if the country can afford to pay so large a sum, it is justified in demanding that it shall be laid out in a manner that will bring in the best possible return, in the interest of the Empire's prosperity and the maintenance of universal peace.

The military requirements of a wide-world Empire like our own vary from year to year ; and it is only when the strategical principles governing our military organisation are studied in close connection with our geographical boundaries at the existing time, that we can hope to employ our army to the best possible advantage. Before entering into the question of the reform of the army, therefore, it is necessary carefully to study the probable theatres of war in which that army may be called upon to engage the enemy.

In Europe we are scarcely likely to be called upon to undertake serious operations. The fulfilment of treaty obligations of bygone years, as, for instance, to prevent the invasion of Belgium by a foreign belligerent, is not likely to come within the range of practical politics. In Canada, we have, it is true, a more possible theatre of war ; but the chance of being concerned in a quarrel with that great nation whose frontiers are contiguous to those of Canada, is a very remote one.

Most people will, therefore, accept Mr. Amery's definition of our strategical front, which he lays down in no doubtful way, by drawing a straight line on the map from South Africa to the north-east corner of Siberia. Examining in detail the countries through which this line passes, we see how exposed we are to an attack at any point ; and it is only by massing our troops at convenient and accessible places behind this line, that we can really be in an efficient state of preparation to defend our Empire.

If we are to accept the view, that any of the countries through which this line passes, may at any moment be the scene of hostilities in which British arms may be actively engaged, we ought to make preparations to meet an event on which our future security may absolutely depend.

There is no doubt that our present distribution of troops has no such end in view. If Russia were our opponent, we could not with any certainty count on finding the Suez Canal open ; and all our troops would probably arrive on the scene of operations *viâ* the Cape. In addition to the delay which such an arrangement would cause, we cannot rest assured that the navy, with its hands full in other directions, would be in a position to spare an escort of warships sufficient to guarantee the safety of a large fleet of transports ; in

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY

fact, naval officers have given the country plainly to understand that any such expectations may be cruelly disappointed.

Mr. Amery, after warning us of our danger, proceeds to show us a plain and practical method of guarding ourselves against it.

He deplores the want of reality and common sense which are at present such conspicuous features of our military organisation, and declares himself in favour of an Imperial army quartered in various parts of the Empire, immediately in rear of our strategic front. A glance at the map will show, that troops located in South Africa, Egypt, Western Australia, and Western Canada, would be in the closest proximity possible to this imaginary line, on the proper guarding of which Mr. Amery so wisely insists.

In dealing with the reforms introduced by Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Amery's criticism, when compared with that of Mr. Winston Churchill, is almost eulogistic. He says, for instance :

"The motives which inspired Mr. Brodrick in framing his scheme of Army Corps were undoubtedly praiseworthy ones. His main object was to improve the training of General Officers, and to ease the congestion of work at the War Office, by a system of generalisation. The principle was good, the mistake lay in the application."

The credit of the wise policy which created battalions of the Royal Garrison Regiment to protect some of our coaling stations, belongs to Mr. Brodrick. This is a measure of an extremely salutary nature ; and it only remains for his successor to bring the strength of this corps up to a number which will be sufficient for our needs. The limited confines of coaling stations and fortresses cannot logically be defended as suitable stations for integral parts of our Field Army. It is not only bad strategy to employ them for such purposes ; but it has a distinct tendency to demoralise the troops, and, at the same time, it eliminates all possibility of organised control in case of war with a strong naval Power.

The arguments in favour of the creation of a Foreign Service Army quartered in the Colonies are admirably thought out.

Mr. Amery has a ready answer for those critics who are inclined to oppose his scheme, on the ground of the unpopularity which the high rate of living has already engendered in our army in South Africa ; while the advantages of an adequate training ground in a healthy climate, for which he so eloquently pleads, are incontestable. Under such circumstances, the army would surely unravel itself from those intricate meshes of red tape and officialdom which at present throttle it, and Commanding Officers, thus cut off from the possibility of referring everything to the War Office, would learn to take real responsibility on to their shoulders, and encourage their subordinates to follow in their footsteps.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The question of Home Defence plays an important part in Mr. Amery's scheme ; and the chapter which discusses it is one of the best in the book, and one that will amply repay a perusal, especially by those who have regarded the preceding pages as too chimerical to deserve their serious consideration.

The auxiliary forces must be officially recognised—at present Sir Howard Vincent says that nobody has any knowledge of the Volunteer Force—and, as long as the present organisation of linked battalions remains, so long will this valuable body of men, as well as the Militia and Yeomanry, remain a negligible quantity of our military system.

Whatever views we may hold on the possibility of a foreign invasion of England, it is impossible not to agree that we must have a force of some sort for purposes of Home Defence. Even in the event of the annihilation of our fleet, the moral advantages of a properly organised Home Army would be enormous. A Home Army, which is to be entrusted with so responsible a task as that of defending our shores from invasion, will have, however, little in common with our present auxiliary forces. It must be decentralised and organised on definite principles, whereby, in every locality, units, however small, may be entrusted with their specific share of this important work.

It is cold comfort for the Militiaman or Volunteer, smarting under the studied neglect of the War Office and the jeers of the "regular army," to be informed that he must not expect any results from his labours or recognition for his services. He not unnaturally wishes to know what his real place is in our military system, and also to have some specific duty attached to him, other than that of being a stepping stone to our Line battalions.

We are not a great military Power, nor do we need to become one ; and any attempt to introduce into England a continental conscription is entirely out of the question. Those people who do still favour such a measure seem to forget, that the conscripts of other nations serve at home, and that, in France for example, a recent enactment has ordained that they shall if possible be quartered in the immediate vicinity of their native towns.

Mr. Amery, while admitting that a continental conscription would be impossible for us, is of opinion that all young men should undergo a short period of military training before entering upon the business of life. Such a step would not only be a strong deterrent to a hostile Power which was meditating a descent upon our coasts ; it would also tend very greatly towards the advancement of physical culture throughout the country.

This opinion will be readily endorsed by all who have had ex-

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY

perience of the average stamp of recruit we are often compelled to enlist in London and the big towns. Even if our national traditions were too strong for so mild a conscription as Mr. Amery has urged, it would be quite possible to secure a national training which should be almost universal in its comprehension, and entirely voluntary in its application. If the Government would encourage local authorities to set up rifle ranges, instead of obstructing so many efforts which are made in that direction, we should gradually find our young men interesting themselves in the defence of their country and in the handling of their rifles ; and, above all other advantages, they would gain the benefit of subjection to a rigid discipline at a comparatively early age. In any case, whether the training was compulsory or not, we should have a far more fertile source from which to draw our recruits, for both Foreign and Home Armies.

The crux of the question lies, to our mind, in the problem of officering the Home Army, and obtaining the men for a period long enough to ensure them a satisfactory training. It is probable that an annual period of six weeks would be sufficient for this purpose ; and I have no doubt that any real efforts on the part of the War Office to secure this extension from the employers of labour would be ultimately successful. This training, after the preliminaries had been mastered, would be almost exclusively confined to schemes of Coast Defence, and to making dispositions against an enemy who was supposed to have effected a landing and to be marching on one of our important centres. These schemes would be worked out by a large Intelligence Staff at home, composed of officers who had had experience on the Staff of our Foreign or Indian Army, and who had distinguished themselves by marked ability in their duties. By degrees, every possible method by which an enemy could invade our shores would be worked out, and practically tested, while, at the same time, we should gain most useful experience in the best methods of rapidly concentrating on any particular point.

In England, as Mr. Amery points out, the concentration of troops is not, or should not be, a matter of supreme difficulty. A first class system of railways, excellent roads, and an unlimited supply of motor cars, all offer every advantage for rapid concentration ; and all that is wanted, in addition, is the needful organisation to make full use of these advantages.

It would be difficult not to be impressed by the graphic way in which Mr. Amery points out how utterly destitute we are of an adequate system of "Intelligence." We have, of course, no General Staff, though the complexity of the problems which confront us, seems to render such an institution far more necessary to us than to any other nation. We have, however, a skeleton Intelligence Depart-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ment, into the hidden secrets of which Mr. Amery allows us to peep ; and the indignation of the writer conveys itself to the reader, as he is carried through each hopelessly undermanned Department, till he arrives at that which deals with Imperial strategy and listens to the following almost incredible statement :—

“ The duties of this Department comprise the military defence of the Empire, including the preparation and maintenance of plans of offensive and defensive operations, and the strategical distribution of the military forces of the Empire—in other words, our whole Imperial military policy. There is enough work to tax the powers of a hundred able men. The Department consists of one man ! ”

An Imperial Staff, whose business it should be to acquire every possible shred of information which may prove of use in the event of war, and to be responsible that the system on which our troops are trained is suited to meet every eventuality that may arise, is, of course, of vital importance to any country which possesses an army at all. We prefer to rely on a handful of officers, who comprise the “ Mobilisation and Intelligence Departments,” and expect that we shall be in a position to gain all the requisite information. The number of pigeon holes, which are so conspicuous an article of furniture in St. James’s Square, and the numerous congested channels through which all official correspondence must pass, do not tend to encourage the attempts of individual officers to supplement our deficiencies in this respect.

As regards the selection of officers, and their subsequent promotion, Mr. Amery has much to say. The crux of the whole question of promotion by selection lies, not so much in the danger of nepotism, as in the difficulty, under existing circumstances, of applying a fair test. Military examinations do far more harm than good. The only possible means of differentiating between the bad and the good is, to afford all alike free scope to show the nature of the qualities they possess. This can only be done by giving them weighty responsibility when young—in other words, let an officer train his company or squadron for some months with a perfectly free hand, and then judge him by the results. At present, individual initiative is usually looked upon with disfavour, and officers learn that it pays a great deal better to practise a masterly inactivity in rendering themselves as inconspicuous as possible, than to take responsibility and act according to their own judgment, at the risk of an adverse criticism from superior authority.

The net result of Mr. Amery’s arguments is, that we need an army which in quality shall be second to none, possessing a complete organisation and transport, presided over by an Imperial Staff composed of the best brains of the force, and commanded by Generals

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY

who exercise their authority on thorough-going principles of decentralisation and individual responsibility. Lastly, the army must be located in the best positions for reinforcing the particular spot which an enemy has selected for striking his first blow, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch.

In conclusion, Mr. Amery advocates an amplification of his magnificent conception of an Imperial army, which, from its extremely revolutionary character, he appears to introduce with some diffidence. Briefly stated, he wishes to keep a Division mobilised in transports at sea, which, having the ocean as its Head Quarters, shall "turn up" in unexpected parts of the world, and take part in the local manœuvres, or spend some time under canvas, before seeking its floating home again and departing elsewhere.

Such a venture as this, if undertaken at an economical speed, say 7 or 8 knots, would not be so very expensive, while the moral advantages it would possess, through ability to change its base at will, and through its power of terrorising a disaffected nation, with whom hostilities were impending, would be tremendous. Apart from other considerations, it would help to bring the army and navy into closer touch; it would give our soldiers an insight into naval methods, and be instrumental in developing a mutual co-operation in all work connected with the Intelligence Branches. For objects so valuable as these, no sacrifice is too great.

It is almost incredible that, in a large maritime Empire like our own, the relations between the Army and Navy should be merely social, and that, officially, they should seldom meet. If one remembers that, in the opinion of one of our greatest living naval authorities, soldiers will be employed on board ship to help with the ammunition supply in war time, and if one bears in mind the certain necessity of combined operations, should we ever be opposed by a great European Power, it seems incredible that a thorough understanding between the two services should have hitherto been neglected.

The Problem of the Army is the most determined effort that has yet been made to drive home the lessons of the late war, and to demand that, in the future, our military affairs shall be organised on a basis consistent with common sense and efficiency.

Mr. Amery's graphic and precise style of writing, combined with the indefatigable industry he has displayed in the examination of every sidelight which can possibly bear on this most complex question, will commend itself strongly to all who are interested in the solution of one of our greatest national problems.

As these lines go to press, the report of Lord Esher's Committee is given to the public. The principles which Mr. Amery has laid down as the basis of War Office reorganisation have obtained the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

fullest justification in the proposals which this Committee has formulated—a justification which has been further endorsed by the promptitude with which the Government has acted upon them. Mr. Amery is to be congratulated on this tacit acknowledgment of the labour and trouble he has expended in so good a cause.

It must not, however, be supposed, that *The Problem of the Army* has done its work, and is henceforth to be regarded as possessing merely a historical interest.

The Army Council is now a *fait accompli*, based on almost exactly the lines which Mr. Amery has recommended ; in fact, we are almost tempted to believe that some process of thought-transference must have been going on between the author and the Committee, so closely have his suggested remedies been adopted.

But this is only the starting-point, and, though we have now a logical system of organisation at Head Quarters, without which army reform was impossible, the advantages which the nation may expect to reap therefrom must, of necessity, be slow in coming. Decentralisation and individual responsibility are the two most potent factors in the task of releasing our military system from its red tape and officialdom, and directing it into the paths of progress and efficiency ; and, now that these two principles are planted in the heart and core of the system, we may have definite hopes that they will grow and flourish, till they have overshadowed the whole army.

In the reorganisation of the War Office, *The Problem of the Army* has amply justified its existence ; we cordially wish its author the same measure of success in the realisation of the other reforms on which he insists.

As to how far Mr. Amery may consider the new "Defence Committee" capable of satisfying our need of a General Staff, we have no means of ascertaining ; but, without wishing to offer an adverse criticism on measures so salutary and beneficial as those which Lord Esher's Committee has proposed, it may be suggested that, in the duties assigned to the permanent nucleus, those of a consultative nature have been somewhat confused with those of mere routine.

We hope that our fears will prove groundless when the new organisation is in working order, because, as Mr. Amery points out, such confusion has always had a most demoralising effect among our junior Staff Officers, in carrying out the duties which have been entrusted to them.

Lastly, with regard to the creation of the office of Inspector-General. Mr. Amery had already foreseen the need of such an officer, whose business it should be to form an accurate judgment of the efficiency of our various military units, of the capacity of our

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY

officers in the handling of their men, of the suitability of the equipment—who, in short, should be absolutely responsible for any flaw that might show itself in our fighting machine on the outbreak of war. Such an office demands that its holder should possess great critical ability, together with high powers of organising his several military commands. Given these attributes, we may look forward to weighty improvements in our system of military inspection. The new Inspector-General, and the subordinate General Officers to whom he will delegate his powers, should have every inducement and opportunity to carry out their duties in a logical manner. The time has gone by for the old-fashioned methods, in which an inspection consisted of a grand march-past, a big lunch, and a visit to the regimental canteen. If we may venture to offer a suggestion on this subject we would select the two following points :

(1) That the inspection of a regiment should take place without previous warning ;

(2) That the inspecting officer should stay at least a week, preferably under canvas and subject to war conditions, with the unit which he is inspecting.

We are glad that we are enabled to conclude our review of *The Problem of the Army* with a firm guarantee, such as is expressed by the decisions of Lord Esher's Committee, for the future development of our military system along lines which, if not actually embodying Mr. Amery's scheme in its entirety, will at any rate be of a nature entirely consonant with the fundamental idea of his book.

A. S. MORSE

OTHER REVIEWS

THE MEANING OF GOOD¹

WORKS on ethics suffer, as a rule, from two opposite defects. From a desire for system and simplicity, reinforced by logical confusions, they flagrantly outrage common sense in their estimate as to what things are good in themselves; and then, from a dread of consequences which are felt to be immoral, they endeavour, by flimsy and inconclusive arguments, to prove that their estimate of goods leads to the usual code of duties and sins. Both these defects are absent from Mr. Moore's work. There is throughout a frank appeal to what appear as ethical facts, combined with an extraordinary subtlety and care in the analysis of their implications. But, in spite of the subtlety, all the discussions are admirably clear, and are intelligible, except in one chapter, without any previous knowledge of philosophy.

It is a merit rarer, perhaps, than is supposed, to aim solely, in philosophy, at the discovery of truth. Most philosophers are interested, almost exclusively, in establishing some apparently valuable conclusions, for which they seek to find premises. The premises, when found, do not interest them on their own account; and any questioning of the premises is regarded as trivial and carping. Thus attention is concentrated on results, and a hasty, practical tone of mind is generated. In the present author, no trace of this mistake is to be found.

"It may be thought," he says on one occasion, "that my contention is unimportant, but that is no ground for thinking that I am not in the right. What I am concerned with is knowledge only—that we should think correctly and so far arrive at some truth, however unimportant."

In accordance with this theoretical spirit, Mr. Moore begins by dismissing the notion that ethics is solely concerned with human conduct, or with the goods attainable by human beings: ethics is the general inquiry into what is good, and into what *good* is. The chief contention of the first chapter is that *good* itself is indefinable:

¹ *Principia Ethica*. By George Edward Moore. Cambridge: University Press. 1903.

THE MEANING OF GOOD

an ultimate, simple notion, like yellow. Not that it is impossible to define *the good*, i.e., the things which are good; but that what we mean when we say that a thing is good, cannot be explained in any other terms. This is established by observing that, however we may propose to define *good*, it is always significant to say that that which is suggested as the definition is itself good. If we say: "pleasure is good," we say something different from: "pleasure is pleasure"; thus *good* cannot mean the same as pleasure. And the same process may be applied to any other suggested definition. The notion that *good* can be defined, is called by Mr. Moore the *Naturalistic Fallacy*, because usually some natural object (i.e., something which exists) is taken to be the meaning of good. He shows that, in one form or other, it has been committed by almost all ethical writers; it is involved, for example, in every attempt to infer what ought to be, from what is or will be. The remainder of the chapter is concerned, first, with distinguishing *good as end* from *good as means*—what is called good as means is merely a cause of what is good, while *good as end* is the same as good *simpliciter*—and, next, with the principle of what are called *organic unities*, i.e., wholes whose value is not the sum of the values of the parts. These have a very important place in estimating goods, and are frequently discussed in later chapters. An instance is the enjoyment of a beautiful object. A beautiful object which no one sees has little or no value, and a mistaken admiration also is not much prized; but, when the object admired has beauty, we get a whole which is often very good indeed.

Chapter II., on *Naturalistic Ethics*, discusses theories which hold that the only good things are certain natural objects, in so far as these theories are advocated as derivable from the very meaning of *good*. It is shown that such theories always confuse *good*, in its correct and indefinable sense, with the sense which they assign to it by definition. For example, Evolutionist Ethics are apt to argue that *good* means *more evolved*, and on this to base practical recommendations. Yet, if their contention were correct, no practical consequences could follow. We ask: Why should I prefer this to that? And they reply: Because the more evolved is the better. But if they were right in the reason they give for thinking so, they have only said that the more evolved is the more evolved; and this barren tautology can be no basis for action. The meaning of two phrases cannot be the same, if it makes any difference whether we use one of them or the other; and, applying this test, it is easy to see that *more evolved* does not mean the same as *better*.

The doctrine that pleasure is the sole good is next discussed; and its refutation appears as complete as any refutation can be. Sidgwick who, alone among Utilitarians, has recognised clearly that "good"

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

is indefinable, argues that, though other things than pleasure are valued, they appear not to be valued apart from the pleasure which accompanies them. But this only proves that pleasure is a *constituent* of valuable wholes, which we may admit to be usually true. In virtue of the principle of organic unities, it may happen that a whole would be worthless without a certain constituent, and yet that its value does not lie wholly in that constituent. And this appears to be often the case with pleasure. For example, pleasure is essential to the goodness of enjoyment of works of art ; yet such enjoyment is commonly held to be much better than other pleasures which are quite as keen. Thus, though many enjoyments are good, they are not good in proportion to the pleasure they contain ; and yet it may be that without the pleasure they would cease to be good.

Metaphysical Ethics, which are discussed in Chapter IV., agree with Naturalistic Ethics in thinking that the question : "What is real?" has a bearing on the question : "What is good?" They thus come within the scope of the Naturalistic Fallacy. But they are distinguished by the belief, that the reality which is relevant is supersensible and timeless. All the discussions on this subject are excellent, but they are impossible to reproduce within the limits of a review.

Chapter V., on *Ethics in Relation to Conduct*, though it abounds in important distinctions, appears to me the least satisfactory in the book. The question discussed in this chapter is : "What ought we to do?" It is held that what we ought to do is that action, among all that are possible, which will produce the best results on the whole ; and this is regarded as constituting a definition of *ought*. I hold that this is not a definition, but a significant proposition, and in fact a false one. It might be proved, in the course of moral exhortation, that such and such an action would have the best results ; and yet the person exhorted might enquire why he should perform the action. The exhorter would have to reply : "Because you ought to do what will have the best results." And this reply distinctly adds something. The same arguments by which *good* was shown to be indefinable can be repeated here, *mutatis mutandis*, to show the indefinability of *ought*. And, at a later stage, Mr. Moore becomes untrue to his own definition. In regard to moral principles, such as : "Thou shalt do no murder," which are generally useful and generally obeyed, he holds that there must be instances where better results would follow from breaking them ; yet, since we can never know when such an instance is before us, he holds that we ought *always* to obey such rules. This implies that we ought to do what we have reason to think will have the best results, rather than what really will have the best results. It is certain that some people, whom I

THE MEANING OF GOOD

refrain from naming, might with advantage to the world have been strangled in infancy; but we cannot blame the good women who brought them up for having omitted this precaution. Mr. Moore's objection to this view is, that he thinks it a contradiction in terms to say that it was a pity a man did his duty. It must be admitted that this sounds paradoxical; yet paradox of some kind is apparently unavoidable. Mr. Moore, in consequence of his definition, is led to infer, that we can never be sure what we ought to do, since we cannot calculate all the consequences of our actions; also that no moral law can be self-evident, as the Intuitionist school suppose. If *ought* is indefinable, these consequences do not follow. They may, nevertheless, be true in the main; but there must be at least one self-evident proposition as to what ought to be done. This will be some such rule as, that we ought to do what, so far as we can judge, will have the best consequences; though it is doubtful if this particular rule is itself quite true.

A virtue is defined as an habitual disposition to perform acts which usually have the best results; and the notion that virtue is the sole good is discussed and rejected. It is pointed out, that those who have professed this view have yet thought it possible that virtue should be rewarded in heaven by happiness, thereby showing that they regarded happiness as also good; for if virtue were the sole good, it would be logically compelled to be its own reward. But it is admitted that such virtues as are not *mere* habits are good in themselves, as well as being useful as means. Their value as ends is, however, scarcely enough emphasised; and it seems a pity that so little is said about them, and about right actions informed by virtues, in the description of the things which have a high degree of intrinsic goodness.

The last chapter, on *The Ideal*, is the best in the book. It consists chiefly of an enumeration, analysis, and comparison, of those among the things we know which are very good. Although the results differ widely from those usual in works on ethics, they are almost all unhesitatingly affirmed by common sense. It is quite extraordinary and surprising with what certainty the author is able to appeal to our intuitive perception of values, not only in regard to fairly simple matters, but even in very complex and elaborate organic unities. There is a keen pleasure, as we read, in the sure assent with which we follow his estimates, and in the discovery that our power of judging is at once more subtle and more certain than we had supposed.

To judge of the intrinsic value of anything, Mr. Moore says, we must consider what we should think of that thing existing in isolation. We thus avoid two errors: first, the ascription of value to

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

mere means, and, secondly, the supposition that, when one part of a good whole has no value, all the value must lie in the other parts. Applying this test, it appears obvious, that by far the best things we know are the enjoyment of beautiful objects and the pleasures of human intercourse. These two are separately considered.

Æsthetic enjoyments require for their goodness, not merely perception of the object, but also an appropriate emotion. But the emotion apart from the object has little or no value, and, if directed to an ugly object, the whole so formed may be very bad ; it is necessary both to see the beautiful qualities of the object, and to see that they are beautiful. We must further distinguish according as there is or is not a belief that the object exists ; in the case of imagination and the representative arts, such a belief is absent. The presence of this belief, if true (*i.e.*, if the object does exist), makes the whole much better ; if false, it makes the whole worse. Mr. Moore does not decide whether, in this last case, the whole is good or bad ; yet this is a question of some practical importance. The love of God, plainly, is in itself a thing of great value ; and it is almost always much weakened, if not destroyed, by unbelief. Ought an unbeliever, under these circumstances, to seek to destroy belief in others ? Though the effects of belief are here relevant, it is also important to know whether the love of a good object falsely believed to exist is, on the whole, in itself good or bad ; and this is one of those rare questions upon which our intuition gives no certain answer.

In regard to personal affection, all the elements present in the previous case exist, together with the fact that, when not misdirected, the affection has an object which is not merely beautiful, but good in a high degree. But, from the point of view of analysis, there is not much to add to the previous discussion of beauty.

A discussion of evils follows. Three evils are recognised as pre-eminent : namely, the admiration of what is evil or ugly, the hatred of what is good, and consciousness of great pain. Admiration of evil is made worse, both by judging it to be evil and by judging it to be good ; but is unaffected by the existence of its object. Hatred of good is better if the good is thought to be evil, and worse if acknowledged to be good. It also becomes worse if the object is perceived to exist. With regard to pain, Mr. Moore is, so far as I know, the first to point out its lack of parallelism to pleasure, though many must have felt this. Pain, he says, is in itself a grave evil, whereas pleasure is not a great good ; but, conversely, pleasure often much improves a whole, whereas pain does not make a whole much worse, and may even make it better, as in the case of sympathy for suffering. In this and other such cases, a whole formed

TAMMANY

of two evils may, *as a whole*, be good ; hence, when one evil exists, it is sometimes good to create another. But there seem to be no cases where the whole and the parts together are good on the balance, and where yet one of the parts exists and is evil, and no good part exists. Thus we cannot maintain that the existence of evil is essential to the ideal. But its mere apprehension *is* essential, as may be seen by the excellence of Tragedy.

In conclusion, Mr. Moore points out, that the lack of symmetry and system in his results is not an objection to them, since there is no reason to suppose the truth symmetrical. In this we must agree most entirely : philosophy will never advance, until the notion is dispelled, that sweeping general principles can excuse the patient attention to detail which, here as elsewhere, can alone lead to the discovery of truth.

B. RUSSELL.

TAMMANY¹

EVERYBODY in England is vaguely shocked at Tammany ; but how many understand what Tammany is ? People are, perhaps, generally aware that it is the Democratic organisation of New York City. But that tells one nothing ; for it might just as well be the Republican organisation, seeing that, in the States, and in particular in New York, neither party stands for any principles. As Mr. Hodder picturesquely puts it : " The Republican machine is to all intents and purposes a Trust ; the Democratic machine is to all intents and purposes a Trust ; like other Trusts, they pool." To say that Tammany is a party organisation, is merely to say that it is an organisation for making profit out of the public. So much is, perhaps, understood in England ; but we do not so well understand how the thing is done. We are apt to imagine, that there is a simple and gross misappropriation of public funds. That is not so ; these cruder methods belong to the past, and, probably, they might now be shocking, even to the Tammany politician. On the surface, Tammany governs honestly, and even efficiently ; it would be stupid and impolitic to do otherwise. It is the individual that is plundered, and especially the individual who is helpless and obscure.

The great weapon of Tammany is, the exaction of blackmail for permission to break the law. Gambling, for instance, is a case in point. And, to make the matter plain, it may be interesting to quote the experience of the keeper of a gambling-house, as given

¹ *A Fight for the City* : By Alfred Hodder. York New : The Macmillan Co., 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

by Mr. Jerome in his great campaign. The gentleman's name is The Allen ; and, says Mr. Jerome :

"The Allen tells me gambling is by no means what it used to be. He tells me, in the old days, on a police captain's birthday, the gamblers would get together and buy him a gold shield or a repeater, or give his wife a silver service ; and then the thing was at an end. But by and by the captain had two or three birthdays in a year. A little before the Lexow days, the practice of the monthly payment came into fashion ; and then one of the shining ornaments of the department, down in the old Eleventh Precinct, inaugurated the system of the initiation fee. That worked nicely ; and then another formed the bold conception of five hundred dollars a year for a gambling-house, and fifty dollars a month. And then they found fifty dollars a month was not enough, and demanded an occasional extra. Then it was one extra, and another extra ; and since you have done me the honour to place me in nomination, there has been another extra. At present the police force and the politicians are no longer content with levying blackmail upon gamblers. They insist upon appointing all the employees of the establishment, except the doorkeeper, who is a confidential employee and not subject to civil service rules ; and, further, they insist on nominating a partner in the business, who takes from twenty to thirty-five per cent. Vice is growing almost unprofitable in this community ; it is in need of a protective tariff."

Gambling, many people may think, is a genial and harmless peccadillo ; and so, it may be maintained, is Sunday drinking. But Tammany's main source of wealth is drawn from houses of ill fame. To these houses girls are lured and there imprisoned ; and the Tammany police deliberately ignore their cries for help.

"Do you think it is endurable," said Mr. Jerome, "that, through the connivance resulting from the league established between police officials and the keepers of houses of prostitution, young girls should again and again be taken from their homes and kept in these houses against their wills?—that these houses should be the only houses in the city from which cries for help are by policemen never heard ? It is literally true, let me assure you, that screams issuing from the upper windows of such houses, heard by men in the street, are by policemen in the street not heard or not investigated. They do not dare hear ; they do not dare investigate ; the keeper of the house has paid to be at peace with the police."

And it is the Government that thrives on this system that has just been returned to a new lease of power by a perfectly fair and open election, conducted with full knowledge of all the facts.

The Englishman asks : How is this possible ? And the reply is, that it is possible because New York, like other American cities, is really governed democratically, a thing unknown in practice, whatever the theory may be, in the cities of Europe. In America, the mass of the people (the poor, the ignorant, the alien) have been organised as a political force, in a way in which they have not yet

TAMMANY

been organised in Europe. The ingenious and able politicians of the Great Republic have discovered that a political party which is to touch the masses must be primarily a philanthropic association ; and they have built up their machinery on that basis. The successful city politician is the man who knows and is good to the poor : who finds them employment, gets them out of scrapes, takes them for picnics, kisses their babies, watches over them in life, and buries them when they are dead. Here, for instance, is an account of the methods of the now notorious Head of Police, Devery :

" He began his canvass for the leadership of his own district by scattering coin among street urchins, and opening stands for the free distribution of ice, without investigation of the politics of the applicant or of his needs. ' We've got Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Sheehan in this district,' he said in a speech, naming his rivals ; ' What's either of them ever done for it ? Do you know there ain't a park, or a public bath, or a recreation pier in all the district ? Well, there ain't ! . . . That's the kind of leaders them fellows are. An' who have they given any work to ? Why, I see young men standin' round the Pequod Club, with their hands in their pockets, doin' nothin'. They're doin' nothin', because there's nothin' doin'. After six months in power, Goodwin has had a chance to put horses an' carts an' men to work on street openings, but he hasn't done it. An' Sheehan !—did Sheehan ever give any man employment on his Second Avenue contract ? No, he didn't. Now I say I'm here for you young men. I'm with you, and you're with me. Whatever I can do for you, I'll do. You're workin' for yourselves an' me, I'm workin' for you—an' for myself.' "

" An' for myself," of course ! The politician is not a pure philanthropist. It pays him to be good to the poor. And what makes it pay is the fact that there is money in politics. A place in the police is very lucrative ; it's worth while to buy it. Then there are contracts, jobs, " pulls " of every kind, corporations to black-mail : a whole system of " spoils." Democratic government in the great cities of the United States means government by a gang of thieves, supported honestly, faithfully, and with conviction, by the suffrages of the masses. In England we are apt to shake our heads at this, and thank God that we are not as other men are. But there is nothing peculiarly meritorious about our national character that is going to preserve us, by its own weight, from the developments that have occurred in America. We have only to make it enough worth while for able and unscrupulous men to go into politics in the American spirit, and we shall have the American results. And to make it worth while, is merely to put money into politics. Once introduce a " spoils " system, once introduce a tariff, once introduce laws which no one intends to have enforced, but which people can be made to pay for breaking, and the American politician will follow as surely as night follows day. The business men of England, under

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, are at this moment engaged in what is, among other things, a determined attempt to Americanise English politics. It is idle to deny or blink this fact. It is the one fact in the whole controversy that is beyond dispute. And in importance, on any sober estimate, it outweighs all others.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

** * * It is desirable that no contributions should be sent without previous communication with the Editor, who cannot undertake to return unsolicited MSS.*

Publishers are requested not to send books for review. The Editor will venture to apply for copies of such works as it is desired to notice.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

MONTHLY.

On the 1st of the Month.

Price 2/6 Net

Editorial Council—

EDWARD JENKS, Editor

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

G. LOWES DICKINSON

G. M. TREVELYAN

FRANCIS W. HIRST

N. WEDD

LA REVUE DE PARIS

SOMMAIRE.

Maurice Maindron ...	Monsieur de Chramon (1 ^{re} partie).
A.-L. Hédouin ...	La Route de San-Stefano.
Commandant X ...	Une Réforme maritime.
Marie-Anne de Bovet ...	Ames d'argile (2 ^e partie).
Abel Lefranc ...	Pontagnuel explorateur (fin).
* * *	Fin.—1.
Marcel Magnan ...	La Question du Radium.
Victor Bérard ...	Questions extérieures.—Lord Curzon et le Tibet.—I.

PRIX DE LA LIVRAISON : 2 fr. 50.

PARIS : 86^{me}, FAUBOURG SAINT-HONORÉ, 86^{me}

... Verlag von GEORG REIMER in BERLIN W. 35 ...

Die Nation

Wochenschrift für Politik Volkswirtschaft
... und Literatur ...

Herausgegeben von
Dr. TH. BARTH.

Preis pro Quartal
Mark 4.

Die Nation hat während ihres 20jährigen Bestehens die liberale Weltanschauung auf allen Gebieten des öffentlichen Lebens vertreten. Sie bringt ausschließlich Originalartikel aus der Feder hervorragender Schriftsteller, Gelehrten, Politiker. Sie schließt in den Kreis ihrer Behandlung nicht bloß die Tagesfragen der Politik und die Probleme der Volkswirtschaft, sondern auch belehrende Erörterungen der Wissenschaft, der bildenden Kunst, des Theaters und der schönen Literatur ein. Sie bringt philosophische Essays, biographische Skizzen, satirische Skizzen zur Zeitgeschichte und lange Erzählungen.

C. A. SCHWETSCHKE & SOHN, Publishers,

The INDEPENDENT REVIEW of Germany is—

DEUTSCHLAND. Monatschrift für die gesamte Kultur.

Unter ständiger Mitarbeit von Eduard von Hartmann, Theodor Lipps, Berthold Litzmann, Otto Pfleiderer und Ferdinand Tönnies.

Herausgegeben von GRAF VON HOENSBROECH.

Quarterly, 7s. post free; Single Copy, 2s. 6d.

This new high-class journal contains essays from the best learned and literary writers of the day. The *Saturday Review* writes:—"It is edited by the GRAF VON HOENSBROECH, whose able work on the Papacy was reviewed by us in these columns last year. 'Complete independence' is its motto, although it makes a speciality of 'Cultivation versus Ultramontaniam'." The new venture promises well. The Publishers will be pleased to send Specimen Copy and Prospectus on application.

BERLIN W, 35, SCHOENBERGER UFER 43.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.

The Leading Italian Review of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, and Politics.

38th Year. Established 1866.

Is published in Rome on the 1st and 16th of each month. Each Number contains about 200 Pages.

Editor—MAGGIORIO FERRARIS, M.P.

The "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA" is the oldest and the foremost Italian Review. The most Eminent Authors, University Professors, and Members of Parliament (GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, G. CARDUCCI, LUIGI LAZZATTI, E. DE AMICIS, P. VILLARI, C. LOMBROSO, &c.) are among its Contributors.

ROME—CORSO UMBERTO I., 131—ROME.

B. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRAD ST. HILL, E.C.1, AND HUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

VOL. II. NO. 7

APRIL, 190

CONTENTS

THE LONDON ELECTIONS

G. L. BRUCE

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

A. M. LATTER

LORD ACTON AT OAMBRIDGE

JOHN POLLOOK

BIRDS OF PARADISE. Part I

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

TEMPERANCE REFORM

ARTHUR SHERWELL

THE ART OF BLAKE

LAURENCE BINYON

RETALIATION

H. O. MEREDITH

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON. No. II.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

EDMUND GARRETT

THE FRENCH PEASANT

OCTAVE UZANNE

MR. BURDEN. Chap. XI

HILAIRE BELLOO

MR. PAUL'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

AUGUSTINE DIRRELL

OTHER REVIEWS

LONDON PUBLISHED BY
T. FISHER UNWIN

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

MONTHLY.

On the 1st of the Month.

Price 2/6 Net

Editorial Council—

EDWARD JENKS, Editor

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

G. LOWES DICKINSON

G. M. TREVELYAN

FRANCIS W. HIRST

N. WEDD

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

THE elections of 1904 leave the constitution of the County Council substantially unaltered. Apart from aldermen, the Progressives had a majority of fifty-four. They now have a majority of forty-eight. In South St. Pancras, two Progressive seats were thrown away deliberately. One or two other seats were lost and won on local and personal issues. But, as a whole, the verdict is the same as in 1901; the Progressives have swept London, the Moderates are "nowhere."

This is the more striking, that a wholly new issue was introduced by the Education Act, and no little uncertainty caused by the attitude of the Established Church. Nor is there any doubt that a considerable amount of active assistance was given throughout London by the Church and its workers. On the other hand, the zeal of the Free Churches seems to have been no less roused; and the action of the Bishops, while it secured the influence of the official Church Party, offended many who are citizens first and Churchmen afterwards.

We are aware that the Bishop of Stepney, in his report on the election, maintains that the Established Church took no sides, and may be well satisfied with the result. The action of the Bishop of Stepney, throughout the contest, has mystified not a few of his friends and admirers. No

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

one doubts his personal good faith. But no one can justify the extraordinary distinctions he has drawn between his responsibility for what he writes himself, for what he writes as Chairman of his Association, and for what his secretary writes on his behalf. When electors are informed that the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Stepney, ask them to support the Moderate candidates for Hammersmith, they naturally imagine that the Bishops have actually authorised the statement; and, if the statement is false, expect an explicit disavowal from those whose names were fraudulently used. When the Bishop assures us that the Church took no sides, we find it hard to reconcile this assurance with the Bishop's own letter (or was it perhaps his secretary's?), which appeared in the *Times* two days before the election, recommending Churchmen to vote for sixty Moderate candidates, and two (practically unopposed) Progressives.

How far the Bishops' influence mitigated or aggravated the Moderate defeat, it is futile and scarcely polite to argue. The defeat was crushing and exemplary. Nor is the reason far to seek. Belgian rails and Chinese labour were blazoned through the constituencies in rival irrelevance, and perhaps turned a few light votes. But the Progressive poll was London's acknowledgment of solid good work done for London. Disgust with the Government may have had something to do with it; but this consideration fails wholly to account for the turnover of votes in Dulwich and Lewisham. Two months since, the Government won two of its most considerable victories in these two seats. Now, majorities of 1,400 and 2,000 are changed into minorities of 800 and 1,600. Different motives, no doubt, appealed to different electors. Rehousing and trams, steamboats and public-parks, Labour and Temperance, opposition to the Water-Board and opposition to the Bishops, all played their part; but, as a whole, the vote was the well-earned reward of fifteen years' faithful service. London, in becoming a metropolis, had almost ceased to be a city. The County Council has been the visible embodiment of London citizenship. The Conservatives have struggled with varying success to break up London. They failed to break up the County Council. They have created the Borough Councils.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Divide et impera has been their motto. The County Council has brought the whole moral and material force of London to bear on every part. A slum in Bethnal Green is a disgrace and a danger, not only to Bethnal Green, but to all London. The workman is not a mere tool, but a citizen.

In truth one very great virtue of the County Council's administration has been its popularity. The County Council has seized upon the imagination of London; and it is by imagination, far more than by argument, that men are swayed. The secret of Mr. Gladstone's power was his hold on the imagination of the people. High character, long service, myriad activities and many-sided talents, all contributed to the result. The picturesqueness and many-sidedness of the County Council's activity has captivated, in a somewhat similar way, the imagination of Londoners. The County Council has probably never had to deal with the same mass of work as the School Board. But, except on the one issue of unsectarian teaching, the School Board has never succeeded in warming the sympathies of London. Half a million children are scarcely as interesting as one child—they are less human. A million deaths stir us far less than one. The mere number dulls the imagination, and therefore the sympathy. The education of six hundred thousand children, the organisation of eleven thousand teachers, left us cold. The County Council's inspector, testing the weight of the poor man's sack of coals, its trams and its Fire Brigade, its bands and parks and street-improvements, are real, visible, and comprehensible good things.

*“Die Masse könnt ihr nur durch Masse zwingen,
Ein Jeder sucht sich endlich selbst was aus.”*

Not that there has not been good solid work behind. The imagination demands that, no less than it demands variety and brilliance. Tinsel may win one election; it will scarcely win two. The County Council's rehousing schemes may be less colossal than they seem. But the work done has been thoroughly well done; and the less attractive duty of keeping up the standard of London's dwellings is really far more important than the more specious talk

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of rehousing the poorest of the poor. The County Council has dealt with areas that were a source of danger and a disgrace to all London, with areas which no private speculator or company could adequately or properly deal with. It has converted them into real model residences. If it has inevitably attracted into them the best of the working classes, it has thereby freed other accommodation. Above all, it has kept up and raised the standard of living. Nothing could be more fatal than that the County Council should be itself interested in dwellings scarcely above the legal standard, interested, that is, in opposing every future attempt to raise the standard.

The tramways, too, have been thoroughly well managed. Better hours and wages for the men, cheaper fares for the passengers, and a profit for the public, are unexceptionable changes. Above all, the treatment of Labour by the Council has been marked by equal humanity and common sense. Good wages and good conditions of labour have been secured ; but good work has been exacted. In this matter, particularly, the highest praise has been due to the Labour leaders on the Council. Nothing would have been easier than to wreck the Council's policy by unreasonable claims, or by an attempt to win the favour of working-class constituents by ineffective and unbusinesslike control. The Labour leaders on the Council have looked further ahead, and recognised that, however large a part of the city the manual workers may be, they are still but a part, and their interests are bound up in the common interest of all citizens in good and honest administration.

How firmly the manual workers have supported the Council, is best shown by reference to any of the recently published political maps of London, *e.g.*, that given by the *Daily News* on March 7th. It will be seen, that the whole of the working-class districts of the north, east, and south are held by Progressives, while the Moderates hold the centre and west, with the quite regular exceptions of Battersea, Chelsea, and Fulham, themselves largely working-class districts. The total Progressive poll was about 330,000 ; the total Moderate poll about 265,000. The Progressives thus secured a majority of a quarter. It is calculated that

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

about 313,000 people went to the poll, as against 266,000 in 1901. But 313,000 is only 44 per cent. of the electors.

Turning now to the educational issue that bulked so largely in the public mind, we note with interest the statement by the Bishop of Stepney, that 97 of the new Council are pledged to the "impartial administration of the Act." "Use every man after his deserts, and who should 'scape whipping?" We are at least as anxious as the Bishop to see the Act "zealously and impartially" carried out. Our fear is, that the Council may be partial or remiss. Its educational policy has always been timid; it has never raised a farthing rate for education; it has applied upwards of a million of the whisky money to reducing rates. Progressive candidates have shown a not unnatural reluctance to handle so thorny a subject. The list of Aldermen is ominous. The omission of Lord Stanley from the Education Authority is a grave scandal. His claim on the gratitude of London is unique. His opinions are, no doubt, uncompromising, his tongue shrewd, his manner impatient and, at times, overbearing. But in knowledge and ability, in force and energy, in long unflagging service and single-minded devotion to the cause of education, he has no rival. Still, responsibility will bring strength; and we welcome the Council's scheme for the constitution of the Education Committee as realising the Council's own direct responsibility, both for what is done and for what is left undone. The cost will be very heavy, the hostile interests powerful and insidious, the battle stern, and sweeping majorities a forgotten luxury. The Bishops and their allies may yet be found desperately resisting a too zealous or too impartial administration of the Act.

The Act itself is as unwise as it is unjust. But its un wisdom and injustice lie essentially in what it omits, rather than in what it enjoins. Under the Act it will be the duty of the Council:

1. To improve steadily the education, in both Board and Voluntary schools.
2. To require the managers of Voluntary schools to bring their school-buildings, within a reasonable time, to something like the standard demanded by the Board of Education.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

3. To appoint representatives of the public on the boards of managers.

4. To provide an efficient scheme of training for teachers and pupil teachers.

5. To provide suitable Secondary and Higher teaching for all who are able to profit by it.

The Council may do more. It certainly cannot do less, if it "zealously and impartially" administers the Act. The wonder is, how any Church or Moderate candidate could possibly accept the test. Has the Act worked a strange conversion? Is the Moderate Party, which for thirty years has opposed all improvement, on the plea of blind economy, really prepared to reverence the child more than it respects the ratepayer? Is the Church Party, which has consistently sacrificed the children to the Church managers, now prepared to sacrifice the managers to the children? To the Progressive mind, a zealous administration of the Act brings up a vision of good schools, with halls and playgrounds, of smaller classes and better teachers, of adequate and suitable Higher Education. Is this the sense in which the Bishops propounded their test question? Is it the sense in which the Moderate candidates without exception agreed to it? If so, we understand the Bishops' sharp distinction between men and promises.

Take one point only. The first duty of the new authority will be, to find out the state of the Voluntary schools, and to require the managers to make the necessary alterations. No one wishes to be unfair to the managers. A fair period will be conceded, and interim grants allowed. But no amount of "fairness" can save the situation. Either the managers must be sacrificed, or the children. Not 10 per cent. of the Voluntary schools in London come near the minimum requirements of the Board of Education. School after school, as it has been handed over to the School Board, has been condemned by the Board of Education, and leave refused to use it, even temporarily. Quite rightly too. The wrong was in not condemning it sooner. The managers do not deny the charge. They plead their poverty and not their will. Meanwhile, the children and teachers go without the playground, and air, and accommo-

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

dation, to which they are fairly entitled. "Why should Anglican or Catholic children have worse schools, worse playgrounds,¹ worse teachers, than Board-school children?" Why indeed?

But the dilemma is there, and must be faced. The Board can itself supply the better teachers. It may not supply the buildings and playgrounds, and the managers cannot: they have not the money. The value of the Church school buildings and land is variously estimated. Mr. Parry, of St. Paul's, Wellclose Square, sets it at £35,000,000; other Church authorities at £20,000,000 and £8,000,000. The true value is probably about £3,000,000; and to bring the schools up to date would cost another £1,500,000. For the children's sake, the closing of them would be a consummation devoutly to be prayed for. A twopenny rate would supply capital and sinking fund to replace them all with new schools, good playgrounds, and good class-rooms and halls.

Once more, no one wishes to be unreasonable or unfair. No one claims that schools in the heart of London should have the full legal minimum of playground. But, the higher the value of the land, the greater the need of the children; and at least a quarter of the Board of Education's minimum might be fairly insisted on. And, the smaller the playground, the greater the need for good class-rooms and halls. These children have a right to health and air and light. If, out of school, their only playground is the staircase of the model dwelling, it is surely our duty to see that, in school, they enjoy some irreducible minimum of the conditions of healthy growth and development.

Of course the threat to close the schools is an empty menace. Most of the schools are held in trust for education; and the managers have no more power to close them than to appropriate any other trust funds. Nor, if they could, would they wish to do so. The buildings must be

¹ We understand that the Board of Education has expressed a doubt whether the Education Authority has power under the Act to require playgrounds for children in non-provided schools!! The Board's own code has always required playgrounds; and it has been the duty of the Board to insist on them. Managers and Board have connived at sacrificing the children. How long?

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

kept up for Sunday-school purposes ; and the wear-and-tear clause will go a long way to throw the cost of their upkeep on to the rates. But, even where both Council and Managers are at one in desiring that the school should continue, and the children enjoy their rights, the difficulty of reconciling the two objects has to be solved.

One solution only seems possible :—That the school be transferred to the Education Authority ; that its use be reserved on Sundays and certain evenings, and, perhaps, on one morning up to ten o'clock, or other security taken for the opportunity of giving denominational teaching to those who wish for it ; that, in return, the Education Authority shall make the necessary alterations—practically in most cases rebuild the school—as agreed with the managers ; and that the managers shall have the right to revoke the transfer, on paying the Education Authority the amount it has expended, and as mutually agreed.

In this way the children and teachers would obtain fair conditions, the managers would be free of expense and have their schools kept up at the public cost, and those few or many who preferred denominational teaching would obtain it. On the other hand, the teachers would be appointed without religious tests ; and the teaching, except on the reserved morning or mornings, would be unsectarian.

This, it may be freely conceded, would not be acceptable to all. The Roman Catholics, a few Anglicans, and a few others, claim that their schools must be filled and surrounded with a certain atmosphere ; that every lesson must be instinct with a certain spirit ; and that the children must be led on insensibly into the Church of which they are members and the school a part. St. Peter's, London Docks, is an obvious example. The managers are now refusing to come under the Act, and will pay for their freedom by forfeiting all public grants. Such boldness will be rare ; and, where the children have an effective choice of school-places, where there are vacant places in a publicly managed school within reach, it may well be wise to allow such schools to draw a certain proportion—say four-fifths—out of the rates, on condition that a fifth of the cost be supplied from genuine voluntary sources, that securities for thorough efficiency be given, and

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

that no child be claimed, except those whose parents choose to select that school. Such a provision may well form part of the amending Act. It is beyond the power of the present Education Authority.

But, even were it now legal, such schools would be rare ; and we are concerned with the practical administration of the present Act. Would such a compromise as is suggested above meet the case of the ordinary Voluntary School ? It has two considerable recommendations. The managers would not only be freed from pecuniary care themselves ; they would unite with others in pressing forward the cause of Education. They would no longer be forced to oppose all improvements in the interests of the Church, as the *Guardian* most truly and frankly put it. The struggle for education has been long. The present structure is miserably inadequate ; and it has been built with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other. Its enemies have been those who should have been its warmest friends. We should have peace and co-operation, instead of rivalry and inefficiency.

The second recommendation is, that the administration of the schools would be simplified and strengthened in a way that is now impossible. Again, consider a single point—the vital question of the appointment of head teachers. As things now stand, we shall have in London 500 non-provided (Voluntary) schools, with an average of about 500 scholars, and 500 provided (Board) schools with an average of about 1,100 scholars. The corresponding departments for Boys, Girls, and Infants, will average 170 scholars in non-provided schools, and 350 scholars in provided schools. Obviously, the proper mode of promotion would be to appoint assistant-teachers to the headships of small schools, and to promote heads who had proved their worth in small schools to the charge of large schools. Equally obviously, the result would be, that no one would obtain the headship of a public school who had not first been head of a small “non-provided” school ; that is, he must be, or profess to be, an Anglican or a Catholic. In fact, we shall have two classes of schools, the children and the stepchildren of the Authority, with all the old jealousies, and waste, and inefficiency.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

On the other hand, such a compromise would, no doubt, be a victory for "Unsectarian Christianity," for "Board School Religion"; and the name is as a red rag to combatants. Perhaps the managers will do well to consider calmly two or three points.

In the first place, nine out of ten of the parents go neither to church nor chapel. The average parent cares little for the Bishops or for their adversaries. He sides wholly with Solomon against the sectarian widow; and, whether he sends his children to St. Paul's, Hammersmith, or to St. Paul's, Bow Common, cares mainly for the efficiency of the teaching and the moral tone of the school, and very little for the theological opinions of the teachers. Hence it is, that when ingenious and fair-minded antagonists, such as Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lathbury, propound plausible schemes that should satisfy everybody, they do fail to satisfy any one; and that Mr. Morley's plea for secular education, which was cried in the wilderness, now begins to find an echo in the growing popular impatience.

Next let them remember that, so long as the parents desired denominational teaching for their children, so long they would get it. So much is secured by the bond.

Thirdly, let them reflect that, though unsectarian teaching is hardly defensible in theory, in practice it has always brought peace and co-operation: unity to the schools, and freedom to the teachers. Skill and tact have been abundantly necessary; they have not proved wanting. His Grace of Canterbury demands that at least we should be sure that the doctrine of the Atonement is duly taught. The Headmaster of Haileybury, if we remember rightly, wrote, in *Lux Mundi*, that the doctrine of the Atonement, as often taught, seemed to him, not only false, but blasphemous. Would his Grace venture to tell us whether teachers in Church schools do, or do not, teach the damnable verses and clauses in their obvious and traditional sense? The parents have a right to know. Of course such difficulties are, in fact, shirked by teachers and by Archbishops alike. The teaching is simple and practical. So is the New Testament. We are dealing with children; and life to a child is more real than doctrine. The teacher is free. He teaches from his heart, even if he

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS

is sometimes more orthodox, and sometimes less orthodox, than some of us might wish. When Dr. Temple decided that in scripture, and scripture only, each teacher at Rugby should examine his own class, he recognised the same difficulty and the same solution. The truths of religion and morals can only be taught from the heart ; and teachers can only express them in the language and form they understand. "The Bible taught as literature," and "systematic ethics," are at present impractical and unreal dreams. We have to accept the teachers as we find them, and to trust to their tact and loyalty.

Above all, let the managers of the Voluntary schools realise the immense power of a whole school united in a common sense of duty, and a common feeling of right and wrong. There are many sects and many opinions. The parents, if they know and care, may initiate the child into the truths of sect. At school it is surely enough if we can fill him with the supreme truth of unity—that for all of us there is one right and one wrong.

G. L. BRUCE.

6

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

THE Russo-Japanese war has not, in this country, in marked contrast with opinion on the continent, been generally regarded as a struggle between East and West ; partly, perhaps, because Englishmen regard Russians as a species of Oriental, and partly because we are by our alliance estopped from such a view. It is, however, an undeniable fact, that Japanese civilisation is founded on principles radically different from our own, and that the recent introduction of European inventions and constitutions has affected its essential character about as much as railways, telegraphs, and the mitigation of the punishments of our criminal law have affected our own. Japanese civilisation is historically derived from that of China, and is, in essentials, with the one great exception of the survival of the military spirit in Japan, still identical with it ; and, should Japan continue her course of successes in the war, her stimulating influence will become rapidly predominant in China, and the common civilisation of the two Empires will be infused with a new and healthy vigour. Inasmuch as the next representatives of the West with which the revived Mongolian civilisation will come into direct contact will be France in Indo-China, and England in Hong-Kong, the Straits Settlements, and India, the question obtrudes itself : How would the common civilisation of Japan and China compare with that of the West in a struggle for the survival of the fittest, or, at the least, on what terms would the two be likely to meet ?

Stevenson has somewhere spoken of the change that there is in getting outside the radius of the civilisations which derive from ancient Rome ; and surely nowhere is the change more startling to the European, than when he comes

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

into contact with the complex and self-sufficing civilisation of the Mongolian races. So soon as the eastward-bound traveller has left behind him Singapore, and touched land in China, he is conscious that he has come into a very different part of the world. The "gorgeous romantic" East that lies between the Straits Settlements and Suez has vanished. Instead, he has come into a region of solid and somewhat squalid materialism, among a population teeming and crowded as the slums of any Western city, industrious beyond anything Western, and clad in a monotonous garb of blue. Slightly relieved, indeed, is this drab impression, when the traveller encounters the fascinations of the scenery and people of Japan; but here, too, no less marked is the contrast between the Near East and the Far East, no less obvious the industry, intelligence, independence, and density of the population.

Nothing perhaps suggests more reflections to the Western observer, than to watch, for the first time, in the native part of a Chinese or Japanese town, a fashionable street at night, and see reproduced, quite fortuitously, the fashionable streets of London, Paris, or Vienna. The restaurants and the theatres emptying and filling themselves : the same variety of type and class in men and women : the complete absence of what can only be described to the Western mind as the Oriental gorgeousness that is so apparent in the finery and tinsel of India : the absence of all barbaric display : the same tendency of respectability to drab and gaiety to colour : these, without the slightest identity of historical past, afford a curious instance of parallel development. It is impossible for the Western observer to point to anything, either in conduct, dress, or intelligence, in which the Eastern crowd is one whit inferior to the similar crowd in the West. And yet he is conscious that there is a whole world of difference between them. If it were possible to sum up this difference in one sentence, it would perhaps be this : the Mongolian civilisation is founded on taking Man as he is, the Western on taking him as the West thinks he ought to be ; the one is practical and inductive, the other deductive and idealistic.

From the days of ancient Greece, and still more since

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the introduction of Christianity, Europe has, with varying enthusiasm, set before itself certain moral ideals, and, in theory, judged of the success of any polity according as it encouraged or conformed to them. Without attempting any exhaustive analysis, we may roughly place these ideals in three classes. In the first class we may place the more political ideals of justice between man and man : truth and honesty in the public and private life and administration, and liberty ; in the second class, the more recent and purely moral ideals of honour, chastity, and modesty ; in the third class, the social ideals of comfort, cleanliness, and industry. Indifferent as to whether Man is or is not inherently averse from such virtues, Western civilisation, as expounded by its professors, has regarded them as ends at which to aim, and sought the maximum and highest development of them. The Mongolian attitude is very different.

The basic idea of Chinese civilisation, which begot and still pervades that of Japan, is Harmony. Man is a difficult animal, and human intelligence must devise the best means of inducing him to live in peace with his neighbours, to make the earth yield to him its utmost, and to develop the most useful part of him—his intelligence. To this end, certain moral ideals are doubtless useful ; but the foundation of all such ideals is harmony in society, and, in so far as any other ideal appears to conflict with this, it must be checked. Inasmuch as Harmony is the end of all civilised beings, with regard to other ideals, in practice, the best thing to do is to use the irreducible minimum of them ; and it is in the discovery of the irreducible minimum in all things, that the Mongolian intellect has developed most completely its civilisation. The best illustration of this is seen in its attitude towards the cardinal Western virtues above enumerated.

Of those we have placed in the first class (with the exception of liberty, which is of modern vogue), it is true that expressions of academic approval are to be found in the Chinese classics. But the practical use of them is well known to any one personally acquainted with a Chinese court of law. Of the Japanese courts the writer cannot speak with personal familiarity ; but the dissatisfaction of all Western

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

residents with them, and their unwillingness to embark on litigation in them, is a fact well known to all who have visited Japan. In the Chinese courts, the fact most perplexing to the foreign lawyer is : the attainment of justice, without either the discovery of truth or the employment of honesty. The harmony of the people forbids the decree of a gross injustice ; the harmony of the magistrate and his yamen forbids the abstention from bribes ; the actual circumstances of the case are impossible to discover ; while the fact that the litigants have, by mere litigation, disturbed the general harmony, renders that the only equitable decision, by which both sides are punished slightly, and the side that recommends itself to the tribunal is also rewarded.

It is a significant fact, that Chinese law is concerned exclusively with punishments, and that all purely civil disputes are intended to be, and almost always are, settled without resort to a State tribunal. A dispute of a commercial nature is settled by the guild of the trade : that of a more personal kind by the intervention of the peacemaker, an honoured and traditional figure of Chinese society, who never fails to appear on the scene, and quiet the most violent quarrel. So certain, indeed, are the disputants in any open quarrel in China of the interference of a peacemaker, before serious injury is done, that pig-tails are pulled, and the most violent threats uttered, by the most timid of people, only that honour may be satisfied, on the distinct understanding that one of the bystanders will shortly step in as peacemaker and save the situation, a task that some one of the bystanders never fails to fulfil. Parties, therefore, who, in spite of all these means of settlement, still persist in being out of harmony with each other, and going before the magistrate, are both *prima facie* culpable ; and punishment somewhere is clearly due. After punishment and scolding, the first duty of the Court is to restore the broken peace by its decision ; and, in this task, no doubt bribery affects its view. But the bribes taken are never, especially in places far removed from foreign influence, very large, and they seldom, if ever, cause a decision to be given which is in public opinion really inequitable. And yet it is doubtful if, in any hardly contested case, the magistrate really finds

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

out the truth. The writer has frequently had experience of a Chinese client who, after giving three or four different accounts of the same transaction, all rejected on the score of mendacity, has said piteously: "Master, my have talkee you three times, which time my more better talkee?" And it is very doubtful whether the Court ever gets any nearer to the truth; it is usually apparent that it does not try to do so. Of justice to the individual in our sense, Mongolian jurisprudence is free. Responsibility is collective; and, even if the system is not productive of individual initiative, it at least makes government easy, and strengthens the administration.

On the administrative side, Japan has carried through a general reform, while the administration of China is notoriously corrupt. Japan has felt the advantage of reform financially; but it is doubtful whether the purification has had any other advantages. Both in efficient control and innate suitability to their peoples, probably no Government excels those of the Mongol Empires. Vast though the country is, no fugitive who is really "wanted" ever escapes the long arm of the Chinese Government: and the Japanese system of espionage probably surpasses that of Russia. It cannot be said that the Chinese are, as a people, heavily taxed; and the pervading note of both countries is a harmonious, intelligent industriousness. One factor in this is apparent to any one familiar with the Government decrees and ordinances. From these is totally absent the sharp imperiousness of Western laws, based on the consciousness of sovereignty and theories of right. A Chinese decree which affects popular interests—such as a decree altering the incidence of the opium tax—is always couched in argumentative form, and appeals to the reasoning instinct of the people; it recites the great love and pity that the Government has for them, and points out how even a new tax is really imposed for their own good, supporting such contention with argument at length; and it is because of its reasonableness that it is obeyed. Any really oppressive decree is always represented to be so by the people; and is, in consequence, varied or repealed. Reason, the best father of Harmony, is the strong point in the Mongolian: and he

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

is probably the only human being who can be, and is, convinced of the justice of his opponent's cause by sheer reason. The sort of reasoning which appeals to the Chinese is not, it is true, quite in accordance with our own rules of logic : there is a greater latitude for probability, and, in Chinese argument, conclusions are frequently drawn from premises which do not logically warrant them, although, humanly speaking, the result is highly probable. Those who are interested in the curious "non sequiturs" of Chinese reasoning, are referred as an example to Sir Robert Hart's *These from the Land of Sikkim*, a typical product of the Chinese intellect ; particularly to the part dealing with the abolition of extra-territoriality.

Turning to the second, or moral class of Western virtues, the doctrine of the irreducible minimum applies. Chastity and modesty are not congenial to Man (as the Mongolians know him) or conducive to his perpetuation ; and do not therefore tend to preserve the general harmony. Inasmuch as the finest thing they know on earth is their own species, and the continuity of the family life is a religious and essential part of their polity, early marriages are invariable ; and virginity and self-effacement are regarded merely as incidents of immaturity. Honour is the one point in which both the races leave their pedestal of cold reason. The bottom of their ideas of honour is found in the theory of "face," which in Japan, in the warrior class, has borne a fruit almost European, the honour of a Japanese Samurai being as quaint and interesting as that of an English gentleman or a German officer. The root idea of "face," which is the first and only thing of the native that the foreigner in the Far East must understand and practise, may be vaguely described as a demand by every man from all others of an acknowledgment of respect. If you have beaten a Chinese in a bargain or an argument, you must allow him a nominal concession to "save his face." If you have detected your servant in dishonesty, you may act on your knowledge and cut his wages : but not for thieving, only for having "lost" whatever it may have been ; in a gross case, he knows the penalty is dismissal, but you must allow him to dismiss himself. To save his "face," a man who

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

has had an injury done to him will go out into the street and curse loudly the man whom he suspects of having caused the damage, indifferent as to whether there are any near to hear ; and the final revenge of the man who has lost "face" is to commit suicide on his enemy's doorstep. Something analogous, both in sentiment and result, may perhaps be traced in many proceedings taken for libel and divorce in this country. In China, so much is "face" respected, that even the Courts of Justice regard it ; and, except in the most heinous cases, the magistrate always takes care to make some concession to save the loser's "face." Arbitrary and incommodious as this doctrine appears to be, reason again steps in and prevents it disturbing the Mongolian harmony. Respect for your neighbour's "face" is taught to the infant from the cradle, and supported with all the weight that good manners have in these most decorous of races ; with the result that the "face" of another is respected as much as his life.

It is in the third or social class of virtues, that the doctrine of the irreducible minimum is seen at its strongest. In cleanliness the Chinese are proverbially deficient ; the Japanese have a sensuous love of hot baths, and the top of the mats in the houses are spotless ; but in both countries the streets, and all the cultivated lands, are most offensive, and a Chinese city is the filthiest thing on earth. But yet in a recent report of the Shanghai medical authority, reference is made to the "sanitary habits of the native." Ages back, no doubt, the Chinese found out that, with their dirty habits, certain acts were rapidly followed by sickness and death. Drinking cold water, such as it is there, was one of these. The result has been, that neither Chinese nor Japanese ever drinks water that has not been boiled ; and, inasmuch as hot water is nasty, the bye-product was tea. Countless other similar little habits, in full accordance with modern scientific sanitary ideas, may be found among them : the result being, not cleanliness, but the avoidance of many of the worst consequences of dirt—the irreducible minimum of cleanliness. Excepting the artistic tendencies of both nations, which is too large a subject, the same doctrine applies to comfort and industry. In comfort, the

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

minimum is very low ; in industry it is very high. But this apparent exception is due to the recognition by both branches of the race of the philoprogenitiveness of man, and the fact that reproduction is regarded as a duty by the so-called Ancestor-Worship of China, and the Shinto or Family-Worship of Japan, as well as being approved by the Buddhist theories of the sanctity of life. The result of this is that, in the theory of the minimum, comfort and industry interact. Reproduction being a duty, and Man—Mongolian Man—the most desirable thing on earth, it is obvious that whatever can be done by Man is better done by him than, for example, by a horse. Thus men pull carts, and girls load steamers with coal at Nagasaki as quickly as any crane, while at Shanghai is developed what is probably the cheapest form of locomotion on earth, the single-wheeled barrow with planks on each side of the high wheel at the level of the axle, on which one coolie will wheel no less than eight passengers for long distances. All over the Far East, it is thought in no way derogatory for one man to pull another in a rickshaw, fare and runner often beguiling the way with pleasant converse on equal terms. It is possible that such employment would be a convenient solution of the Unemployed problem in English towns ; but it is interesting to consider how the white man can possibly compete in South Africa with a people whose theories of industry are such as these. It is generally admitted that the Chinese carry the theory of depressing the standard of comfort to the utmost, in order indefinitely to increase the population—even further than the Japanese. The following figures from the official *Financial and Economic Annual of Japan* give some idea of the extent to which this practice prevails in the latter country. The average daily earnings of a day labourer are there given for 1887 as being rather under fourpence ; for 1901 as about ninepence halfpenny ; of a carpenter in 1887 at about fivepence halfpenny ; in 1901 about one shilling and twopence ; of a tailor in 1887 rather under fourpence three farthings ; in 1901 about tenpence farthing. The yearly wages of an agricultural labourer (male) in 1894 are given at £1 18s. 7d., and female at £1 ; in 1901 male at £3 3s. 8d., female at £1 14s. A note is added that, by reason of food

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and other allowances given to labourers, the figures given may not in some cases represent the actual earnings ; but it is to the last-mentioned class only that this would probably apply to any appreciable degree. As to the hours of work, it is well known that, except for a mid-day siesta—which is not by any means always taken—both Chinese and Japanese appear to work all day and all night, with no Sundays, with few holidays : ever ready, ever resourceful, ever cheerful.

Such is the civilisation which appears to be awaking to a new and more vigorous life. How its persistent materialistic strength will compete with our own nervous military and idealistic organisation, there are few data which enable us to judge. It may, however, be said, that the Yellow Peril, as propagated in the Continental Press, is at least premature, if not false : inasmuch as the dominant note of the Yellow civilisation is peace, broken only for self-preservation, and we have the weapon of exclusion always to hand. Secondly, the countries to which the Mongolian civilisations adjoin, are inhabited by people in a less advanced state of civilisation, over whom the very qualities which have earned for us the contempt of the Yellow races give us a hold which the more aged civilisation of China and Japan can probably never gain. The Yellow races have attained to subtlety and compromise as the intellectual bases of civilisation—qualities familiar to all Asiatics. We rely rather on truthfulness, courage, and force—qualities to the Yellow races barbaric, but to the Brown masterful, terrible, reliable. We may therefore dismiss the nightmare of Europe crumbling before the Yellow peoples, and turn to the only data that we have at present for estimating the relations that the two civilisations will bear to one another—the position at present occupied by the White Man in the Far East.

The comparative scarcity and unimportance of white men in the Far East prevents such consideration from furnishing us with any conclusive data ; and far more instruction will, no doubt, be given to us, when the British Government, true to its scientific principles, has carried through its experiment of importing Chinese into a White

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

Man's country. The only undoubted conclusion that can be drawn from the foreign settlements in China and Japan is, that the qualities which have given the White Man the position of "Sahib" in India, have absolutely failed to procure him any such pre-eminence further East. The White population in Japan and China can be conveniently divided into two classes : the traders with their professional and consular attendants, and the foreign officials of the Chinese Government's Imperial Maritime Customs' service. The latter class are, of course, entirely absent from Japan ; and the professional class has, since the revision of the treaties, practically disappeared from that country also. The foreign officials of the Chinese Customs' service have under their control the collection of the duties for the Chinese Government on the exports and imports at the Treaty Ports ; and, having thus a considerable hold upon the purse-strings, one might expect that here, if anywhere, the weight of the European intellect and influence would be felt. And this expectation is strengthened, when it is remembered that, at the head of the service, is that old, trusted, and able servant of the Chinese Government, Sir Robert Hart. Yet the Commissioner at the Treaty Port has none of the position of the "Resident" in the independent Indian State ; and no more striking testimony to the real position of the foreign Customs' service of China can be found, than the fact that the attack of the Court and the Boxers on the Legations caught the heads of that service unawares, and nearly cost Sir Robert Hart and his principal assistants their lives. What both Customs officials and others who have had to deal with the Yellow races find, is, that the White Man's weight and influence are only prayed in aid to the point which the native thinks desirable ; and then, at the very moment when the European thinks he is accomplishing what he imagined the native wanted, his assistance is dropped, and the matter pursues some devious route, to an end that was wholly unexpected. The foreign lawyer is employed by a Chinese at a Treaty Port for some definite purpose, which he pursues whole-heartedly, only to find very often that he has only been required to satisfy some requirements of "face," or to effect a diversion, while the real nature of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the transaction has been entirely hid from him throughout. And so it is in almost every dealing which the white races in the Far East have with the natives ; the master mind which holds all the threads, and views the end of the scheme, is the Yellow, the mind that is employed to effect a detail is the White. In commerce it is the compradore (or native agent) that holds the goodwill of the business ; in contentious affairs, the weight of the foreign consular official is, by some legal fiction, temporarily called in, only to be dropped without explanation ; in medicine the foreign doctor is given a trial, but his treatment is seldom followed through.

So completely does the White man there fail to occupy the position of the Sahib in India, that some of the white races have practically given up the pretension, and are sending out clerks to their commercial houses on wages quite inadequate to enable them to live as white men should. Clerks go out to German houses at wages of about £60 a year ; and a managing clerk in a German firm is often earning about £200 a year. The corresponding wages in first-rate English houses would be £300 and £800 per annum. Penniless American lawyers, if rumour speaks true, have been financed by speculative Chinese, just as a Chinese finances a promising youth of his own race for official examinations. Such economies no doubt in part account for the rapid commercial advance of the Continental nations in the Far East ; and help to explain the somewhat unsatisfactory case of, for instance, Hankow, the economic centre of the Yangtse Valley, where the French, Russians, and Germans have been largely increasing the staff of their old firms and starting new houses, while the British firms have increased neither in number nor personnel, and last year not a single Englishman was to be found on the committee of the local club, the commercial centre of every Far Eastern settlement. At the same time, however, it is doubtful whether this cheeseparating policy will really pay in the end among so sound a commercial nation as the Chinese ; and at any rate it deprives the foreigner of the one secure reputation he always had—that of being a “plentee dollar man.” Moreover, as between the various European nations,

THE WAR AND THE TWO CIVILISATIONS

commercially, the spirit of compromise and generosity which distinguishes the English trader has given this country a preference among the Chinese, which it is doubtful whether anything except a change of character can give to any other ; and the European who endeavours to compete on equal terms economically with the Chinese is lost. For the present argument, however, this tendency of some nations to sink economically to the level of the native only illustrates more strongly the view, that the civilisation to which Europe is daily coming nearer is not one that can be approached by her as by a superior to an inferior ; and it is probably not a rash prophecy to say, that the meeting of the two civilisations will afford the most interesting spectacle of the twentieth century.

A. M. LATTER.

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

WE live in days when the least worthy may hope for fame, and when wide admiration is often the portion of those who seek it, but seldom of those who do not seek and yet deserve it ; we are become accustomed to the arts of self-advertisement and to the success which attends them ; we see daily mountains of reputation, built on sentimentality, overshadowing the lowlier but more solid structures founded on true merit. There are lessons for us in this, and perhaps compensation for it. For time equalises all odds ; and it is the happiness of posterity to have the power of discriminating between those who impose themselves unjustly on their age, and those who set a mark, albeit unperceived, upon the course of the world's progress. The candour of the dead is the advantage of those who come to live in following times. Yet, though we may not hope to pierce the secrets of those whose persons we have known, or to attain to a full measure of their influence or their qualities, it behoves us nevertheless to set on record our admiration of those who have towered among us by reason of peculiar powers, lest we be set down as shallow observers, and as men who are failing in appreciation of the light which they have seen. And we have one advantage, and that great, over the judgment of our descendants. Though the scope of our reason is limited by ignorance of what shall come from an unknown future, our sympathies and our imagination have been quickened by that immediate sense of personal conjunction which our successors, better equipped to appraise the ultimate result, cannot fail to want. Our enthusiasm may be excessive ; but at least we have the

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

chance that it may spring from friendship, and blossom in love.

It is common, in every walk of life, to hope for the coming of the great genius who shall set a pinnacle on the perfection of human achievement. Men idealise those better and abler than themselves with whom they are brought in contact, always a little, and, if the difference be extreme, often greatly. The masters whom we revere in literature, in art, in life, will maybe seem, to the calmer eyes of coming generations, to reach less near to the ideal than in our sight. Thus it is that we are taught to understate our case that we may chance to hit the truth. But if there is merit in this, it is also a merit in a man to stand fast by the opinions which he believes, after due allowance for exaggeration, to be firmly grounded in right reason, and not, in deference to those who point the finger of scorn at true feeling, to diminish or choke his innermost conviction, that he may gain a reputation in the world for carefulness.

To the mind which looks down the line of those who have devoted themselves to the study of the past, are presented many noble images. There have been men of great eloquence for good causes, witty critics, impartial judges, writers of ample learning and quick insight, artists skilled to impress vivid scenes of narrative on the imagination, heroic path-finders, diligent harvesters, laborious gleaners. All these, historians of many times and different nations, we may reverence and admire fitly, and yet note in all a want of proportion in these qualities: one who has one noble faculty lacking another. It has been reserved for our own day to bring forth a historian combining them all, a man of learning perhaps unparalleled, one to whom well-nigh all Western literature was as a familiar field, a man of wit and passion, gifted with the power to tear the heart from many mysteries, with the experience of years spent in worldly work to teach him to read men and understand affairs, intimately acquainted with the sources of our knowledge of the past, by birth a citizen of the world, by position placed to probe deeply the making of the history of his own time, a man without prejudice or fear, a master of his craft, a worker of tireless energy, illuminated by a burning zeal for

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the cause of truth and the triumph of justice. Such a man the world has lost in Lord Acton.

The actual publication of Lord Acton's letters to Miss Gladstone, and the approaching publication of his lectures and essays, cannot but revive emotions which time had in some degree calmed. The more we think of our loss, the harder it is to bear. A light has gone out which can never be rekindled, and, though its rays still shine into the hearts of a few, and illumine their intelligence, they know too well how vain must be all effort to express to others the strength, and inspiration, and delight, that have vanished from among men, save in their memory. But though that has departed the loss of which we still lament, there will remain to all time the precious possession of Lord Acton's work, and of his example. The greater part of his written work will soon be before the public, and must be judged by itself; but concerning his example, the influence of which is bound, as time goes on, to increase and not to diminish, a few words may be permitted. For it is to us an example, not only of transparent rectitude and of an earnest life nobly devoted to high ideals, but one the chief import of which lies, perhaps, less in the virtues that are easily seen to have adorned him, than in what has often been taken to be Lord Acton's greatest defect.

Not a few have regretted the comparatively small output of Lord Acton's mind. A personal friend of his, and a leader of thought to-day, has recorded his wish that Acton "had more frequently consented to dash off light work in a quick, unstudied way." He has been compared with Döllinger, his friend and master, of whom he said: "Everyone has felt that his power was out of proportion to his work, and that he knew too much to write," and again: "Twenty years of his historical work are lost to history." And Döllinger is said to have observed of him that, if he did not write a great book before he was forty years old, he would never do so. He did not write a great book; though he inspired more than one, he did not write any book at all. It was frequently said that he could not write.

Now it is precisely that capacity for not writing which, I venture to say, marks Lord Acton as pre-eminent among

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

scholars and among men. It was not true that he could not write. On the contrary, he was a master of language, rich, eloquent, and pointed. In dramatic power of constructing sentences, he was not surpassed by many. He knew how to choose the exact word which would most stimulate the mind. His thought was compressed into words with a closeness that can be likened only to that of Dante. It was not that he could not, but that he would not write. Nor was it true of him that "his power was out of proportion to his work." Beneath a world of learning, under the weight of which another might have been honoured for sinking, Lord Acton's tread was elastic. As an arch of Michael Angelo's building springs under the load it bears, with such grace that it seems to stand without any burden, such was the ease with which Acton appeared to carry his knowledge. But, in the pursuit of his ideal, he would not give his soul to the world. The attainment of the present never satisfied him. His aim was at nothing short of perfection, and, so far from being a source of weakness, it is exactly that fact from which we can most gain strength. He was as a Pheidias whose sense of beauty should be so keen that he could hardly sculpt, or a Garrick disabled by too deep a knowledge of human nature from playing more than on a few isolated occasions, for which a life of study had in his own mind scarcely fitted him.

By what he wrote, as well as by what he did not write, Lord Acton held his ideal high above the standard of the multitude. What he performed, he was sure of having done well. His criticism had made it an achievement on the value of which he could rely, a work of long time brought at last to perfection. Only, the example of the sacrifice of so much toil to his ideal is greater than what he actually accomplished. Good as was what he could do, it was better left undone if it was not the best. And it was just this striving for the best, and rejection of everything short of it, this self-knowledge and self-confidence, this steadfast view of the ultimate goal, this indomitable self-restraint, that are the legacy and the supreme lesson given to us by one of the richest of human minds.

Let us remember, too, that Lord Acton was deeply

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

occupied in other ways than in study. While he was storing a wonderful memory with countless facts, not a few unearthed by himself from long oblivion or secret papers, while he was fitting hard facts into harder theories, well tried at every turn, he was engaged as well himself in the making of history. Before ever he became professor at Cambridge, he was the ally of statesmen, and a trusted leader in one of the greatest fights in the cause of liberty seen by the last century. He was also for some time Lord-in-Waiting, and did secretary's work for Queen Victoria. It was he who in the year 1875 wrote at her dictation, to use his own words, "a very strong letter" to the German Emperor, to restrain Bismarck from the military projects which he was believed to be nursing. In his Memoirs, the Chancellor denied that he had harboured any such projects; but Lord Acton, who related the fact to me, evidently thought otherwise. He was busy, too, in exploring the recesses of many archives; he was not a stranger to diplomatic negotiation of a high order; he edited a Review of profound learning and dreaded influence. The full truth of the long struggle within the Roman Catholic Church cannot yet be known; but assuredly the part that Lord Acton played in it was a hard one and an honourable. That marvellous self-restraint that has robbed us of his learning to give us his example, that caused him to bring to an end the *Home and Foreign Review* rather than run the risk of creating schism in the Church, sealed his mouth on the subject afterwards. Only, perhaps, in an occasional passage, there may be detected a deep undercurrent that tells his opinion of the Vatican Council. Flushed with the triumph of his partial victory, Cardinal Manning did not hesitate to make known his opinion of Döllinger, Acton, and their associates. "In truth," he said, "the main characteristic of these men was vanity—intellectual and literary. They had the inflation of German professors, and the ruthless talk of undergraduates." Yet, when Lord Acton came to weigh the work of the Old Catholic leader, he could write forty pages without giving so much as a hint that he had stood side by side with Döllinger in battle, and owned the same foes.

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

Two sets of lectures, one on the French Revolution, the other on modern European history, made up the greater part of Lord Acton's writing at Cambridge. They had little in common with most lectures that are heard. Each lecture was carefully written out, and was in style a finished essay. It was finished in style alone ; for the little alterations in the manuscript showed how the writer's mind never failed to master new facts that had come to light since the last delivery, and never ceased to weigh and turn over and over a statement to which they were related. "The most generous of book-lenders," a friend called him ; and the generosity was great indeed, for he lent, not only books, but those precious papers, the outcome of a life's work, and pregnant with deeper meaning than many books, to students and pupils who asked for them. All this was different enough from the ways of the general. But there was a greater difference to be marked between Lord Acton's lectures and those of others. For his personality exerted in some sort a spell upon his hearers. As he entered the room, his sturdy figure carrying erect a head of singular majesty and beauty, the hum and unrest died away. Something seemed to draw over the spirits of those waiting, something subtle, marvellous, indefinable, something that created of itself a deep stillness, charming care from the mind, stretching and raising the faculties, till they seemed to pulse faintly in a rarer height, exciting them and at the same time soothing.

"Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air."

Partly, perhaps, it was the sense of the privilege in seeing the working of a great mind, partly the solemnity that men might feel who were brought to view with their own eyes the fount of truth itself. For Lord Acton might have used of himself the words of an illustrious contemporary : "Ce n'est pas moi qui vous parle ; c'est l'histoire qui parle par ma bouche." But if he had spoken those words, as he would never have done, they would have borne a deeper import.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

And those who came did not only attend some skilful dissection of the motives of historic men, or some illuminating dissertation on the body politic of Europe. The lecture began—often enough with a very bombshell, such as that fiery sentence : “Freedom degenerates unless it has to struggle in its own defence,”—then developed into a fuller and a more rich achievement. There was a magnetic quality in the tone of his voice, and a light in his eye, that compelled obedience from the mind. Never before had a young man come into the presence of such intensity of conviction as was sounded by every word Lord Acton spoke. It took possession of the whole being, and seemed to enfold it in its own burning flame. And the fires below on which it fed were, at least for those present, immeasurable. More than all else it was, perhaps, this conviction, that gave to Lord Acton’s lectures their amazing force and vivacity. He pronounced each sentence as if he were feeling it, poising it lightly, and uttering it with measured deliberation. His feeling passed to the audience, which sat enthralled. It was in truth an emotional performance of the highest order, his lecture ; a wonderful work of art, such as in all likelihood will never again be witnessed. There was one, to take a single instance, on the travels and discoveries which began the modern world. It was not descriptive merely, but filled the mind with living images, with the wonder of all men at the heat and wealth of the Spice Islands, where the ships lay lazily to be filled with cargoes of fabulous value, with the wonder of the world to see subverted all its old notions, and the birth of a new reign, and new conditions of production, wealth, and power. The warmth and glamour of the East, the terror and fascination of the pathless Western seas, were drawn together and set in a splendid picture by a superb effort of imagination. Over the Renaissance, the Reformation, the ages of Louis XIV, and of Peter the Great, Lord Acton’s power was the same. Every here and there his depth and gravity were thrown into relief by touches of delicious humour, such as the picture of Luther at the Wartburg disguised as a country gentleman, and that of Columbus striving not to be mistaken for the man who had discovered America. More

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

grim were the lectures on the French Revolution, more exciting perhaps, necessarily more detailed, but not more thorough. It was the unfolding of one of the world's greatest dramas, of which the crucial moments became in Acton's hands tragic, almost agonising, but without a touch of theatrical effect.

Poetry, says Ruskin, is "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotions." With this idea, it has been said that history is "the suggestion, by the narration of fact, of noble grounds for noble emotions." Expounded by Lord Acton, it was certainly this; but it was something else as well. In the course of the last century, the conception, as well as the knowledge, of history has been greatly changed and expanded. How wide the expansion has been, and how manifold the change, we can learn best from Lord Acton and from Professor Maitland. Striking instances occur to everyone. Macaulay wrote with one eye on modern politics, Mommsen for the glorification of power, Taine as a pathologist, Ranke with his judgment in suspense. More recently, there have been, and are still, many to enforce on us by precept and example the methods of less eminent German historians, and to urge on us that history must be divorced from literature, and immersed in the exposition of documentary evidence. That, as I have tried to show, was not Lord Acton's way; and, while we are oppressed by those who would debase history from its place among the arts, he has, unnoticed by them, carried the conception of the art of history into a region never before reached, and raised it to a stature more lofty than was known to his predecessors.

Here I touch upon the most dangerous part of my task. To many this claim may seem fantastic; perhaps Lord Acton would have rejected it for himself. But, for all that, it should not go unstated. "It may seem to some," again to quote from the writer in the *Cambridge Review* :—

"it may seem to some a plain untruth that he was more deeply interested in certain great problems of a philosophical kind than in any concrete presentment of material facts. They may well have thought of him as the man who, with wonderful exactitude, knew and enjoyed all the by-play in the great drama—at home, no doubt, upon the front-stairs, but supreme upon the back-stairs, and (as he once said) getting his meals in the kitchen; acquainted with the use of cup-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

boards and with the skeletons that lie therein ; especially familiar with the laundry where the dirty linen is washed ; an analyst of all the various soaps that have been employed for that purpose in all ages and all climes. Disclaiming all esoteric knowledge, and reading only what all may read, I cannot think of him thus. When he was observing, recording, appreciating the incidents, the by-play, he was intent on a main plot difficult to apprehend : ' fatalism and retribution, race and nationality, the test of success and of duration, heredity and the reign of the invincible dead, the widening circle, the emancipation of the individual, the gradual triumph of the soul over the body, of mind over matter, reason over will, knowledge over ignorance, truth over error, right over might, liberty over authority, the law of progress and perfectibility, the constant intervention of Providence, the sovereignty of the developed conscience.' Plenty of men are troubled about these matters ; plenty of men make theories, 'alluring theories' about them ; but then they are not the men who know the back-stairs and get their meals in the kitchen ; not the men who have toiled in the archives, hunting the little fact that makes the difference."

This was Lord Acton's view of history, and from it there passed into his work—his written historical work—a quality hitherto unknown, a characteristic hard to define, which can only be considered as an entirely new step taken in the realm of historical thought.

Two things are necessary for a historian : to discover the facts, and to appreciate their significance. The former is hard enough, and many are they who never emerge from the study of obscure and fundamental technicalities. Lord Acton spoke with reverence of this work, for he was a master of it, and knew its difficulty. He had worked in thirty-nine archives. His transcripts filled three large cases. When the Marchesa Campana de Cavelli had completed her great collection of documents relating to the exiled Stuarts, she sent him the work, two stout folio volumes, with the remark that she owed it to him, since every paper which she had transcribed was marked as having been first copied for him. He spoke with admiration of the "light and dexterous touch" with which Ranke scrutinised and dissected historical evidences. His own touch was no less sure. Probably there are few pieces of modern criticism more remarkable than that contained in his article on the *Secret History of Charles II.*¹ But if this is difficult work, the other necessity of the historian is infinitely more so. To tell a story of discovered fact, when the fact is discovered, is not

¹ *Home and Foreign Review*, No. 1.

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

in itself to show "an energetic understanding of the sequence and real significance of events." "It is playing at study," said Acton, "to see nothing but the unmeaning and unsuggestive surface, as we generally do." The events once known, they can be made by a man of insight and cunning power to tell the story of the mind, to show their relations to men and interaction with them, to lead from the history of occurrences to the history of ideas which mould and lie behind them, to appear as the links in a long chain, and as straws floated on the stream of some great movement. This is to write the history of a particular era, of a particular nation, of a particular tendency. The historian must be a psychologist; it is his business to understand men's minds, and trace the course of their thoughts and motives; for it is the mind of man which gives shape to the course of events. Even in this there are many who fail to achieve success, by reason of prejudice, want of application or power, or deficiency of knowledge. The few who do not fail, or for whose shining qualities partial failure is condoned, are the historians whom we acclaim as the best.

But take another step, and we come into a region where far fewer, very few indeed, have attempted to tread, and where but one has marked a clear path. Pass from the realm of particular to that of universal history; and how infinitely greater are the difficulties to be overcome. He who would grapple with them must be proved in all the lower walks. He must be above prejudice, above party, above religion, above nationality. He must have at his hand and in his head an almost boundless wealth of knowledge. He must have the keen eye to trace events to causes far remote, and a keener suspicion to spy the least weakness in the train. He must have sympathy for all men, and a stern sense of justice. Above all, he must have the mind of a great constructive artist, using head and heart alike, to set in ordered array his vast field of material, and to draw from each part its proper meaning, in due proportion to the whole. For here the historian deals with the psychology of nations. No longer individuals, but powers and authorities of organic growth, have become the units for him; and he must analyse

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the soul, not of one man, but of the mass. He deals now, not with individual aspiration and effort, but with general ideas. Only when he has impressed into the main canal all the streams and rivulets that meander over his field, can he feel that he is accomplishing his task. One discernible fact, one obscure feeling, one thin tendency omitted, one train of deductions, however slightly, false—and all may be in vain. The world, no less, is the realm of the universal historian ; but he must justify himself by its right use. Solemn streams of fact will not alone suffice. In this region Lord Acton was the pioneer, and supreme. Many have talked of it. A few have touched its borders. Seeley in his *Growth of British Policy*, Sorel and Von Sybel in their histories of the French Revolution, have approached it ; but Seeley regarded the world as a chess-board governed by rules devoid of emotion, and Von Sybel was jealous for the honour of his fellow-countrymen. Only Lord Acton has shown the real possibilities of universal history, as a distinct and the highest branch of the art. As a city of four million inhabitants differs, not only in degree but in kind, from one of forty thousand, so the world's history differs in kind, and not in degree, from that of its component parts. It has an unity special to itself, which cannot be divided without changing its whole nature. The idea for which men groped confusedly, Lord Acton mastered and expounded for our understanding. He spoke once of Treitsche as the greatest of historians, and justified his choice by saying that he had the greatest power of generalship in marshalling facts. It may be doubted whether his own power was less than that of Treitschke ; and he towered above him in this, that he was above nationality and without rancour. The least product of his mind had the stability of a pyramid, of which the apex is touched by the glow of dawn, while the base lies wrapped in night. It seemed to be the point to which all his knowledge and forces tended at the moment : a construction of harmonious proportion and imperturbable firmness. Whatever he said had an apparent solidity ; for it was drawn from a storehouse the depth and richness of which were unique. "We can never have too much knowledge," he said. Others have been rich in learning, though few perhaps

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

have squandered their learning as he ; but the secret that Lord Acton discovered was : how to combine the erudition of an archivist, the method of a scholar, the reflection of a philosopher, the impartiality of a judge, and the soul of an artist. These alone can give the prize of universal history. These he had, and he attained it. And, since he dealt with new realms, he spoke a language that was sometimes new. His style has been called obscure ; but is not so. Where there is difficulty, it is because the thought is difficult, and not because the style is crabbed.

Those who knew him well before he came to Cambridge said, that Lord Acton gained from his life there a certain freedom of intercourse that had been of recent years less marked in him. How great was the value of that intercourse to his immediate pupils, they alone can be fully conscious. Never was there a master more patient or more accessible, readier with advice and encouragement, or one whose encouragement was more inspiring. The absolute sincerity of his praise or rebuke left an impression of ineffaceable strength on the mind of the learner. Praise was indeed seldom forthcoming, hardly ever unmixed ; but it was drawn on occasions when a lesser man might often have withheld it. Qualities, rather than accomplishments, earned the golden reward for young men ; ingenuity less than modesty of work, genuine pains, sincerity, largemindedness. "I don't like clever young men," Lord Acton is reported to have said : not meaning that he did not like them to be clever, but that he did not like them to be conscious of cleverness and to take it for a subject of pride ; and his teaching was always directed to prevent his pupils from being, in this sense, clever. Generally a little raillery or a touch of irony sufficed ; but, though he never desired to exercise it, he had the power to be cruel when necessary, and anything that smacked of vainglory or tinsel called it out with speed. A paper was once read before him by a pupil, on the subject of Austrian policy during the year 1815. It was a most careful and painstaking piece of work, portions of it largely based upon the Memoirs of Fouché. At the end, Lord Acton rose and spoke in terms of high praise, correcting it lightly and adding where he thought it weak. As he

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

sat down, he half rose again and, as if by an afterthought, remarked: "I think you made some use of Fouché's Memoirs: I suppose you know they are not authentic?" No more gentle or sympathetic way could possibly have been found to impart the impression he desired to give, without a touch of severity. Not long after, he heard a paper on another subject read by a man of far greater attainments, a brilliant and entertaining essay, but somewhat lacking in solidity. The half-minute of austere condemnation that followed its close could be likened to nothing but the bursting of a tropical thunderstorm. Not that Lord Acton discouraged accomplishments in his pupils. "It is a great demerit not to know Italian," he said to one who was airily excusing his ignorance of that language.

The fault that perhaps most roused Lord Acton's scorn, and for which, in his eyes, there was no atonement, was the restatement of facts already known. Ignorance and omission might meet retribution in irony. "Like most things attributed to the Abbot Joachim," he remarked in a review, "the *Vaticinia Pontificum* is a volume not in common use, and decent people may be found who never saw a copy." His delicate method of imputing ironical intention to authors guilty of mistakes may often be found in his writing. This was a vein which came out strongly in conversation. Plain and pertinent questions met with plain answers; but the solemn leg held out by merely respectable inquirers, Acton did not fail to pull. And the waste of time involved in the offer of old stuff as new deserved nothing but sharp and direct strokes. In this sense Lord Acton once criticised a book by a pupil whose power he admired, and he refused a place on his shelves to a work of more encyclopædic character, passing on it the same judgment—"It doesn't get us any further." The patience with which he treated the smallest matter, and the way in which his mind seemed to run alongside of that of any who came to him, won instant affection; he put questions to the least of his pupils with as real a desire to learn their opinions as if they had come from men of tried worth; and the ungrudging advice which came from him in conversation on a line of study or controverted point was often

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

followed by a letter on the following day, written amid the press of work, and, perhaps, to the detriment of other business. This was the source of a potent influence, that was enforced by the candour and directness of his criticism. You had but to ask his opinion, and you received it straight. His criticism was always the most luminous imaginable, and it was in criticism, more than in immensity of learning, that his mind was strong ; and in the constructive vision of ideas yet more than in criticism.

Lord Acton's judgment concerning one historian has already been indicated. Others may be found to conflict with it. The spoken opinions of great men are seldom quite free from contradiction. At a dinner given by the Historical Society which he founded in Trinity College, he told the following story. "I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford and the present Bishop of London.¹ On another occasion I was with two far more eminent men, the two most learned men in the world—I need hardly tell you their names—they were Mommsen and Harnack. On each occasion the question arose : who was the greatest historian the world had ever produced. On each occasion the name first mentioned, and on each occasion the name finally agreed upon, was that of Macaulay." Burke and Macaulay Lord Acton held to be the two greatest of English writers, and Burke at his best to be our wisest political thinker ; but, at a time when Macaulay's name is more often than not held up for rebuke by historians, it may not be unprofitable to remember so remarkable a consensus of opinion of five men, whose varied accomplishments at least cannot be accused of lightness or want of breadth. The preference generally given by Lord Acton to historians not directly concerned with politics, such as Rashdall and Leslie Stephen, is well known. As they stood beside Sir Henry Maine's grave in the south of France, Fustel de Coulanges turned to him and said : "C'était le plus grand historien de notre temps." Acton's admiration for Maine was profound. At the only other dinner of the Trinity Historical Society which he attended, he named the three Cambridge historians whose work and

¹ Bishops Stubbs and Creighton.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

methods were, in his opinion, most distinctive of all that was best in the university : they were Maine, Lightfoot, and Maitland. Some other historians at Cambridge did not earn such hearty approval ; but this was a subject on which Lord Acton was reticent. On one occasion a college tutor with whom, as professor, he had to work on friendly terms, sent him a book which he (Acton) knew to be worthless ; he cut the leaves and left it on his table with slips of paper inserted here and there, that the author might suppose it had been read with approval, and so spare him the difficulty of delivering judgment.

Throughout all Lord Acton's work, as throughout his life, ran the strong current of a passion for freedom and for right. "The method of modern progress was revolution," he said ; and it was a method of which he approved. This belief was the outcome of moral principles, which he applied alike to history and to politics. In his Inaugural Lecture, he quoted from Burke words that might have been his own.

"My principles enable me to form my judgment upon men and actions in history, just as they do in common life ; and are not formed out of events or characters, either present or past. History is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles. The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged ; and I neither do now, nor ever will, admit of any other."

Shortly before, in speaking of the historic cycle with which he was dealing, he said :—

"Beginning with the strongest religious movement and the most defined despotism ever known, it has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfilment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the secret essence of the Rights of Man, and the indestructible soul of Revolution."

This doctrine he made peculiarly his own. Freedom in justice, liberty and not licence, the right to do good according to the dictate of conscience and of reason, were the things for which he strove. Few who did not hear him can have any idea of the fire and force with which he reprobated offences against the principle of liberty, or of the rigour with which he condemned breaches of morality in those whom he otherwise admired. The standard of

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

right and wrong was the only one he admitted in judging actions. In applying it, he was without prejudice of country, or party, or creed. He could speak with respect of an enemy, and did not call him a scoundrel but on grounds on which he would have damned a friend. Once he called Nelson "that infamous man," thinking of the way in which he let selfish passion cloud his sense of duty. Being asked if he thought Bismarck a great man, he replied: "A great man, and a great scoundrel." And once, when someone in conversation quoted words spoken in palliation of a piece of religious persecution, he broke out: "The man who said that would have murdered a street-walker in the Haymarket." So was the opponent who accused Lord Acton of "the ruthless talk of undergraduates" justified. For the weaker side, for any person, or party, or State, oppressed or persecuted, Lord Acton seemed to have imbibed at his birth an almost Neapolitan fierceness of sympathy; and the fierceness of that splendid passion, springing from the solid foundation of well-tryed principle, and weighted with the learning of the centuries, was a thing, once witnessed, never to be forgotten.

The political creed that Lord Acton held and inculcated was no easy one. "Liberty," he wrote, "is not a means to a higher political end. It is in itself the highest political end." And again:—

"By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty, against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion . . . It is bad to be oppressed by a minority, but it is worse to be oppressed by a majority."

Let us then be liberal, and above all to those in danger of oppression by the multitude.

But Lord Acton's Liberalism was a very living thing, more like to the Whiggism of Burke and of the men who drove out James II., or to the zeal of Mazzini, than to the colourless views that often pass under the name. What is it to be a Liberal?

"A Liberal who thinks his thought out to the end without flinching is forced to certain conclusions which colour to the root every phase and scene of universal history. He believes in upward progress, because it is only recent times that have striven deliberately and with a zeal according to knowledge for the increase and security of freedom. He is not only tolerant of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

error in religion, but is specially indulgent to the less dogmatic forms of Christianity, to the sects which have restrained the churches. He is austere in judging the past, imputing not error and ignorance only, but guilt and crime, to those who, in the dark succession of ages, have resisted and retarded the growth of liberty, which he identifies with the cause of morality, and the condition of the reign of conscience."

This was the kernel of Lord Acton's teaching, and might be illustrated by many quotations. The mind, he urged, should always be fixed on the end, and not allow itself to be bewildered by the great achievements of past or present. Liberty is not to be gained by striking deeds; and, he wrote, "if hostile interests have wrought much injury, false ideals have wrought still more"; and the advance of liberty "is recorded in the increase of knowledge as much as in the improvement of laws." Again we meet the sentiment: "The most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really free, is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities." In one form or another, it recurs again and again, and it lay, beyond a doubt, very near to Lord Acton's heart. His feeling for State rights, as something belonging to a living organism, was beyond the common; and to see them trampled under foot was a thing horrible to him. He is believed to have sympathised keenly with the South African Republics at the beginning of the Boer war; and when he was asked, on the night after the rejection of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, what his feelings on the subject were, he answered:—

"If I were capable of suffering, I should suffer now as I never did in my life. But I have no power of suffering since the surrender of General Lee's army. My sorrow was so profound then, that I think it has left me without the power of feeling ever since in political matters."

There can be little doubt that Lord Acton distrusted the formation and consolidation of great States. He wrote of the example of Washington and Hamilton with enthusiasm.

"It teaches that men ought to be in arms even against a remote and constructive danger to their freedom; that even if the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, it is their right and duty to stake the national existence, to sacrifice lives and fortunes, to cover the country with a lake of blood, to shatter crowns and sceptres and fling Parliaments into the sea. On this

LORD ACTON AT CAMBRIDGE

principle of subversion they erected their commonwealth, and by its virtue lifted the world out of its orbit and assigned a new course to history No people were so free as the insurgents ; no government less oppressive than the government which they overthrew."

But now it was very different.

"Legally, and to outward seeming, the American President is the successor of Washington, and still enjoys powers devised and limited by the convention of Philadelphia. In reality, the new President differs from the magistrate imagined by the Fathers of the Republic as widely as Monarchy from Democracy ; for he is expected to make seventy thousand changes in the public service : fifty years ago John Quincy Adams dismissed two men."

And, combined with this, we have here the clue to Lord Acton's grief over the surrender of Appomattox :

"That which made the conflict terrible, and included Europe in its complications, was, not the work of premeditating slave-owners, but of men to whom State rights, not slavery, were supreme, who would have given freedom to the slaves in order, by emancipation, to secure independence."

To a lady who once spoke to him of the petty tyranny exercised in small States, he replied : "That is the silly thing that vulgar people say." The same feeling found expression in the words :—

"A generous spirit prefers that his country should be poor and weak and of no account, but free, rather than powerful, prosperous, and enslaved. It is better to be the citizen of a humble commonwealth in the Alps, without a prospect of influence beyond the narrow frontier, than the subject of the superb autocracy that overshadows half of Asia and of Europe."

Assuredly Lord Acton would have sympathised deeply with Mazzini's cry : "War is the greatest of crimes, when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone, or a great lie to entomb." And I cannot think he was far removed in spirit from the poet who sang :—

"By the golden-growing eastern stream of sea,
By the sounds of sunrise moving in the mountains,
By the forces of the floods and unsealed fountains,
Thou that badest man be born, bid man be free."

I have only written of Lord Acton as he showed himself to those who knew him at Cambridge, and as he may be seen in his writings. There are many who knew more sides, and could write with greater insight and authority.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

But his influence at Cambridge was so profound, that it may be my excuse. It was an influence always on the side of humanity, and against pedantry. So far from being overburdened by the weight of his knowledge, he was always teaching that there are other things more important than learning. "The use of history," he wrote, "turns far more on the certainty than on the abundance of acquired information." But the abundance had its part too, and a great part, in his scheme. Elsewhere he defined fulness of learning and solidity of criticism as the two means which most straighten and expand the historical mind. None has, assuredly, ever mastered and employed them to better purpose than himself. These were the foundations of his power, and are qualities perhaps within the reach of ordinary mortals; but Lord Acton brought to aid them what is far beyond either. He added the imagination and the grasp of mind which are rare except in the greatest of historians; the sanity, the wit, the passion, which are not rare only in the greatest of men.

JOHN POLLOCK

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

I

A CONSIDERABLE experience among savage and barbarous peoples, and some acquaintance with the records of past ages and the beliefs of unlettered peasants in all parts of the world, have convinced me that, in the great majority of cases, beliefs or legends referring to natural phenomena are founded on facts, and are for the most part actual descriptions of what has been observed, though often misinterpreted, and sometimes overlaid with supernatural accessories. A few examples of these it may be interesting to note.

The enormous, almost double bills of some of the large Hornbills were only known to Pliny by exaggerated descriptions ; and he therefore thought them to be altogether fabulous. If electric fishes had not been inhabitants of European seas, the powers of the electrical eels (*Gymnoti*) would certainly have been discredited when described by travellers in South America, as they were by many of the uneducated colonists. A Portuguese trader, with whom I lived on the Upper Rio Negro, told me one day about his experiences in handling one of these fishes, beginning by saying : "I know you won't believe me, I did not believe it till I felt it." And he added : "There is another thing you won't believe. If your fishing line is dry, the fishes can't hurt you ; but if it is wet, you get struck through, almost the same as if you take hold of them." And he was very much surprised when I said that I *did* believe him.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The manner in which the young cuckoo ejects the eggs and young nestlings of its foster-parents, as described by Jenner a century ago, has been disbelieved by many naturalists down to the present time ; but the fact has been re-observed quite recently, and photographs have been taken of the act itself, showing it to agree very closely with the original description.

A somewhat similar case is that of the viper, whose young are said to run down the mother's throat in time of danger. This is believed by numbers of country people, who declare they have seen it take place ; and some of these witnesses are educated persons. I have always believed this to be a fact, because there is no inherent impossibility or even difficulty in it, and because it is a kind of fact which is in itself easy to observe, and quite unmistakable. When residing in the city of Washington, in 1877, I was told by the Assistant Librarian of the Congressional Library, that, when he was a schoolboy, in Chester Co., Pennsylvania, he and a companion one day saw a viper or snake about two feet long, basking on a smooth rock, with a number of small snakes, four or five inches long, playing round its head. On my friend's appearance, the large snake made a peculiar sound, and opened its mouth, when the small snakes immediately ran towards its head and disappeared, some being *seen to go into the mouth of the mother*. The snake was caught, its mouth tied up, and taken home. On the body being opened, nearly twenty little snakes, just like those seen, came out. My informant kindly signed his name to a statement of these facts, which he thought at the time were well known, and had never heard disputed. He is therefore an unprejudiced witness.

A few months since, a gentleman residing in Devonshire—Mr. J. H. Balkwill—sent me a paper which he had read at the Plymouth Natural History Society, under the title *An Arabian Wallace*, in which he shows that, in the story of *Hasan of El Basrah*, as given in Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights*, there is an account of the hero's visit to the Aru Islands, while the whole story evidently rests upon myths and legends which grew around travellers' tales of the islands, and the plumes of some wonderful birds which were

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

found there. I was at the time hard at work upon my last book, and did not pay much attention to the subject ; but, as soon as I had some leisure, I read the story, which is long but very interesting, and was much struck by it, as it was quite new to me. This was because it was not included in the old edition of the *Nights*, which was familiar to me in my boyhood.

But, though the story was new to me, I felt sure that I was already acquainted with the suggestion that the Aru Islands were the " Islands of Wák-Wák " of the story, but had quite forgotten how or where I had obtained the idea. At my request, my friend, Professor Poulton, inquired of the Professor of Arabic at Oxford; and I learnt that my old friend, Mr. F. W. Kirby, had made the identification in the preface to his *New Arabian Nights*, published in 1883, and that Sir Richard Burton had quoted him in his translation, and had also quoted a private letter giving the same view. This identification rested in each case on the cry of the Great Bird of Paradise being, as nearly as can be expressed by letters: " Wák-wák " or " wawk-wawk," as stated, I believe for the first time, in my *Malay Archipelago*. As I had never seen Mr. Kirby's work, I feel sure I must have heard of the identification from himself in the course of conversation.¹

Mr. Balkwill arrived at his identification quite independently, after reading my book, and has besides traced out all Hasan's wanderings across Asia and the Eastern Archipelago with much ingenuity. There are, however, a few points of some importance on which I think I can give more detailed and more correct information ; and as I am, so far as I know, the only person who has seen something of Eastern peoples, has travelled along a portion of Hasan's

¹ Mr. Kirby has been so good as to send me a copy of Sir Richard Burton's elaborate note on the Islands of Wák-Wák. He states that the name has been applied to other islands on the east coast of Africa, and that in that region " Wák " means " God " ; also, that a somewhat similar name has been applied to Japan. Colonel J. W. Watson merely gives his opinion that the name applies to New Guinea or the adjacent islands, where the Bird of Paradise is said to cry " Wák-Wák." Sir R. Burton concludes from his learned research : " Thus, like Ophir, Wák-Wák has wandered all over the world,"—a most unenlightening conclusion, and one that in no way affects the identification of the various parts of Hasan's story here set forth.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

route, and is also acquainted with the birds themselves in their native haunts, I have thought it would be interesting to make a careful examination of the whole narrative, and to show how far it is found to agree with the actual knowledge of the period, and with the general facts of the geography and natural history of the countries referred to in it. To do this, it will be necessary to give rather a full abstract of the story, as it is told in Lane's translation, quoting the exact words in all the more important and critical portions of the narrative, and thus to become able to disentangle the substratum of fact underlying the imaginative and often magical superstructure.

The Story of Hasan of Bassorah.

Hasan is a young goldsmith of El Basrah (Bassorah) who was a good workman, and remarkable for his grace of figure and beauty of countenance. One day, when he was at work in his shop, a Persian addressed him, praising his skill, and after a time offered to adopt him as his son, and to teach him how to transmute any common metal into gold. To this Hasan agreed, it being universally believed at that period that such transmutation was possible ; and the next day the Persian came to Hasan's house, and made gold before his eyes, out of some old copper which Hasan procured. Then they had a little feast together ; and afterwards the Persian, while Hasan was not looking, put some powder into the sweetmeat on the table and offered it to Hasan, who ate it, and immediately fell down in a trance. Then the Persian put him into a large chest, which he locked, and went to the harbour, where he had a ship waiting for him, called some of his men, and carried the box on board. (Hasan's mother, after preparing the feast, had, at her son's suggestion, gone to visit a friend.) The Persian then ordered the anchors to be pulled up, and immediately sailed away.

The voyage is said to have lasted six months ; but this is evidently one of those exaggerations we constantly meet with in these narratives, though it might perhaps have

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

been as much as six weeks, allowing for contrary winds and numerous stoppages for trade, or to obtain provisions and water. The Persian, who was a fire-worshipper, had treated Hasan very cruelly, keeping him bound, and flogging him every day, calling him a vile heretic, and telling him he was going to sacrifice him, as he had sacrificed a young Mussulman every year for many years past, but offering, if he became a fire-worshipper, really to adopt him as his son, and teach him all his magic power. But of course Hasan preferred to die rather than give up his religion. At last, they landed on "a long coast" which, from what happened afterwards, must have been somewhere to the east of Ormuz, where there is a long straight coast, or perhaps even farther east, on the coast of Baluchistan.

The Persian told the captain to wait for them a month, and, taking Hasan with him, walked a little way inland. They then sat down under some palm trees, and the Persian, with a magic drum, summoned three camels, which soon appeared in a cloud of dust, one laden with provisions, the others saddled for riding. On these they travelled over deserts and rocky hills for seven days, when they reached a beautiful country, with verdant grass and spreading trees and fruit and flowers, while singing birds abounded, and gazelles sported in the shade. Here they rested all one day and the night. At some little distance, there appeared among the trees a magnificent palace, with glittering turrets and pinnacles ; but when Hasan asked to whom it belonged, the Persian told him that it belonged to his enemies, who were evil *genii*, and he wished to avoid them.

Then they went on for another seven days, when they came to lofty mountains which rose far above the clouds. When they came close under them, there was a high precipice, and the Persian killed one of the camels, skinned it, and ordered Hasan to get inside the skin, giving him some food and water and a knife, and telling him that a Rukh would carry him to the top of the mountain, when he was to cut open the skin. The Rukh would then fly away, and he must collect some black sand that he would find on the ground and throw it down, and this would enable them

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

both to transmute all metals into gold, and become wealthy for the rest of their lives. Hasan, being in the Persian's power, was obliged to consent, and it all happened as had been foretold ; but when Hasan asked how he was to return, he was told to throw down the bags of black sand, and then he would be shown the way to descend. He did so, but the Persian then cursed him for an infidel, and told him he must remain and die there, and that his bones would be added to the bones of other young Muslims, which he could see around him. The name of the Persian was Bahrám the Magian ; and he then mounted his camel and rode away. Mr. Balkwill calls attention to the fact that Bahrám, a fire-worshipper, appears in several stories as a kidnapper of young Muslims, and is always mentioned in terms of the greatest detestation.

Hasan then walked along the flat top of the mountain to the other side, when he came to the edge of a precipice, below which was the sea. Having no other way of escape, he jumped into the sea, and a wave carried him to the shore. He then walked through the mountains for several days, living on wild fruits, when, to his delight, he saw the grand palace and beautiful trees and gardens, where he had been told that the Magian's enemies lived. Here he was well received by two young ladies who, hearing his story, adopted him as their brother, from his resemblance to one they had lost. They told him that they and five other sisters, who were out hunting, were daughters of a powerful king who was of the race of good *genii*, and that he could stay with them till he wished to return to Bassorah, to his mother.

Some months afterwards, the seven princesses were summoned to visit their father, and Hasan was left alone, but with servants to wait upon him, till their return. And now the adventure befel him that forms the central point of the story. He had been warned not to open a certain door ; but, getting very wearied of his solitude, he one day opened it, and found it led to a beautiful room, opening to an enclosed garden with a fountain and a superb pavilion, which he had not yet seen. While resting here in a secluded spot, he saw, flying from the direction of the

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

desert, ten birds which came and alighted upon a great and beautiful tree ; they were of magnificent plumage, and one was of greater beauty than the rest, and all the others surrounded and appeared to wait upon it. Then they descended to the pavilion, ripped open their plumes or feather dresses with their beaks, and then appeared as ten young damsels "whose beauty was as the full moon." The one that was the finest of the birds became the most beautiful, and they all bathed in the pool of the fountain and disported themselves ; and, after a while, got into their feather dresses again, and flew away. But the excessive beauty of the chief of these bird-damsels pierced Hasan's heart with love ; for she was the most beautiful of all the creations of Allah. And when the seven princesses returned, they found Hasan in such distress and grief that they knew something great had happened, and, on hearing his story, they told him, that the damsels, the chief of whom he was in love with, were the daughters of one of the kings of the Ján, who had dominion over men and the Ján, over enchanters and diviners, and regions and cities in great numbers ; their own father was one of his viceroys. They also told him, that this king had given his daughters a country a year's journey in length and breadth, a great river encompassing it, and that neither men nor Ján could enter into it. And as they found that Hasan was so madly in love that he must marry this princess of the Jáns or die, they told him that she came every month to visit that garden and to bathe in the fountain, and that if her feather dress could be stolen and concealed she could not return to her country, and they would help him to persuade her to accept him for her husband.

And so it all happened ; and when the princess of the Ján found that her plumes were lost and that she could not fly back to her country, and that the seven damsels treated her with the greatest kindness and respect, while Hasan worshipped her, and joy and hope made him supremely handsome, she at length consented to marry him. The marriage accordingly took place with all the proper ceremonies, and, after living a few months in the palace of the seven princesses, the adopted sisters of Hasan, he and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

his wife went home to Bassorah, to his mother who had long grieved for him as dead. And the young princesses of the castle loaded many camels with gold and treasures, and accompanied them for three days on their way. And they traversed many deserts, and valleys, and rocky tracts, and at length arrived safely at Bassorah; where Hasan's mother rejoiced greatly at his arrival with so beautiful a wife, and so much riches. But, as soon as he could sell his business and his father's house, he removed with his wife and mother to Baghdad, passing for a rich merchant, and thus avoiding the danger of becoming suddenly rich in a town where he was known to have been a poor man.

We have now reached the central point of the story, and, as the great journey of Hasan starts from the palace of the seven princesses, it will be interesting to see if we can fix, approximately, the position of that earthly paradise. The clues are, that it was about a week's camel journey from the coast where the Magian landed after his six months' voyage from Bassorah; that it was also reached directly overland from Bassorah, and also, as we learn later, from Baghdad. Also, that the journey was mainly over thinly inhabited or desert country by all three routes. Lastly, that it was in the midst of a fertile and beautiful country, and near very lofty mountains, while beyond these mountains was a sea.

If we consider the character of the districts traversed on the three separate routes, and the conditions under which the first journey was made by Hasan with the Magian, we shall find that they point very clearly to one locality only—the south-eastern lower slopes of the Elburz Mountains. The Magian, having his own ship and men, would be desirous of getting his prisoner away to sea as soon as possible, in order to avoid discovery and pursuit; and he would sail to some part of the coast, whence his journey to the great mountain was over a route known to himself, and was not thickly inhabited, but also one on which water and provisions were obtainable. Such a route is that from Ormuz or its vicinity, whence there are still roads or tracks through Kerman and the western part of Khorassan, across a great salt desert, as described, to Damaghân, and thence

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

through a pass in the mountain range to the Caspian Sea. The routes from this region to Bassorah and Baghdad agree sufficiently with the very meagre accounts given of them.

But the chief correspondence is in the descriptions of this region by both ancient and modern writers, and the consideration that, for a thousand miles south-east and east of it, there extend countries whose characteristics are more or less arid uplands, varied by a few fertile valleys and vast extents of absolute desert. The slopes of the Elburz Mountains in eastern Persia are, on the other hand, said to be exceptionally fertile; and the mountain sides are everywhere clothed with a luxuriant vegetation of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. A recent traveller, Colonel C. E. Yate, went from Asterabad to Bandar-i-Gaz on the Caspian Sea, at the end of December, and says :—

“The country looked charming. The hills above were covered with oak and sprinkled with snow, and the road below ran through masses of bracken and brambles, with wild pomegranate bushes and thorns, interspersed with oaks and other trees. Hawthorns were both in flower and in berry at the same time. Robins, chaffinches, and other small birds abounded, and ploughing was in full swing.”

This is only about forty miles from Damaghân, but on the north side of the mountains ; and any one who has seen pomegranate bushes when their gorgeous crimson flowers are expanded, can understand how beautiful a country must be, where this evergreen shrub is abundant. In the same month, at Asterabad, a little farther east, Colonel Yate tells us, the country all around was wonderfully green, oak and other trees were in full leaf, while, in the gardens, roses were everywhere in flower, and the orange and lime trees all in fruit. About three hundred miles farther east, in the Nishapur hills, the same writer says that the eight miles from Gulistan to Jaghark was a pleasant march under shade almost the whole way.

“The sides of the gorge were steep, and the whole valley from side to side was one mass of vegetation. The trees were of many kinds: apple, pear, plum, quince, peach, apricot, mulberry, walnut, poplar, plane, ash, willow, hawthorn, and various others.”

To supplement these brief notes from a traveller who rarely described such peculiarities of scenery and vegetation,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

I will give the general description of the province of Mazanderan, which includes most of the country here referred to, both north and south of the mountain range, from the article on Persia in Chambers' *Encyclopædia*.

"The provinces of Ghilan and Mazanderan are as beautiful as wood, water, and a moderately hot climate can make them—the mountain-sides being clothed with trees and shrubs, while the plain to the north is studded with mulberry plantations, rice-fields, vineyards, orchards, orange-grounds, and sugar and cotton plantations."

Marco Polo, too, states, that the Province of Timschain—identified by his editor, Mr. Thomas Wright, with the modern Damaghân—has a climate which "is not subject to extremes of either heat or cold"; that its towns "are well supplied with every necessary and convenience of life"; and that its women are, in his opinion, "the most beautiful in the world." For so restrained and matter-of-fact a writer, this embodies all that can be said in favour of any country.

When we consider that, from the centre of the Arab dominion at Baghdad, the country on the west towards Asia Minor and Europe was pre-eminently the known world; that towards the east and north-east was the direction of the comparatively unknown; that a large part of Eastern Persia, Turkistan, and Afghanistan were arid deserts, while, farther to the north-east, were the still more inhospitable and less known regions of equally arid but cold and snowy Tibet and Mongolia; we can imagine what a very Paradise must have seemed this well-watered, forest-clad, and fertile mountain-region, with its noble trees, its abundant fruits and flowers, and its numerous ever-flowing streams, with abundance of singing and game birds, as well as of deer, wild boars, gazelles, and wild beasts of all kinds, both in the mountains to the north, and the deserts to the south.

The most curious fact, however, which indicates this region as being that in which the princesses' castle was situated, is, that it was in a valley near the town of Damaghân, that the chief of the Mahometan sect of Mulehetites, commonly known as the "Old Man of the Mountain," is related by Marco Polo to have had a very similar palace and gardens, inhabited by beautiful young damsels, and carefully guarded against intrusion, to serve as

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

a sample of the real "Paradise," and thus to induce his followers to throw away their lives in battle, if needful, in order to secure its enjoyments. Marco Polo thus describes what he heard about it :—

"In a beautiful valley enclosed between two lofty mountains, he had formed a luxurious garden, stored with every delicious fruit and every fragrant shrub that could be procured. Palaces of various sizes and forms were erected in various parts of the grounds, ornamented with works in gold, with paintings, and with furniture of rich silks. By means of small conduits contrived in these buildings, streams of wine, milk, honey, and of pure water, were seen to flow in every direction. The inhabitants of these palaces were elegant and beautiful damsels, accomplished in the arts of singing, playing upon all sorts of musical instruments, dancing, and other amusements. . . . At certain times he caused opium to be administered to a few of the youths who were serving him and being trained for his army, and, when half dead with sleep, had them conveyed to one of the palaces by a secret entrance, and when they awoke they found themselves in what they believed to be the veritable paradise. After a few days, they were again entranced and brought away in the same secret manner, and ever after believed that, by the favour of their chief, they had had a foretaste of the joys of heaven, and were the more ready to give their lives for him."

The death of this chief, and the destruction of his palaces and gardens, appear to have occurred only a few years before Marco Polo visited the country, and about the time when the *Arabian Nights*, as we now have them, are supposed to have been written. And this will explain the resemblance of the palace visited by Hasan to that of the Chief of the Mulehetites. In Lane's translation of the story, the youngest princess relates to Hasan the history of their palace.

"The king, our father, summoned his Wezeers and companions, and said to them : 'Do ye know any place for me that no one can invade, neither any of mankind nor any of the Jinn, and that aboundeth with trees and fruits and rivers ?' " So they said to him : 'What would'st thou do there, O King of the Age ?' He answered : 'I desire to place in it my seven daughters.' And thereupon they said to him : 'O King, the Palace of the Mountain of the Clouds, which an Efreet of the refractory Jinn founded, and which palace, after that Efreet perished, none inhabited after him, neither any of the Jinn nor any of mankind, will be suitable for them ; for it is separated from the rest of the world. None gain access to it ; and around it are trees and fruits and rivers, and running water sweeter than honey and cooler than snow ; no one having the leprosy or other diseases ever drank of it without being cured immediately.'"

This description, and that of Marco Polo, are so strikingly alike in their main features, while the grand

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

mountain ranges to the north, from 12,500 to 13,500 feet high, which may well have acquired the name of Mountains of the Clouds, are actually surrounded by such a delightful country as is described, that we can hardly doubt that the one is derived from the other, and that the site of the Palace of the Seven Princesses was intended to be located in this very region. We may now, therefore, go on with our story.

After living three years at Baghdad, during which time his wife gave him two sons, Hasan determined to pay a long-promised visit to his adopted sisters, the princesses, in the beautiful palace. Before going, he strictly charged his mother to take the greatest care of his wife, not to allow anyone to see her, and above all to keep secret the hidden feather-dress in a large chest buried in the garden, lest, finding it, his wife might fly away with her children to her own country. And he added: "If anything happen to her, I shall slay myself on her account." But, unknown to them, his wife heard all that he said.

Then he went away, and travelled night and day on swift camels, traversing the valleys and the mountains, and the plains and the rugged tracts, for the space of ten days, and on the eleventh day he arrived at the palace, and went in to his sisters, who were greatly rejoiced to see him. He remained with them three months, "passing his time in joy and happiness, and comfort and cheerfulness, and in hunting." And when he left them they again gave him "rich presents, and provisions, and five camels' load of gold and five of silver." And in due time he arrived again at Baghdad.

But, during his absence, sad events had happened. On the third day after his departure his wife said to his mother: "Extolled be the perfection of God! Do I reside here three years and not enter the bath?" And she wept. And in the end she wept so much and cursed her hard fate, and became so melancholy and ill, that Hasan's mother gave way, and took her to the bath. And her beauty astonished every one. And among the women at the bath was a slave-girl of the Khaleefeh, who saw her, and took back a report of her marvellous beauty to the Lady Zubeydeh. And she

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

desired to see her, and sent to her mother-in-law to bring her. And when she came, with her two sons, all in the palace were amazed at her beauty ; and the Lady Zubeydeh dressed her in magnificent robes and jewels. Then Hasan's wife said: " O my mistress, I have a dress of feathers, and thou would'st see a thing of the most beautiful make ; and every one who would see it would talk of its beauty generation after generation. It is in the possession of the mother of my husband, buried in a chest ; so demand it of her for me." Hasan's mother tried to deny it, but it was no use. Slaves were sent with her, and it was brought, and Hasan's wife put it on, having her two children wrapt in it, and walked about, and played and danced, and said : " O my mistresses, is this beautiful ? " And they all answered, " Yes, O mistress of beauties ; all that thou hast done is beautiful." And she then said to them: " And this that I am about to do will be more beautiful, O my mistresses." And she expanded her wings and flew up above the cupola, and stood upon the roof of the saloon. Then she repeated some verses, and afterwards spoke thus: " O my mistress, O mother of Hasan, when thy son hath come, and the days of separation have become tedious to him, and the winds of love agitate him, let him come to me in the Islands of Wák-Wák." And she flew away with her children, and sought her country.

(To be continued.)

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

IT has happened to few social questions to arouse such widespread and deep concern with so small a result in constructive statesmanship, as the Drink Question. Everyone deplores the evil. No one outside the liquor trade itself attempts to deny it. By common consent, the issue involved is greater than a question of drunkenness. It is more than a question of physiology or morals. It is vitally related to standards of living, and is an integral part of the great economic issue which is occupying so large a share of public thought. But, despite the extraordinary amount of public interest in the question, and despite the obvious sincerity and depth of the convictions expressed, the "lead" given by statesmen is singularly lacking in definiteness and strength, and their public references to the question are little more than "safe" platitudes, piously expressed.

Part of the explanation no doubt lies in the embarrassing fact, that the Statute Book is already crowded with Licensing Amendment Acts, which have left the evil much as they found it. No such record of failure exists in reference to any other question. Even a skilled student loses his way among the bewildering mass of ineffectual Parliamentary enactments. And political courage does not thrive where it is hampered by such a past.

To what is this long record of failure due? If a single reformer could probe beneath the surface of the facts and lay bare the deep-lying cause, the future of the Temperance movement would at once be assured. Part of the clue is perhaps suggested by the character and history of the

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

movement itself. The Temperance movement arose as a moral crusade, and for a long time sought to win success by the sureness of its own convictions. The movement was born in moral fervour, and nurtured on passionate conviction. The evil to be remedied was always obvious. A man with his eyes open could see it. Personal habits or self-interest might urge him to keep his eyes shut ; but he could not open them and remain ignorant. This fact has hindered as well as helped the Temperance movement. Especially has it done much to determine the form which proposed remedies have taken. When an evil is manifest, the temptation is to seize upon swift and summary remedies, or remedies which are deemed to be swift and summary. Scientific analysis of causes is thought to be superfluous. The facts themselves are manifest. In this case they are unquestionably grievous. The conscience of the good citizen stands affrighted, and demands a swift and sudden cure. We all of us understand this demand. There are few disinterested persons who do not sympathise with it. It was the feeling which lies at the bottom of this demand which long ago gave our licensing arrangements the form of police laws, and which, in the middle decades of the eighteenth century, and again and more explicitly a hundred years later, inspired the demand for summary suppression and legal prohibition. Experience, it was urged, and is still urged, teaches the essential and inevitable imperfectibility of *all* licensing arrangements. The only satisfactory thing to do therefore is to abolish all licensing laws, and absolutely to prohibit the traffic. The statement, of course, assumes that the resources of the State have been exhausted in the invention of our present system, and that the principle upon which our present licensing system is based is not merely the wisest, but the only possible principle. But this is a very large assumption, and it needs to be tested, not merely by practical experiment here, but by experience elsewhere. Moreover, the statement also assumes the entire practicability of the alternative suggested. But is this clear ? There is a logic in facts as well as in propositions, and its conclusions are as relentless as they are unavoidable. The advanced moral sentiment of a community may desire a short cut to an ideal,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

but it is bound nevertheless to fit its scheme of progress to the facts ; and the facts here are as inflexible as they are, to most of us, disquieting. The world (or that part of it with which we in the United Kingdom have to do) is as yet very far from being converted to total abstinence. The demand for liquor persists, and even grows. It needs no special gift of insight to see that, for some time to come, a very considerable volume of trade in liquor will continue. The vital questions for the reformer are therefore, first : How, and under what conditions, is this traffic to be conducted ? and second : How, for the public weal, can it be discouraged and progressively reduced ?

These questions are vitally related ; but hitherto they have been kept apart. The State in its legislative arrangements has concerned itself with the former. The Temperance organisations, in their official declarations and programmes, have been preoccupied with the latter. Our present licensing system is the answer of the State to the first question. The demand for fewer public-houses and for powers of prohibition is the answer of Temperance organisations to the second question. Each answer would be justified if the questions were separable. Each answer is defective because they are not. To bring the two questions together, and to establish their vital relations, is the supreme and urgent task awaiting the Temperance reformer. So long as they are kept apart, the work of substantial reform will be made impossible, and the present lamentable deadlock will continue.

Let us take, for example, the proposals of what is loosely spoken of as the Temperance Party, by which is usually meant certain Temperance organisations and societies. These proposals are exclusively restrictive and prohibitory. Summed up in two principal demands, they plead for a large reduction in the number of licensed premises, and permissive powers of veto. Each of these demands can be justified. One of them at least has secured almost universal endorsement. But, assuming them to be granted, what will be their probable effect upon the evil that has to be remedied ? How far will they solve the problem that has to be solved ? A reduction in the number of licensed premises is eminently

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

desirable; but few persons expect it to prove a great panacea. It is the small and unremunerative houses that disappear, and the consumption of alcohol is apparently little affected. I say "apparently," because the matter is not capable of exact demonstration. It is possible to compare one period with another, and to show, for example, that while the number of "on" licences in ratio to population in the United Kingdom has declined 17 per cent. in the last twenty years, the Drink Bill per head of the population has increased 4 per cent. But this is not conclusive; for other influences, and especially economic influences, have obviously been at work in stimulating consumption. But it is conclusive against the expectation of a substantial modification of the problem, by a mere reduction of the number of licensed premises. It is indisputable, that if, next week, we could effect a reduction even to the point suggested in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing Laws, the sale of alcohol in the country would remain intolerably large.

So too with Local Veto. The advocacy of this particular proposal has not always been wise and discriminating, and, as a consequence, it has been discredited in many minds. Probably it would have been differently regarded, had it been placed in its right setting, as an agency specially applicable to thinly peopled communities, and to the wards and suburbs of certain towns. Regarded as a method for dealing with the liquor question in rural districts, Local Veto may fairly claim a large measure of success—a success which in some countries has been of a striking character. Over the rural portions of Sweden and of Norway, including more than three-fourths of the population, Local Option, carrying with it full powers of Veto, has been in force for nearly fifty years, and has received that which is a high sanction for any law—the steady support of the people. Its effect in both countries in lessening drunkenness, in bringing about a great reduction in the consumption of spirits, and in lifting up the population to a higher level of civilisation, has been unquestioned. If we turn to English-speaking countries, similar evidence is offered, showing that, whilst a Prohibition policy fails when applied to large urban

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

centres, it has achieved distinct success in many rural districts.

In our own country there are districts where Local Veto could, and probably would, be usefully exercised. In addition to many rural parishes, there are wards of cities, similar to those districts, in many of our large centres, where there is at the present time no public-house, and no demand for one. It would certainly be strange if, in any comprehensive measure of Temperance reform, that form of local self-government were not included which has been most extensively practised, and which, in Scandinavia, in the United States, and in Canada, has been attended with so much success. But, assuming permissive powers of Veto to be granted (under such safeguards, of course, as Parliament is certain to impose), is it credible that the power of the liquor traffic would at once be broken, or the traffic itself be reduced to insignificant proportions? No responsible Vetoist entertains such an idea. All are agreed that the adoption of Veto will at best be gradual, and that, for a long time to come, much liquor will continue to be sold. They are bound therefore to consider the question: How and under what conditions is this traffic to be conducted? Particular organisations may refuse to consider this question. They may plead that it does not fall within the scope of their object and aim. But, while they thus fix the limits of their responsibility, they also fix the limits of their influence, and forfeit their right to determine the lines of the national policy. For, obviously, a national policy must have regard to the facts of the present, and to the situation that is likely to exist during that period of time with which the practical politician has to deal. To leave these facts out of consideration may be consistent with idealism: it is not possible in practical politics, and the time has come to insist upon the distinction. It is quite legitimate for a man or for an organisation to say: "Our object is the total suppression of the liquor traffic. We will have nothing to do with licensing systems, or with systems of regulation and control." But it is not legitimate for that man, or for that organisation, to stand in the path of another man who feels that he cannot so lightly rid himself of responsibility for the existing

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

condition of things, who has it laid upon him to remedy what he cannot hope to destroy, and to say to him: "I cannot, and you shall not." If the present condition of things were not intolerable, and if, under our present licensing system, it were not likely to remain intolerable, there would be nothing to say against the idealist position, except, perhaps, that it would in that case be largely unnecessary. But, with an evil so gigantic and so hurtful to the commonwealth as the present drink evil, it is necessary to be sternly practical in our schemes of reform and, while not relinquishing the ideal, to acknowledge the existence of the real.

On the other hand, legislative recognition of the real need not hinder the ideal. Our present licensing system unfortunately does have that effect. It is not intended to do so. The theory underlying it is actually favourable to the ideal. Our licensing system owes its origin to a sense of the "intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth" which "doth daily grow and increase through such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common ale-houses and other houses called tippling-houses," and to an endeavour on the part of the State to put an end to such "hurts and troubles." Its avowed intention is, to restrict the sale and consumption of alcohol; but *it attempts to do this by placing the conduct of the traffic in the hands of those whose sole interest in it is the motive of private gain.* Surely a more astounding paradox was never unconsciously perpetrated by the august Mother of Parliaments! The defects of our licensing system are now universally admitted; but they could have been predicted with absolute certainty from the beginning. They are not superficial: they are intrinsic. They inhere in the principle upon which that system is based. As I have elsewhere pointed out, our licensing arrangements and laws have all been based upon the assumption, that a traffic peculiarly liable to abuse, and pregnant, when abused, with serious hurt to the community, can safely be entrusted to those whose only interest in it is the commercial interest of gain. Is it not self-evident that, where the interests of the community demand that a traffic shall be kept within clearly defined and ever-narrowing limits, it

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

is fundamentally foolish to attach to the conduct of that traffic inducements of private gain? The history of our licensing laws seems to me to be a continuous disclosure of that fundamental folly, and an insistent reminder that licensing laws, to be satisfactory, must be based upon a recognition of the limitations of average human nature, when acting from ordinary commercial motives.

No one has recognised this more clearly than Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Speaking in the House of Commons on March 13th, 1877, he said :—

“We have been told on good authority that the licensing system was intended for financial and for police purposes. Sir, for one of these purposes it has been the greatest and most triumphant success ; we raise an enormous revenue by its means. But for the other purpose I maintain that it is a deplorable failure. It has failed utterly ; and why ? Because every individual trader in this business is paid by results. He is paid exactly in proportion to the amount of drink which he can get his fellow-creatures to consume.”¹

Three years later, on June 18th, 1880, Sir Wilfrid put the matter with equal explicitness :—

“If you license a man to a trade” (he reminded the House of Commons), “of course it is only in human nature that he will do as much trade as he can ; and you would set yourselves an impossible task if you were to say : ‘thus far you shall go, but no further.’ It is only natural that the licensed victuallers will do what they can to make money and push trade.”

It would be impossible to expose the inherent defect in our licensing system more clearly or unanswerably. That system is built upon a paradox ; and it has never been more than a half-hearted and inefficient compromise. The country was committed to the traffic before Parliament perceived its social effects ; and the late discovery of those social effects explains the choice of a licensing system which was foredoomed to failure.

But if this fact explains the origin of the system, it does not justify its continuance ; and, while no one would suggest a sudden and violent revolution in our licensing arrangements, it is an essential condition of progress that we should recognise our initial mistake, and give to localities, through the disinterested agency of their best citizens, permissive powers to safeguard the traffic from the perils of private gain. This does not, as some Temperance reformers seem

¹ *Hansard*, Vol. CCXXXII, pp, 1881-1882.

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

to fear, imply municipalisation with relief of rates. No proposal of this kind has been before the country since Mr. Chamberlain introduced, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson supported, such a scheme in 1877. The authoritative proposals now before the country expressly avoid this danger, and stipulate that, wherever the element of private profit is eliminated from the retail sale of liquor, the trade shall be conducted "without direct and appreciable gain to the locality itself." There is not, and there need not be, uncertainty or ambiguity on this point. The profits in any scheme of public management must go to the State, and be used for State purposes. But some deduction from those profits may quite legitimately be made—if made by the State itself—for the purpose of providing those counter-attractions to the public-house which are now universally recognised as an integral part of a satisfactory scheme of reform. The grants for this purpose must, however, be made by the State; and they must be fixed in ratio to population, and not in proportion to profits earned. Such an arrangement would effectually safeguard the interests of Temperance, while the provision of such counter-attractions would materially advance those interests, by meeting one of the most real deficiencies in our existing social arrangements. Until this deficiency is met, the attractiveness of the public-house cannot be effectively challenged, nor can we look for a great change in popular habits.

But the lines of reform are more easy to indicate than to achieve; and this for one reason only. The mind of the nation is deeply convinced, but its hands are tied by the interests in possession. In other words, the question of Compensation blocks the way. The word itself is no small part of the difficulty. We resent it, and argue against it, and deny it; but the difficulty behind the word remains. What is wanted is a certain quality of courageous frankness, which will enable us to grapple with the difficulty, while protesting against the word. At present we are suffering from a loss of perspective, due to Mr. Balfour's outrageous proposal to limit the discretion of the licensing magistrates. A single issue looms larger than the problem as a whole. Presently we shall recover perspective, and face the question

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

in the spirit of practical politics. No Temperance reformer would raise the question of Compensation if that issue alone were concerned. Compensation, for the practical Temperance reformer, is not an end in itself, but simply a means to an end. The end sought is the overthrow of a baleful interest, and the deliverance of the nation from a devastating curse. But, meantime, the forces of progress are hindered by the interests in possession, and, until these are summarily and equitably disposed of, the hopes of reformers will be futile, and schemes of reform not worth the paper they are written upon. It is not a question of magisterial discretion. All disinterested citizens are agreed in defence of that. It is really a question of those larger reforms which are the true objects and the sole *raison d'être* of the Temperance movement. The question has been discussed too long on abstract grounds. It is time that it were grappled with as a problem of practical politics. No statesman of either party believes in his heart that substantial reforms are possible without some settlement of the difficulty. All are agreed that it lies as an unavoidable obstacle at the threshold of reform. Is it then too much to ask, that we shall bring into the discussion of the question a little of that courageous frankness which so far has been conspicuously absent? John Bright and Mr. Gladstone both avowed their view that some Parliamentary settlement of the difficulty was inevitable. Mr. Asquith on a recent occasion took the same view.

Every Minister who has attempted drastic legislation has been compelled to reckon with the difficulty. Mr. Bruce recognised it in 1871; Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Goschen recognised it in 1888 and 1890; Sir William Harcourt admitted it in 1893 and 1895; and Lord Peel and his colleagues laid emphasis upon it in 1899. The publication of the Minority Report, and the widespread acceptance of its central principle, carried the Temperance movement to a point in constructive statesmanship which it had not hitherto reached, and from which, despite the temporary reaction provoked by Mr. Balfour's threats, it is impossible for it to recede. It was natural that Mr. Balfour's threats should set up a reaction. They shocked the moral as well as the political sense of the community. At such a time

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

the cry of "No Compensation" is an instinctive, if a futile and impracticable cry. When the present Session is over, a good deal of dust will have been laid, and the question will have become one of the inevitable and unavoidable problems of the next Parliament. It is to that stage that thoughtful Temperance reformers are now looking. It is hazardous to prophesy; but it is improbable that the present Parliamentary Session will see the introduction of a Compensation Bill. Had Mr. Ritchie remained in the Government, and had the fiscal controversy been less feverishly pushed, an attempt would probably have been made to couple a Compensation scheme with a reduction of licences scheme. That is no longer probable. All that is likely to be attempted in the present Session is a Suspensory Bill, restricting the action of the magistrates pending the introduction of a Compensation Bill. That proposal will deservedly encounter the strenuous opposition of every section of the Temperance Party, and of countless good citizens outside the Temperance movement. It will be an invasion of rights which are not only ancient and unquestioned in law, but which are also vital in the present form of our licensing arrangements. The proposal may be defeated. It is doubtful if it will be. The Government majority is a large one, and the defections on this point will be few. In the topsy-turvydom of the present political situation, few Unionist members who propose to seek re-election will care to incur the hostility of the publican, especially as the average Unionist Temperance elector is always a patient and long-suffering creature! He may be moved to pious remonstrance, but never to active revolt. The publican, on the other hand, has been known to kick. Woolwich and Rye are not yet ancient history. But what if the unlikely happen, and the proposal be defeated? Does any one imagine that the question will be disposed of? Public opinion will not leave the public-house question where it is. Large reforms are as inevitable as the continuance of Parliament. But not one of them can be so much as attempted, apart from some Parliamentary settlement of the Compensation question. The Temperance reformer must either renounce his programme, or include

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

in it some positive proposals for the removal of this initial obstacle. To advocate reduction of licences, or Local Veto, or "a wide measure of direct popular control," apart from some scheme of "Compensation," or "solatium," or "compulsory mutual insurance," is to cry for the moon. To talk of "voluntary insurance" on the part of the Trade itself, is simple nonsense. Such a proposal could only be made practicable or sufficient if the Temperance Party were willing to withdraw from its programme its most important reforms. On the other hand, a purely obstructive cry of "No Compensation" is downright political folly, and an outrage upon the hopes of those who desire reforms.

So much, assuming a Suspensory Bill to be introduced and defeated. But what if it be passed? That contingency—a very probable one—will thrust upon the Temperance Party the unavoidable necessity of facing the Compensation question as a matter of urgent practical politics. In either case, therefore, constructive statesmanship and positive proposals will be required. It was to meet such a situation that the recently-issued National Temperance Manifesto was drafted and signed. The weight of the signatures, and the representative character of the names, were a remarkable tribute to the national interest in the question; and the proposals themselves outlined a policy which, in its general principles and broad features, is likely to furnish the points of ultimate agreement. It has been objected that the Manifesto had not the imprimatur of Temperance organisations and societies, and therefore could not be accepted as authoritative. But the objection shows how little the constitution of the Temperance movement is understood, and what are the limitations, as well as the elements of strength, in Temperance organisations. Temperance Societies, as Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., has recently pointed out:—

"consist of persons holding more or less divergent views on other points of Temperance policy than those which the particular societies exist to promote. To ask them, as societies, to formulate or agree to a statement of policy on points which are subjects of discussion, and in some cases of controversy, would be futile, and would almost certainly introduce friction and difficulty amongst them. At best it could only result in such an attenuated and watered series of suggestions, that they would be mere expressions of pious opinions, and be valueless for any practical purpose."

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

For this reason, no organisation, Temperance or other, was invited to sign or approve the Manifesto. But the weighty Temperance support which is behind its proposals, is made manifest by the extraordinary list of influential Temperance signatures attached to the Manifesto.

The Manifesto deliberately avoids detail, and seeks to concentrate attention upon those broad principles which must govern the final solution. It seeks to recover perspective, and a sense of the relative values of things. The social and moral evils which flow from intemperance are acknowledged to be "enormous"; and it is admitted that the present expenditure upon alcohol cannot be maintained, except at a cost to the community "which imperils the progress and well-being of the nation." But "the much-controverted question of Compensation has blocked the way to effective reform for many years past, and still continues to prevent that clearance of the ground without which important progress is impossible." So much being granted—and the evidence in support is unassailable—what follows? Either (1) acquiescence or continued paralysis of effort, or (2) a resolute effort to sweep this preliminary obstacle clean out of the way. The signatories to the Manifesto, as practical politicians, choose the latter alternative. They are of opinion that :—

"in connection with, and in order to facilitate, the passing of a measure of substantial Temperance reform which provided, among other things, for a great reduction in the number of licences, and gave to localities, under clearly defined statutory safeguards, wide powers of local control, it would be possible to consent to a scheme under which the Legislature made provision for constituting an independent authority, similar to the Irish Church Commissioners, through whose agency Compensation would be provided, entirely out of funds raised from the trade, for licence-holders whose licences were not renewed solely on the ground that they were not required, or that all the licences or any particular classes of licences were being abolished in the locality."

But certain conditions are laid down as indispensable. It is provided—

(1) That all the money required should be raised from the trade, and should not pass through the National Exchequer.

(2) That such scheme of Compensation should leave undisturbed the present full and unfettered discretion of the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Licensing Magistrates in respect of (a) applications for new licences, and (b) the renewal or transfer of existing licences ; and that the discretionary power of the Licensing Magistrates should be extended to all classes of licences.

(3) That a definite date should be fixed when all Compensation should cease.

(4) That no limit be placed on the amount of reduction that might be made.

(5) That any new licences that may be issued should be distinctly debarred from any claim to Compensation in case of subsequent non-renewal.

(6) That such scheme should effectually clear the ground, and leave the way open for further reforms.

In essentials the scheme is identical with that contained in Lord Peel's Report. It is based upon the principle of a time-notice, with a power of commutation by money payments raised from the liquor trade itself, when the expiration of the time-notice is anticipated by the action of localities. But the scheme has these very obvious advantages over the proposals of the Minority Report, viz. (1) that it contemplates a *national* commutation fund as distinct from a *local* fund, and so makes unlimited progress possible in any locality ; and (2) that it makes the large positive reforms advocated by Temperance reformers immediately practicable. The use of the word "Compensation" in the Manifesto seems to have been a stumbling-block to some Temperance reformers. It may have been ill-chosen ; for the scheme suggested is nothing more than a compulsory insurance scheme, whereby the survivors in the trade provide for the painless extinction of such of their fellows as happen to find their fate in a progressive community. It thus meets the case suggested by Mr. Asquith, who, in the debate on Mr. Butcher's Bill, in the House of Commons on April 24th last, stated that, if a scheme could be devised to throw the pecuniary burden upon those who had the benefit of the enhanced value of the monopoly which was left in their hands, he saw no objection to it.

Space does not allow the discussion of the financial details of the scheme. When the time comes, it will not be difficult to show that, in these respects, the scheme is

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN TEMPERANCE REFORM

thoroughly practicable. The reforming zeal of progressive communities may conjure up alarming visions to Mr. Balfour's mind ; but, if it is hindered, it will not be because the proposals in the Manifesto are financially impracticable.

If Temperance reformers care more for reforms than they do for propositions, they will follow the lead thus given, and agree upon a scheme which, while it endangers no Temperance interest, absolutely clears the ground for substantial reforms. The question is not an abstract one. It is entirely practical. It is solely one of political exigency and of relative values. The release of the forces of progress is a matter of infinitely greater importance than surrender to a compromise which involves no violation of principle, and is harmless in effect.

In the Manifesto, the question of Compensation is treated as an obstacle to be overcome, and not as an end in itself. In the discussion that has followed its publication, this fact has not always been remembered. But if the Temperance reformer is to keep his mind clear, and direct his thought to practical conclusions, he must preserve a sense of the proportion of things. The signatories to the Manifesto distinguish between the *means* and the *end*, and adjust emphasis accordingly. They express their conviction, that "such a scheme of Compensation could only be approved by the friends of Temperance, in so far as it was accompanied by facilities for those measures of Temperance reform concerning which there is widespread agreement."

The chief of these measures are :—

(1) A large, speedy, and definite reduction in the number of licensed premises.

(2) Wide powers of local self-government (with provision for their immediate operation), including permissive powers of (a) veto, and (b) public control, under which, subject to the regulations of statutory law, the whole of the retail traffic in a locality could be conducted without the stimulus of private profit, and without direct and appreciable pecuniary gain to the locality itself.

(3) A scheme of constructive reforms which should include the provision and maintenance of adequate counter-attractions to the public-house.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

It is only by such a broad policy—experimental, positive, constructive as well as restrictive, that deliverance will be attained. The roots of the evil lie too deep for the work of the axe. The problem is too complex for restrictive measures alone.

It will not be until we give real release to the progressive instincts of a community, that we shall begin to find deliverance.

ARTHUR SHERWELL

THE ART OF BLAKE

CRITICISM has inclined to look askance at Blake, or to discuss him apart, as an unrelated phenomenon in art, an arbitrary explosion of genius ; the question of his true rank and significance has been more or less shelved. Devotees speak of him, as if the rest of English art were something different and inferior ; while the world in general is content to dismiss him as a mystic, if not as a madman. There is much in his art and poetry to puzzle and to irritate ; so we need not be surprised by such opposite opinions. Yet Blake is worth understanding ; nor is he quite so isolated an apparition as so many have assumed. The recent exhibition of some of his capital works at the Carfax Gallery has made the interest in his art more general than heretofore ; and the moment seems favourable for an attempt to comprehend him as an artist.

Blake was an idealist. Not only was he totally indifferent to worldly success, but he lived as if what we call the world had no significance or existence for him. His daily interests and preoccupations were wholly in a world unseen. Such men are rare in any age and country ; in our modern Western life particularly rare. But there was a further singularity about Blake. He was an idealist who was also an artist. And, being an artist, he had inborn in him an eager delight in beauty, and an instinctive desire to express his ideas through lines and shapes and colours. How could preoccupation with the unseen world be reconciled with this instinct ? Blake denounced the traditional divorce between the body and the soul. The naked human body was to him divine, a thing of glory and of splendour. Just in this we

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

find the explanation of two often opposed attitudes. The body was, to Blake, the symbol of the soul. He never uses its sensuous beauty as a motive in itself ; indeed, his weakness is to violate and pervert that beauty ; intent upon a world beyond, he too often refuses and ignores the infinite suggestions of Nature, the avenues to undiscovered beauty open to the imagination, and, using human forms as characters in a language, writes his thoughts upon the background of the unknown darkness.

One of the finest and most famous of Blake's drawings, one of those recently exhibited, is called *Fire*. It represents a city in flames. In the foreground, on one side, is a group of pale women and children, awed into attitudes of terror ; on the other, two young men carry on their bowed shoulders a great chest towards an old man whose treasure it seems to contain. The figures are cast into strong relief, or lit up with hovering gleams, by the conflagration beyond. There the sanguine flames, arising and triumphing, shoot up into the sky, twisting and moving continually among the glowing spires and pinnacles and columns, that will soon be ashes. No human inhabitant survives ; the flames alone have become the beautiful and exulting population of the city. I understand why Nero played his fiddle to burning Rome, for the flames in their motion are like music, and seem calling for an answer. On the face of one of the watching children can be read an expression that seems rapture.

Who can look at this drawing and not feel that Blake's heart is with the flames, triumphing and devouring the proud works of men, and creating, in their exuberant beauty, an apparition of power and glory, that makes the terrified efforts of these savers of material treasure seem impertinent and ridiculous ?

Throughout Blake's art, the image of fire and flame is a constant and haunting presence. It inspires his design so much, that not only do these wavering yet energetic forms play a signal part in his decorations, but the human bodies that people his art bend and float and aspire, rush, recoil, embrace and tremble, with an accordant vehemence of motion. There was indeed something flame-like in the nature of the man himself. One can see a justness in those

THE ART OF BLAKE

fanciful flames of hair which Mrs. Blake gave her husband in that very interesting pencil portrait belonging to Mr. Herbert Horne. And, without the aid of allegory, we can find, in this particular passion of the artist, a purely artistic source of power and subject of invention. Rhythmical line, radiant colour—mastery of these is of the essence of art ; and in the shapes of fire Blake could find, without distortion, a theme entirely congenial to his eye and hand. But it was also congenial to his soul. I cannot remember that any other European artist has treated this element with the peculiar imaginative joy of Blake. Those who have painted scenes of fire, from Raphael to Millais, have made the human terror and human courage evoked their subject. But of Blake I cannot but think that he rejoiced with his flames in their destruction of the materials of this world. Here certainly we seem to find an attitude quite opposite to that of the normal painter, prizing so much the world's fair surface that ministers to his work and his delight. Yet the opposition is only apparent. It could only be real if art were indeed but imitation of nature. But art is never this. All creative minds, in whatever sphere they work, need to destroy the world that they may rebuild it new. Blake is only an extreme type.

Art, in proportion to the greatness of the artist, communicates, always through the eye, realities that are vital to the soul, realities that liberate, expand, rejoice, and awe. These realities dwell behind the surface of material fact presented us by nature, and are discovered and communicated only by the dissolving and re-creating mind. But in visible shape and colour they can be presented, through the invention of rhythm in line, harmony in colour, and by draughtsmanship which emphasises certain things, to communicate the sense of motion, force, weight, resistance, and aspiration. What, in the visible world, can express these ideas in the most naked and direct terms ? Shapes of elements : the running lines of water, the soaring lines of fire, the inert mass of stony earth : above all, the naked human body, the portrayal of which, in its numberless gestures and attitudes of effort or endurance, moves us in corresponding fashion, with nearer and more subtle sympathy than any

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

other thing. It is just these that Blake takes for his subject.

But now, for a moment, consider the general aspect of art in the time of Blake's birth and upbringing. It was concerned, as art had been concerned since the Renaissance, mainly with the beauty and significance of material life. The joy of living, the glory of human power and achievement, the delight of choice surroundings, the proud assertion of personality—these inspired Renaissance art; since then, the high glow had gone indeed, the pulse of life grown calmer, lyrical joy had ebbed to easy pleasure, the imagination of men was tamed, fact and reason dominated thought. Yet a noble art was still possible, and masterpieces were being painted. Beauty was still sought and found. But the deliberate, patient way of Reynolds seemed like cold indifference to the impetuous passion of Blake; eager to reach by the directest road the essential forms of imagination, he could not understand the temper that seeks through tender unveilings to disclose reality, is fearful to snatch rudely or hastily at beauty, and accepts the accident and fashion of the time as natural ceremony in the rites of art. Blake's scorn for his famous contemporaries was that of a headlong lover for the formal ways of wooing. Starting from an *a priori* conception of full-blown beauty, he deemed the general view of art in his time, as an adornment and amenity, enhancing the enjoyment of this world as man's home, the height of folly and wrongness. Without interest in his material surroundings, he hated drawing from the model; it smelt to him, he said, of mortality. And we have his famous assertion in old age, that the contemplation of natural objects weakened, and had always weakened, imagination in him. His contrast with his fellows was like that of a naked man walking among the carefully and choicely dressed.

Here are two extremes. Each in its way can be justified. In the painting to which we are accustomed, the acceptance of Nature's accident and detail preponderates so vastly, that Blake seems a very singular exception. Yet there already existed in the world a great school, illustrated by countless painters, in which Blake would have taken his

THE ART OF BLAKE

place as a normal example, and his English contemporaries have stood out as exceptions. But this was not in Europe ; it was in Asia. The Chinese painters of a thousand years ago chose their subjects with the same sort of intention as that which moved Blake ; they too dwelt on rhythmically sweeping lines, they too loved to evoke, in bold and happy symbol, the shapes of flame and water ; they too cared nothing for full realisation, only for the seizure of life in what they saw ; they too, led by the same instinct of the idealist, rejected chiaroscuro, and worked in light washes and vivid outlines of water colour, or in glowing tones enriched with gold on a sombre ground. Their besetting weakness, like Blake's, was a tendency to distortion and grotesqueness. And, just as Blake despised the naturalism of his contemporaries, so the Japanese inheritors of this Chinese classical tradition reproached the art of Europe, when first brought within their ken, for its imitative spirit and its appeal to the bourgeois mind. But Blake, though he used much Chinese ink, was quite ignorant, like the rest of Europe, of this art's existence. And, in one respect, the example would not have served him ; for the art of Asia, in its ideal schools, has eschewed almost entirely the naked human form.

Was there nothing in European art to provide a noble and inspiring model for such an art as Blake desired ? There was one transcendent example : the art of Michael Angelo. Disdainful of almost everything that painters choose and delight in, Michael Angelo created his visions of beauty, pity, power, and terror through the sole instrument of the human body. Here was an art far removed from the ordinary sympathies of the painter. Blake collected prints after Michael Angelo when he could ; and the abiding remembrance of that stupendous art became a more and more powerful influence. Yet, though Michael Angelo gave him much, showed him the heights of towering imagination, the influence was one-sided, and not wholly good. We must remember, first, that he only knew the Sistine ceiling and the *Last Judgment* in prints ; and everyone who knows the prints that were available to him, knows how poor and often false translations these were. Again, Blake's own

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

defects of nature and of training hindered him. A certain arrogance was at the root, perhaps, of those defects. He claimed that what he saw with his imagination was far clearer, more defined, and beautiful, than what other men saw with their eyes. He claimed to copy his visions no less exactly than those others copied Nature. But alas ! when we turn to the forms that people Blake's imagination, we find something that (apart from attitude and movement) does not transcend in beauty what we see with our eyes. Nay, more, we see that there is much in these imagined types which comes not direct from heaven, but is unconsciously taken from art which he admired. From the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, and from later imitators, is borrowed the full muscular development which shows often so strangely on his unearthly forms. And not well borrowed ; for, with Michael Angelo, these extreme Herculean types are but the last fruit of a life's concentrated labour on sculpturesque form, of patient study fed by much familiarity with the nude in nature, as well as by the models of antique sculpture and the previous achievements of men like Donatello. Whereas, with Blake, this element is added on, from the outside, to an art whose essential instinct has a different bias.

Once and again, indeed, by force of imagination, Blake rises to something like the "terribleness" of the Florentine. *Elohim Creating Adam*, the large water colour in the Butts collection, is a splendid conception. Michael Angelo, in the same subject, dwelt on the effortlessness of power in the Creator ; and Adam, in unrealising lethargy, waits but the finger of command to rise in his heroic stature and unmarred beauty. But, in Blake's picture, the act of creation is an agony, felt with overpowering effect by the spectator ; his Adam, with the serpent coiled about his legs, seems dragged reluctantly, as if conscious in his awakening of the full tragic meaning of human destiny, from the kind oblivion of elemental earth. Here, in a subject where Michael Angelo provided a direct model, there is no visible influence of Blake's great precursor. The painter is here working with natural fire in his own vein ; and, instead of dwelling on muscular form and sculptured mass, achieves

THE ART OF BLAKE

his effect by grand and energetic rhythm of line. And this aim is that predominant in all Blake's most successful works.

There was, indeed, in Michael Angelo's art, something that conflicted with Blake's inborn ideals, both spiritual and artistic. For the instinct which led him to repudiate chiaroscuro, and to express his ideas in pure and sweeping lines, corresponded with his scorn for the material world. I cannot but think that the tyrannical example of Michael Angelo led him astray. Among other Italians, Botticelli would have been a happier model. In the famous drawings to Dante, especially those to the *Paradiso*, there is much that Blake must have found akin, and enthusiastically admired. But Botticelli, like Giotto and the early Sienese, with their more ideal atmosphere, was, necessarily, unknown to Blake.

There was, however, the medieval art of Northern Europe, in which a similar atmosphere was intensified, and which stood in still sharper contrast with the material pride and splendour of the Renaissance; and this, in such monuments as were accessible, Blake studied assiduously and with devotion. For whole years of his apprenticeship, he studied and drew from the Gothic tombs in Westminster Abbey: as Mr. MacColl says, "their supine figures haunt his design." One feels that the slender figures and flowing draperies of medieval sculpture, such as the great statues of Chartres Cathedral, are more consonant with the spiritual fervour of Blake's mind, and with the natural conventions of his art, than the earth-born energy and passion of great masters of the nude. But, besides the Abbey sculptures, I cannot but think that Blake must have seen some medieval manuscripts. In any case, his own decorated books revive the spirit of illuminated missals; and this field afforded scope for a side of his art in which Michael Angelo could give him nothing: the innocent playful delight in the pleasantness of green leaf and curling tendril, the sense of spring and morning, which the Renaissance had lost, flower into decorative fancies about the borders of his pages.

In this turning back to the Middle Ages, a movement already beginning to awaken in more minds and more

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

various ways than we are apt to remember, but especially in such memorable work as Chatterton's poems, we find at once Blake's relation to the earlier imagination of England, and his inspiring potency for the future in the renewal of English art by Rossetti and his followers. But this return was no formalised revival, like the German school of "Christian" painters; Blake was far too fiery a spirit to submit his ways so humbly to those of any past; the positive and revolting element in him added passion and exuberance to kindle what was indeed a wholesome re-insistence on decorative qualities in art, but for which, in Blake's hands, decoration seems a tame word. Yet, as the imaginative and poetical side of his art has been so constantly and too exclusively dwelt upon, it is well to insist on this other side, and its value to succeeding art.

Nourished and supported by no living tradition in his own age, hampered by want of opportunity and training, it is small wonder that his production was marred in its growth. Where the lack of satisfying example reduced him to his own resources, we see him unconsciously falling back on the conventions of his age; the eighteenth century steps in, and he becomes, for the moment, a companion of Fuseli and Mortimer. Also, that other element in his mind which led him to take Michael Angelo for a model, warped him, as I think, in its working out; and though, in the vein of sombre and marmoreal imagination, he produced, as in certain pages of *Jerusalem*, magnificent designs, his later work is oftener marred by the distortion and unrealised effort at grandeur, which went with the troubling and overshadowing of his poetry in the later *Prophetic Books*. He lost the sweetness, the clear and fluid grace, of his earlier imagination: only at last in the *Job*, the two strains are grandly married and made one.

This and the other *Books* will probably always stand as Blake's great achievement in art. But, among the paintings, besides a good deal that has little worth, there is enough and to spare for whole-hearted admiration. Not only splendid in daring of conception, the best of them are wrought with wonderful harmony and justness of execution. His use of water colours, limpid radiant washes enforced

THE ART OF BLAKE

with a reed-pen outline, produced examples that remain among the happiest works in that medium, preserving, with true insight into the genius of his materials, the lightness and unlaboured character of a drawing. *The River of Life* is, surely, one of the loveliest water colours that have been made in England. And when, with a different end in view, he wrought in opaque pigment, he invented for the *Pitt* in the National Gallery, for the *Bard*, recently exhibited, and for his later colour-prints, a technique that was admirably adapted for the effect desired. His claim is true, that those spoke falsely, who said he could conceive, but could not execute.

LAURENCE BINYON

RETALIATION

IN an essay entitled *Interests of Labour and Capital*, Mr. Carnegie has let fall the following significant remark :—

“In the course of my experience as a manufacturer I know our firm has made many mistakes by ignoring one simple rule: never to undertake anything new until your managers have had an opportunity to examine everything that has been done throughout the world in that department. Neglect of this has cost us many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and we have become wise.”

Before Mr. Balfour attempted, by an ingeniously selected title, to fasten the charge of “insularity” upon the party of the free importers, he ought surely to have taken heed that his own knowledge of what is happening, and has happened, abroad, was adequate. And this more especially, since the demand for Retaliation is essentially one that must be judged on a broad view of what “tariff bargaining,” backed by threats, has accomplished in the past in the direction of freer trade. In the recent debates on fiscal policy, both in the Commons and in the Lords, what must necessarily have struck the academic student is: the extraordinary ignorance of history displayed by all those members of the Government who based their arguments upon it. The errors committed were of two kinds: in the first place there were grave mistakes as to fact, in the second, there was a complete failure to perceive the real causes and effects of the events to which reference was made.

Among the unhappy events which have suffered unmerited misrepresentation at the hands of our Government, the Cobden Treaty stands supreme. Mr. Balfour set the ball rolling at Sheffield, by claiming Cobden as his political

RETALIATION

father ; and this "instance of successful negotiation" did duty in several speeches in the recent debate. Apart from this, the circumstances which led to the conclusion of the treaty are so important for a correct judgment as to the practicability of enforcing freer trade, that they deserve to be recounted in some detail.

That view of history which regards the men who introduced our existing fiscal system as a party of doctrinaires, who gave away valuable "bargaining material" because they were too academic to see its value, is now generally considered inadequate—at least outside the narrow circle of "whole-hog" tariff reformers. The truth of the matter was stated on more than one occasion by Sir R. Peel. In one such statement we read as follows :—

"Wearied with our long and unavailing efforts to enter into commercial treaties with other nations, we have resolved at length to consult our own interests, and not to punish those other countries for the wrong they do us in continuing their high duties upon the importation of our products and manufactures, by continuing high duties ourselves."¹

That is to say, tariff bargaining (like Colonial Preference and Protection in the Home Market) was given a fair trial, and abandoned as useless. Among the nations with which the Government of this country before 1846 made "long and unavailing efforts to enter into commercial treaties," France was by far the most important. Why was it that the efforts which were unsuccessful in the 'thirties and the 'forties, were successful when repeated by Cobden in 1860, at a time when we had so much less to "give away"? The answer to this question can be won most easily from the study of the commercial policy of France between 1815 and 1860. The subject is treated exhaustively by M. Amé in his *Étude sur les Tarifs de douane* ; here a brief outline must suffice.

The French tariff of the first half of the nineteenth century had developed out of a prohibitive tariff, constructed in the first instance as a weapon against England during the Napoleonic wars. The successive Governments of the restored Bourbons and of Louis Philippe made unavailing

¹ House of Commons, Jan. 27, 1846.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

attempts to reform it—unavailing on account of the opposition of Protectionist majorities in the Chambers. In particular, the Government of Louis Philippe was hampered by the fact that his power rested chiefly on the support of capitalists, whose money was invested in more or less backward manufacturing industries. Negotiations for a treaty with England were carried on at intervals, but, so long as it was morally certain that any treaty which involved reduction in the French tariff would be rejected by the Chambers, there was little sense in concluding one. Some of these adverse factors were changed by the advent to power of Napoleon III. The Protectionist majorities in the Chambers remained, it is true, then, as always, hostile to any reduction of duties ; but the Government of Napoleon did not depend on the good-will of just that section of the French nation which profited most by the existing tariff. More important than this was an alteration in the Constitution, which was effected in 1852. Under Louis Philippe, no treaty which involved an alteration of the tariff could come into force until it had been ratified by the Chambers ; under the new *régime*, such treaties might be promulgated at once by the Executive, and needed no ratification. It was in virtue of this constitutional privilege of the French Executive (which has since, of course, been removed) that the Cobden Treaty was possible. There can be no doubt that the Protectionists in the Chambers would have refused to ratify it if they had had the power ; as it was, all they could do was to protest, and in this they were not backward.

Nor can it be maintained, that the French Government was moved to reform its tariff by the concessions which Cobden was able to offer. On the contrary, between 1852 and 1860, Napoleon pursued consistently a policy of Tariff Reform ; and it was only when all his efforts at reform by legislation had broken down before the stubborn opposition of the Chambers, that he played his last card—Reform by Treaty.

Moreover, the actual treaty, which was signed on January 20, 1860, did not contain a worked-out tariff. The French merely undertook to replace their prohibitions of English

RETALIATION

manufactures by duties which should in no case exceed 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. The tariff which subsequently came into force was worked out by Cobden and Rouher *after the conclusion of the treaty*; and the fact that the duties ultimately agreed upon were, on the average, considerably less than the 30 per cent. which the treaty permitted, shows that the reform was desired by the French Government for its own sake, and not concluded on the basis of *do ut des*.¹ It is, of course, true, that the English secured considerable advantage from the fact that Cobden had a hand in the construction of the French tariff; he was able to bring to the notice of the French, evidence supplied by English manufacturers, which could hardly have been obtained in any other way, and which served to check the exaggerations of the French Protectionists. There can be no reasonable doubt, that the tariff constructed under these circumstances was more favourable to this country than it would have been, had the French made their reform by the ordinary method of Parliamentary discussion. So much may be granted, but no more. No tolerably-informed amateur of foreign politics could so have blundered as to represent the Cobden Treaty as an instance of successful "negotiation backed by menace."

It would, I think, be generally admitted by students of the period that, in the conclusion of the numerous treaties between European countries which followed the Cobden Treaty, the principle of *do ut des* played a very small part. The French extended the concessions made to England by treaties with foreign countries. On an analysis of these treaties, it appears that they secured considerable concessions from countries—such as Belgium, Switzerland, and the Zollverein—where the Free Trade movement was in its zenith, but that from Spain, where that movement had not yet penetrated, they secured practically nothing. England, on the other hand, had at once extended to all other countries the con-

¹ Mr. Milner Gibson (President of the Board of Trade), in a speech to his constituents in Nov., 1862, stated that the French Government were permitted in the treaty to fix their duties, if they judged it desirable, at 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, and that, had they done so, we could not have pretended that they had not fulfilled all their obligations.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

cessions made to France ; yet this did not prevent the negotiation of favourable treaties. For instance, the treaty concluded with Austria in December, 1865, provided that, after the 1st of June, 1867, the duty to be levied on articles, the produce or manufacture of the dominions of Her Britannic Majesty, should not exceed 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. In return for this, the British Government engaged to recommend to Parliament the abolition of the duties payable on the importation of wood and timber into the United Kingdom, and also the reduction of the duties payable on wine in bottle to the amount of those payable on wine in wood. As regards this "bargain," Sir Louis Mallet (the negotiator on the British side) writes :—

"Certainly on the principle of 'equivalent concessions,' this treaty, if a Tariff bargain, must be regarded as a great achievement, for it secures the revision of the whole Customs Tariff of Austria in return for the abolition of duty on a few Austrian wares, and the equalisation of duty on Hungarian wines in bottle and wood."

But of course it was not, except formally, a "tariff bargain." Sir Louis Mallet tells us :—

"The Austrian Treaty has been negotiated on the principle that a Tariff of Customs duties is a measure of international taxation, and is, therefore, a proper subject for international regulation. . . ."

When foreign countries return to this view of tariffs, we shall be able to negotiate treaties as satisfactory to ourselves as those of the 'sixties ; but there is no reason to suppose that the threat of duties by us would adequately fill the place of "liberal sentiments" in the Governments of Europe, or would conduce to the popularity of Free Trade in the countries affected.

If we turn to the history of Germany, we find that the recrudescence of Protection in 1879 was due in part to a desire to retaliate on Austria and Russia. We do not find, however, that this Retaliation promoted the growth of Free Trade in these countries. On the contrary, in the opinion of competent observers, its effect has been the exact opposite. The raising of the German tariff provoked increases in the tariffs of Austria, Russia, and other

RETALIATION

countries ; Germany was thus provoked to further increases in her own tariff. A check came with the treaties in the early 'nineties, though the reductions then effected were by no means equivalent to the increases since 1879. What is worse, the check appears to have been only momentary. In 1887, the German duty on wheat was raised from 3 marks the doppelcentner to 5 marks, largely as a measure of retaliation against Russia. A treaty was concluded with Russia in 1894, but the German duty was reduced only to 3 marks 50 pf. ; whilst in the new tariff of 1902 the German Agrarians forced an undertaking from the Government that, after the expiration of the existing treaties, a minimum duty of 5 marks should come into force, and that this minimum should be maintained in any new treaty which might be concluded. This undertaking on the part of the German Government of course binds its hands in the matter of duties on manufactures. It would be politically impracticable to make any considerable reduction in the protection accorded to manufactures, so long as agricultural protection remained so enormous. Much as German manufacturers value our market, they would be acting suicidally if they allowed a system of high protection for agriculture and low duties for manufactures to establish itself. Nor is it credible that the German Government would permit it, even on the inconceivable supposition that the manufacturing interests put pressure upon it to do so.

In connection with the experience of Germany, the reader's attention may be drawn to a further grave lacuna in our Government's scientific equipment. As a general rule, Tariff Reformers avoid the subject of tariff wars : we are told that skilful diplomacy will make their occurrence an exceptional thing. Now the history of tariff wars is such as to make it the part of a wise Government to avoid them, and we should be delighted to think that our Government meant to do so ; but we cannot forget the fact that some of its members appear to entertain the idea that the Russo-German tariff war forms a striking exception to the general uselessness and costliness of such events. Speaking of the Russian concessions on German goods,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Herr Ballod, a German historian of the moderate Protectionist persuasion, writes as follows :—

“ The duty on iron still amounts to about 100 per cent. *ad valorem* ; the duty on yarns to from 50 to 60 per cent., on stuffs to as much as 120 to 150 per cent., on paper for printing to about 200 per cent., on materials of dyes from 50 to 200 per cent. ; only on machinery and iron goods do the duties sink to from 30 to 40 per cent., which explains the increased imports of iron goods and machinery ; whereas cotton cloths, paper for printing, and beer have been completely excluded from the Russian market, and woollens almost completely ! ”

The same writer speaks of a Russian “ victory ” in the negotiations, though he thinks, not without reason, that it was of the nature of that gained by Pyrrhus.

But, admitting for the moment that one or the other side in a tariff war, as in other wars, will sometimes win, this by itself is no adequate apology for the policy of Retaliation. We must consider the minor hostilities—the steps on both sides which led up to the war, and the effects on the legislation of both countries which flowed from it. If it be true (and it can hardly be denied) that the Agrarians would have failed in their petition for a minimum 5 marks duty if that duty had never been in force, then we may believe that the German policy, as a whole, has been a failure. If we concede also, that Bismarck’s 5 mark duty of 1887 had an appreciable influence in producing the enormous Russian tariff of 1891—which, even after the reduction of 1894, is so oppressive—here again we are driven to question the general wisdom of Germany’s policy. And what of the present situation ? The tariff war has had its effect in both countries ; and each has anticipated the blows of the other by a tariff more monstrous than what has gone before. A tariff war is only an incident in the general struggle ; and it is to the effects of that struggle over a period of years that we must look, if we would judge the policy from which the struggle originated.

Other tariff wars—those, for instance, waged by France with Italy (1888—1898) and Switzerland (1893—5)—are not much quoted by Tariff Reformers. We respect their wisdom ; for these wars were, in great measure, drawn battles, resulting in the exhaustion of both parties. It

RETALIATION

should be noted that the existence of the tariff war with Italy strengthened the hands of the French Protectionists, at the time of the passing of the Méline tariff in 1892.

When we come to inquire into the reasons which lie at the root of the general failure of European countries to reduce one another's tariffs by fighting, we are met at the outset by the difficulty of putting ourselves in another person's place. Such convinced Free Traders as Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, must necessarily find it hard to believe that any sane man can think the present German tariff beneficial to that country. Yet, if they would read the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, they would see that, judged by the principles of a good Protectionist, this tariff, as it stands, is recklessly moderate. Those who believe that imports diminish employment, and that it is both practicable and desirable to sell abroad without buying there, must necessarily attach to any transaction in home trade an importance far beyond what they attach to foreign trade. If an exchange at home is worth twice as much to the country as an exchange abroad, that foreign market must be great indeed which would induce men to give up any part of their home market. If an exporting industry be injured by a retaliatory duty, the remedy is usually simple: the same or some other industry can be benefited at home by some increase in Protection. It is, of course, true, that, everywhere after this process has been in force for some time, a reaction sets in. What Protectionist members of the French Chamber have called contemptuously: "*ce qu'il y a du vrai dans les doctrines des économistes,*" asserts itself; and some reduction of duties follows. But there is no warrant in history for the belief that such reductions will always, or even usually, be equivalent to the increase that has gone before them.

Another point which deserves consideration is this. Our Retaliators are, of course, well aware that, in shaping their fiscal policy, they will have to deal with at least four distinct political entities—viz., Germany, France, Russia, and the United States. They are, however, accustomed to assume, in the course of their argument, that any one of these countries, in shaping *its* fiscal policy to meet an altera-

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

tion in our own, would have to consider no one but itself and us. We hear it said, that Germany will admit our manufactures free, rather than see her manufactures taxed in this country. Whether Germany would do this if there were no other considerations may be questioned ; but what most needs emphasis is, that there *are* other considerations. In other words, Germany cannot shape her tariff with an eye to this country only, but must take into her calculations the United States, France, and a number of other countries. By the treaty of Frankfort, Germany stands pledged to extend to France, without any reciprocal concession, every reduction of duties which is made in favour of this country ; she would be obliged also to extend her concession to every other country with which she had a most-favoured-nation treaty. Hence the question is not : " Would Germany admit our manufactures free rather than see her own taxed here ? " but : " Would Germany admit the manufactures of almost every country free ? " It may be objected, however, that this again is an overstatement of the case—that Germany will know well that we shall secure concessions from all other countries at least equivalent to those made by herself, and that these will be extended to her in virtue of her most-favoured-nation treaties. But a little consideration will show that each particular country will be anxious to be the last to make concessions to us, and that an attempt on our part to deal with all, at one and the same time, would merely facilitate a defensive alliance against us.

When once it is realised that each foreign country, in settling its trade relations with us, has to consider its trade relations with other foreign countries, we shall hear less of the fact that the excess of our imports gives us a marked superiority in negotiating. This argument is, in any case, very misleading ; seeing that the bulk of our imports are raw materials and food, whereas the bulk of our exports are manufactures. Mr. Balfour's plan involves an attack by one nation, which believes in Free Trade, upon a number of nations which believe in Protection ; and the most probable issue of the fight would be, a league of such nations to maintain their common policy against our attack.

The conclusions which these considerations suggest may

RETALIATION

be summarised thus. The direct results of the Government's policy would be either infinitesimal or pernicious : it is essentially a policy which cannot gain us any considerable advantage, and may cost us very dear. Its indirect effects in unsettling business, and stimulating Protectionist feeling both here and abroad, would of course be bad.

Our task is, however, but half done with this negative conclusion. It remains to take up Mr. Balfour's challenge, and to examine into the dynamics, not indeed of foreign trade, but of the commercial policy of foreign countries. It will be convenient to commence with a brief appreciation of Mr. Balfour's own view of the future.

Our Premier's pessimism has its roots in a theory of the world's economic development which finds little warrant in an unbiassed survey of the forces actually at work. We are asked to consider the position of a country with highly developed manufactures, in other words of the typical "Industrie-staat" of German Economists, which is hedged off from exchange with all other countries by a wall of impenetrable tariffs. Mr. Balfour points out, and here he is right, that such a country would be in the same position as one which had itself raised impenetrable barriers against the rest of the world. But he offers no evidence which could lead us to suppose that his imaginary island is likely to be realised in the British Isles of the future. He forgets, first, that there is no probability that Free Trade will be confined to ourselves. At the present time, the policy of the "open door" is maintained in India and other Crown Colonies ; and there is no reason to suppose that these markets will ever be closed to us. Nor, again, is it impossible that this policy will triumph eventually over a great part of China. There will, therefore, in all probability, be always enormous markets, not only ready for direct trade with us, but also facilitating roundabout trade between us and other countries. So long, for instance, as any considerable part of China remains open, it will be possible for us to continue our existing practice of buying corn from the United States, and paying them by taking up with our exports of manufactures the debts which they contract to China for tea. Secondly, Mr. Balfour forgets that much of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the development of "new countries" has been, and still will be, accomplished with British capital. The fact that large annual dividends are due to us from the Argentine, the United States, and Canada, enables us to buy wheat from these countries without lowering the price of our manufactures to climb their tariffs. Thirdly, it should have been remembered, that what the future portends is, not a combination of all countries to oppress the United Kingdom while favouring one another's progress, but a number of separate economic groups fighting hard to restrain one another's Protectionist proclivities in their own interest, and, thanks to the most-favoured-nation clause, in ours also. Trade between us and any Protectionist country is freer than the trade between any two Protectionist countries.

In the first two of these criticisms, Tariff Reformers will perhaps admit some force. They will, however, doubtless laugh at the third ; for, in the breezy way which endears them to us, they have so depreciated the value of "most-favoured-nation treatment," that this keystone of our economic security appears to be in considerable danger of perishing in the general *débâcle*. The principle of "most-favoured-nation treatment" is, that concessions made by any one country, A, to another country, B, shall be extended automatically to all other countries to which A grants most-favoured-nation treatment. If, for instance, Russia makes a concession in favour of the German iron industry, that concession must be extended, without delay, to the iron industry of Great Britain, or of any other country with which Russia stands in this particular treaty relation.

It is sometimes alleged, that the advantages which we secure in this way are not very great. We are told that reductions are granted principally upon goods in the sale of which Great Britain is not interested ; that each country demands reductions on what interests itself and not us ; and that, similarly, each country is anxious to confine its concessions, as far as may be possible, to goods which are supplied only, or principally, by the country at whose demand the concession is made. Now it cannot be denied that there is some truth in this contention : Russia and Austria, for instance, are more anxious to see the German duties on

RETALIATION

cereals reduced than the duties on manufactures. A reduction in the German corn-duties, however, so far from being of use to us, is a positive disadvantage, inasmuch as it increases the demand for corn in those countries from which we draw our supplies.¹ On the whole, however, it is plain, that almost all the concessions likely to be demanded by Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and other manufacturing countries, are of importance to us. We are still (*pace* Mr. Chamberlain) an all-round manufacturing country ; and hence we stand to gain by almost every important treaty. Moreover, those who urge the above criticism must admit that, in so far as a nation with a fighting tariff is not interested in the production of commodities which we produce, there is less temptation for other nations to increase their duties on these articles, in order to have "something to concede." The United States laid specially heavy duties in 1897 on wines and works of art, with the direct intention of having something to give away to France. These increases did us very little harm. Somewhat similar is the action of Russia in her new tariff. The duties on many manufactures which are produced, both by ourselves and by Germany, are higher when the goods are imported by the western land frontier, than when they come by sea. Obviously here is the threat of a *de facto* discrimination in our favour, and against Germany. It would, perhaps, be admitted by English Protectionists that Bismarck was not quite a child in the matter of tariff policy. Yet we find that, from 1879 to the time when he left office, Germany concluded no important tariff treaties, but relied upon the benefits secured to her as a "most favoured nation," by the treaties which France had concluded with other important Continental Powers. It was only when the French reaction to Protection in the early 'nineties threatened to break up the existing network of tariff treaties, that Germany took upon herself to form a new one.

Less obvious, but perhaps even more important than this generalising of tariff reductions, is the action of "most-

¹ From an Imperial standpoint, however, this argument breaks down completely. There is hardly any commodity of which some part or other of the British Empire is not an important producer.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

favoured-nation" treaties in impeding the formation of larger economic units, which would suffer less from a policy of high Protection, and would, therefore, *pro tanto*, be more likely to embark upon it. If the Triple Alliance were to form a Zollverein, it would, other things being equal, be more likely to put up a tariff against all other nations on the generous scale of the Dingley Act. It would suffer less from high duties than would any of its component parts, if it adopted them by itself, just as the United States suffer less from their tariff than would a country of the size of the United Kingdom. It is true that "most-favoured-nation" treaties do not directly prevent the formation of Zollvereins proper. Germany and Austria might, if they chose, grant one another Free Trade to-morrow without altering their duties, as against the produce of other countries. What are prevented are the preliminary steps towards the formation of such unions; Germany and Austria must go the whole way to reciprocal Free Trade at once, they may not charge one scale of duties on one another's goods whilst charging discriminating rates on the goods of most favoured nations. The importance of this is plain. The formation of a Pan-European Zollverein, with a high tariff planned to fight the United States and Russia, but hitting incidentally the United Kingdom, might well be disastrous to us. Such a Zollverein cannot be formed to our exclusion so long as we preserve our most-favoured-nation agreements; but it would be a most effective answer to Lord Lansdowne's "big revolver." It would be interesting to know whether the treaties which are in preparation between the States of Central Europe will contain a secret agreement pledging the contracting parties to common action against us, in the event of our attacking any individual in the combine. Such an agreement would find a good deal of support on the Continent, and would be a most effective counter-check quarrelsome to our tariff babblings.

If we put this together with the conclusions reached in the first part of this paper, it appears that our present system secures to us, without any trouble on our part, almost everything that we could hope to receive by a most complicated policy of tariff bargaining and tariff wars. What extra

RETALIATION

gains we might get, would certainly not make good the loss involved in a return to Protection, and would probably be considerably outweighed by our loss in any single serious tariff war.

It would, however, almost certainly be worth our while to fight for the maintenance of the most-favoured-nation treatment. In such action, we should probably be able to obtain the assistance of a considerable number of European countries ; and there is little doubt that the mere threat of war from such a combination would suffice. The existence of most-favoured-nation treaties is a permanent asset to the Free Trade cause here and abroad ; in defence of such an asset it is worth while to fight. But it is not worth while to fight for a reduction in this or that foreign tariff, which will, as likely as not, be screwed up to a higher pitch than ever, as the time for a renewal of the bargain draws on. There is only one way in which Protectionist sentiment here and abroad can be fought ; and that is, by demonstrating the economic and political advantages of Free Trade. Our Government would do more for the cause of Free Trade by persuading our Colonies in their own interests to extend to foreign countries the preferential rates which they are granting to us, than they will do by convincing the Governments of Europe that we have tried Free Trade and found it a failure.

H. O. MEREDITH.

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON¹

II

WE have seen that in every region of the English-speaking world the "Anglo-Saxons,"—as the various races originating in the British Islands are commonly called,—are losing the high fertility they formerly possessed. Whereas, half a century ago, the English appeared practically at the head in the race of the European nations for the replenishment of the earth, they now take a comparatively low place, a place which becomes relatively lower every year, however high it may still remain absolutely. Moreover, among the younger peoples which England has had a leading part in planting beyond the seas, the same phenomenon is seen in an even more marked degree. In the United States, in Canada, in Australia, not only is the birth-rate of the purely Anglo-Saxon elements of the population constantly sinking, but the other racial elements in these lands do not follow the same tendency, and thus, by their greater power of reproduction, tend to take an ever larger part in the nominally Anglo-Saxon lands. Looked at absolutely, the Anglo-Saxons, owing to their fertility in the past, still occupy an enormous place in the world; looked at relatively—and it is thus that we must look at the facts in order to appreciate their significance—the Anglo-Saxons are rapidly losing ground.

So that, when, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we survey the great European races, and attempt to estimate their future influence on the world, on the basis

¹ See November Number of *The Independent Review*, pp. 284–291.

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

of their present fertility, we find that the Russians stand at the head, that the Austrians (and especially the Magyars) come next, that the Italians still show a high fertility, and that German fecundity is far ahead, not only of the French, but even of the English rate. For, although the German and even the Prussian birth-rates are falling, they are not falling so rapidly as the English, and they remain very much higher. The other countries of Europe, including Belgium (which in many respects resembles England), are slowly falling towards the French level; their marriage-rate is decreasing slowly, and their birth-rate is decreasing rapidly.

It is not usual to consider these phenomena broadly. They are generally considered locally, by investigators who fail to take into consideration their wider bearings. And, when they are thus considered, it is usual to account for the decreased birth-rate, the smaller average families, and the tendency to postpone the age of marriage, as due mainly to a love of luxury and vice, combined with a newly acquired acquaintance with Neo-Malthusian methods, which must be combated, and may successfully be combated, by inculcating, as a moral and patriotic duty, the necessity of marrying early and procreating large families. In France, the recent campaign against the religious Orders in their educational capacity, while doubtless largely directed against educational inefficiency, is also supported by the feeling that such education is not on the side of family life; and M. Arsène Dumont, who is one of the most vigorous champions of a strenuously active policy for increasing the birth-rate, openly protests against allowing any place as teachers to priests and monks and nuns, whose direct and indirect influence must degrade the conception of sex and its duties while exalting the place of celibacy. In the United States, also, the late Dr. Engelmann, who has done so much to make clear the process by which the American Anglo-Saxon element is dwindling, and who, as a gynæcologist, was able to see this process from behind the scenes, urged his fellow-countrymen "to stay the dangerous and criminal practices which are the main determining factors of decreasing fecundity, and which deprive women of health, the family

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of its highest blessings, and the nation of its staunchest support."¹

When, however, we look at these phenomena more broadly, and when we bring them into relation with other series of phenomena, we begin to see that, to regard this question of marriage and children as one which can be settled, or even substantially influenced, by the dictum of the physician and of the moralist, is to make a supposition which is, to say the least, futile. It is almost beyond dispute, that a voluntary restriction of the number of offspring by Neo-Malthusian practices is at least one of the chief methods by which the birth-rate has been lowered. It may not indeed be—and probably, as we shall see, is not—the only method. We may have to recognise a concomitant physiological sterility, induced by delayed marriage and its various consequences, and perhaps also by the impaired vitality of an increasingly urban life; and we may have to recognise that stocks differ from one another in fertility. But to attack the method is not to touch the cause.

We begin to obtain a truer insight into the meaning of the curve of a country's birth-rate when we realise, that it is in relation with the industrial and commercial activity of the country. It is sometimes stated, that a high birth-rate goes with a high degree of national prosperity. That, however, is scarcely the case; we have to look into the matter a little more closely. And, when we do so, we find that, not only is the statement of a supposed connection between a high birth-rate and a high degree of prosperity an imperfect statement; it is altogether misleading.

If, in the first place, we attempt to consider the state of things among savages, we find indeed great variations, and the birth-rate is not infrequently low. But, on the whole, it would appear, the marriage-rate, the birth-rate, and, it may be added, the death-rate, are all alike high. Dr. Karl Ranke has investigated the question with considerable care among the Trumai and Nahuqua Indians of Central Brazil.²

¹ J. G. Engelmann, "Decreasing Fecundity." (*Philadelphia Medical Journal*, 18 Jan., 1902).

² In a paper read a few years ago at the Brunswick Meeting of the German Anthropological Society (*Correspondenz-blatt* of the Society, Nov.,

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

These tribes are yet totally uncontaminated by contact with European influences ; consumption and syphilis are alike unknown. In the two villages he investigated in detail, Ranke found that every man over twenty-five years of age was married, and the only unmarried woman he discovered was feeble-minded. The average size of the families of those women who were over forty years of age was between five and six children, while, on the other hand, the mortality among children was great, and a relatively small proportion of the population reached old age. We see therefore that, among these fairly typical savages, living under simple, natural conditions, the fertility of the women is as high as it is among all but the most prolific of European peoples, while, in striking contrast with European peoples, among whom a large percentage of the population never marry and of those who do many have no children, practically every man and woman both marries and produces children.

If we leave savages out of the question, and return to Europe, it is still instructive to find that, among those peoples who live under the most primitive conditions, much the same state of things may be found as among savages. This is notably the case as regards Russia. In no other great European country do the bulk of the women marry at so early an age, and in no other is the average size of the family so large. And, concomitantly with a very high marriage-rate and a very high birth-rate, we find in Russia, in an equally high degree, the prevalence among the masses of infantile and general mortality, disease (epidemical and other), starvation, misery.¹

So far, we scarcely see any marked connection between high fertility and prosperity. It is more nearly indicated in the high birth-rate of Hungary—only second to that of Russia, and also accompanied by a high mortality—which is very clearly associated with the rapid and notable develop-

1898). A great many facts concerning the fecundity of women among savages in various parts of the world are brought together by Ploss and Bartels, *Das Weib*, 7th ed., Vol. I., p. 696.

¹ I have briefly summarised this state of things in Russia, on the basis of the best authorities, in a chapter of *The Nationalisation of Health*.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

ment of a young nationality. The case of Hungary is, indeed, typical. In so far as high fertility is associated with prosperity, it is with the prosperity of a young and unstable community, which has experienced a sudden increase of wealth and a sudden expansion. The case of Western Australia illustrates the same point. Ten years ago, the marriage-rate and the birth-rate of this colony were on the same level as those of the other Australian Colonies ; but a sudden industrial expansion occurred, both rates rose, and, by 1899, the fertility of Western Australia was higher than that of any other English-speaking community.¹

If now we put together the facts observed in savage life and the facts observed in civilised life, we shall begin to see the real nature of the factors that operate to raise or lower the fertility of a community. It is far indeed from being prosperity which produces a high fertility, for the most wretched communities are those which breed most prolifically ; but, on the other hand, it is by no means the mere absence of prosperity which produces fertility, for we constantly observe that the on-coming of a wave of prosperity elevates the birth-rate. In both cases alike it is the absence of social-economic restraints which conduces to high fertility. In the simple, primitive community of savages, serfs, or slaves, there is no restraint on reproductive activity ; there is no adequate motive for restraining it ; there are no claims of future wants to inhibit the pressure of present wants. Supposing, again, that such restraints have been established by a certain amount of forethought as regards the future, or a certain calculation as to social advantages to be gained by limiting the number of children, a check on natural fertility is established. But a sudden accession of prosperity—a sudden excess of work and wages and food—sweeps away this check, by apparently rendering it unnecessary ; the natural reproductive impulse is liberated by this rising wave, and we here see whatever truth there is in the statement that prosperity means a high birth-rate.

¹ It must, however, be remembered that, in small and unstable communities, a considerable margin for error must be allowed, as the birth-rate is, at present, estimated on an unsound basis, and an influx of immigrants at the reproductive age unduly raises it.

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

In reality, however, prosperity in such a case merely increases fertility because its sudden affluence reduces a community to the same careless indifference in regard to the future, the same hasty snatching at the pleasures of the moment, as we find among the most hopeless and least prosperous communities. It is in the absence of social-economic restraints—the absence of the perception of such restraints, or the absence of the ability to act in accordance with such perception—that the birth-rate is high.¹

It may be proper at this stage to point out that while, in the foregoing statement, a high birth-rate and a high marriage-rate have been regarded as practically the same thing, we need to make a distinction. The true relation of the two rates may be realised, when it is stated that, the more primitive a community is, the more closely the two rates vary together. As a community becomes more civilised and more complex, the two rates tend to diverge. They tend to diverge in opposite directions, so that, while the birth-rate is not, properly speaking, any index to prosperity, there is much better reason for considering the marriage-rate among civilised peoples, as, in Farr's words, a barometer of national prosperity. In former years, the marriage-rate in England rose regularly as the price of wheat fell; in later years, since corn has ceased to be an important national product, the marriage-rate now rises or falls with the value of British exports.² Thus, in a civilised and stable community, a slight lifting of the economic pressure suffices to remove the restraint on marriage; but the restraints on child-production are deeper and more complex, so that the removal of the restraint on marriage by no means removes the restraint on fertility.

If, however, we were to consider, not the proportion of marriages, but the average age at marriage, and especially

¹ The nature of the restraint on fertility has been well set forth by Dr. Bushee ("The Declining Birth-rate and its Causes," *Popular Science Monthly*, Aug., 1903), though he expresses it mainly in the terms of Dumont's "social capillarity" theory.

² The relationship is clearly set forth by Mr. J. Holt Schooling, "The English Marriage Rate," *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1901.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the age of the woman, which varies less than that of the man, the results would not be quite the same. The general tendency as regards the age of girls at marriage is summed up by Ploss and Bartels, in their monumental work on *Woman*, in the statement that : "it may be said in general that the age of girls at marriage is lower, the lower the stage of civilisation is in the community to which they belong."¹ We thus see one reason why it is that, in an advanced stage of civilisation, a high marriage-rate is not necessarily associated with a high birth-rate. A large number of women, who marry late, may have fewer children than a smaller number who marry early.

We may see the real character of the restraints on fertility very well illustrated by the varying birth-rate of the upper and lower social classes belonging to the same community. If a high birth-rate were a mark of prosperity or of advanced civilisation, we should expect to find it among the better social classes of a community. But the reverse is the case ; it is everywhere the least prosperous and the least cultured classes of a community which show the highest birth-rate. As we go from the very poor to the very rich quarters of a great city,—whether Paris, Berlin, or Vienna,—the average number of children to the family diminishes regularly. The difference is found in the country as well as in the towns. In Holland, for instance, whether in town or country, there are 5·19 children per marriage among the poor, and only 4·50 among the rich. In London, it is notorious that the same difference appears ; thus Mr. Charles Booth, the greatest authority on the social conditions of our metropolis, in the concluding volume of his vast survey, sums up the condition of things in the statement that : "the lower the class the earlier the period of marriage, and the greater the number of children born to each marriage." The same phenomenon is everywhere found ; and it is one of great significance.

The significance becomes clearer when we realise, that an urban population must always be regarded as more "civilised" than a rural population, and that, in accordance with that fact, an urban population tends to be less prolific

¹ *Das Weib*, 7th edition, 1902, Vol. I., p. 615.

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

than a rural population, although this tendency is disguised when, as in England to-day, the migration from country to town is large and rapid. England now possesses a mainly urban population. Every year it becomes more urban ; while the town population grows, the rural population remains stationary ; so that, at the present time, for every inhabitant of the country in England, there are more than three town-dwellers. As the country-dweller is more prolific than the town-dweller, this means that the rural population is constantly being poured into the towns. The larger our great cities grow, the more irresistible becomes the attraction which they exert on the children of the country, who are fascinated by them, as the birds are fascinated by the lighthouse, or the moths by the candle. And the results are not altogether unlike those which this analogy suggests. At the present time, one-third of the population of London is made up of immigrants from the country. Yet, notwithstanding this immense and constant stream of new and vigorous blood, it never suffices to raise the urban population to the same level of physical and nervous stability which the rural population possesses. More alert, more vivacious, more intelligent, even more urbane in the finer sense, as the urban population becomes,—not, perhaps, at first, but in the end,—it inevitably loses its stamina, its reserves of vital energy. Cantlie very properly defined a Londoner as a person whose grandparents all belonged to London—and he could not find any. Dr. Harry Campbell has found a few who could claim London grandparents ; they were but poor specimens of humanity. Even on the intellectual side there are no great Londoners. It is well known that a number of eminent men have been born in London ; but, in the course of a somewhat elaborate study of the origin of British men of genius, I have not been able to find that any were genuinely Londoners by descent. An urban life saps that calm and stolid strength which is necessary for all great effort and stress, physical or intellectual. The finest body of men in London, as a class, are the London police. Mr. N. C. Macnamara pointed out, a few years ago, that these are all drawn from rural districts, as it is found that London men do not possess the necessary nervous

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

stability and self-possession ; they are too excitable and nervous, lacking the equanimity, courage, and self-reliance of the rural men. Just in the same way, I have found in Spain, that the bull-fighters, a body of men admirable for their graceful strength, their modesty, courage, and skill, nearly always come from country districts, although it is in the towns that the enthusiasm for bull-fighting is centred. Therefore, the more largely urban a population becomes, the more is its standard of vital and physical efficiency lowered. This became clearly visible during the recent South African war ; it was found at Manchester (as stated by Dr. T. P. Smith and confirmed by Dr. Clayton) that among 11,000 young men who volunteered for enlistment, scarcely more than 10 per cent. could pass the surgeon's examination, although the standard of physique demanded was extremely low, while Major-General Sir F. Maurice has recently stated that, even when all these rejections have been made, of those who actually are enlisted, at the end of two years only two effective soldiers are found for every five who enlist.¹ It is not difficult to see a bearing of these facts on the birth-rate. Great Britain is becoming a land of towns, the same tendency is seen in the newer Anglo-Saxon countries, and, while the diminished birth-rate of towns is certainly not altogether the result of impaired vitality, the phenomena are correlative facts of the first importance for every country which is using up its rural population and becoming a land of cities.

From our present point of view it is thus a very significant fact, that the equipoise between country-dwellers and town-dwellers has been lost, that the towns are gaining at the expense of the country, whose surplus population they absorb and destroy. The total population is disinclined to propagate ; the town population is probably in a large measure unfit to propagate.

At the same time, we must not too strongly emphasise this aspect of the matter ; such over-emphasis of a single aspect of highly complex phenomena constantly distorts our

¹ It must be added, that the exact interpretation of these facts is not yet clearly established. See, *e.g.*, the first of a series of articles on "Physical Degeneration" (*British Medical Journal*, 21 Nov., 1903).

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

vision of great social processes. We have already seen, that it is inaccurate to assert any true connection between a high birth-rate and a high degree of national prosperity. Prosperity is only one of the causes that tend to remove the restraint on the birth-rate ; and it is a cause that is never permanently effective.

To get to the bottom of the matter, it is necessary to look into it still more closely. Why is it, one asks oneself, that prosperity fails permanently to remove the restraints on fertility ? The answer is, that it speedily creates new restraints. Prosperity and civilisation are far from being synonymous terms. The savage who is able to glut himself with the whale that has just been stranded on his coast, is more prosperous than he was the day before, but he is not more civilised, perhaps a trifle less so. The working community that is suddenly glutted by an afflux of work and wages, is in exactly the same position as the savage who is suddenly enabled to fill himself with a rich mass of decaying blubber. It is prosperity ; it is not civilisation.¹ But, while prosperity leads at first to the reckless and unrestrained gratification of the simplest animal instincts of nutrition and reproduction, it tends, when it is prolonged, to evolve more complex instincts. Aspirations become less crude, the needs and appetites engendered by prosperity take on a more social character, and are sharpened by social rivalries. In place of the earlier easy and reckless gratification of animal impulses, a peaceful and organised struggle is established, for securing in ever fuller degree the gratification of increasingly insistent and increasingly complex desires. Such a struggle involves a deliberate calculation and forethought, which, sooner or later, cannot fail to be applied to the question of offspring. Thus it is that affluence, in the long run, itself imposes a check on reproduction. Prosperity, under the stress of the urban conditions with which it tends to be associated, has been transformed into that calculated fore-thought, that deliberate self-restraint for the attainment of even more manifold ends, which in its outcome we term "civilisation."

¹ The evil effects of sudden prosperity may be studied to-day in Glamorgan, as has been shown by Dr. R. S. Stewart, "The Relationship of Wages, Lunacy, and Crime in South Wales" (*Journal of Mental Science*, Jan., 1904).

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

It is frequently assumed, that the process by which civilisation is thus evolved is a selfish and immoral process. To procreate large families, it is said, is unselfish and moral, as well as a patriotic, even a religious duty. This assumption is a little too hasty ; it is necessary to take into consideration the totality of the social phenomena accompanying a high birth-rate, more especially under the conditions of town life. A community in which children are born rapidly is necessarily in an unstable position ; it is growing so quickly that there is insufficient time for the conditions of life to be equalised. The state of ill-adjustment is chronic ; the pressure is lifted from off the natural impulse of procreation, but is increased on all the conditions under which the impulse is exerted. There are increased overcrowding, increased filth, increased disease, increased death. It can never happen, in modern times, that the readjustment of the conditions of life can be made to keep pace with a high birth-rate. It is sufficient if we consider the case of English towns, of London in particular, during the period when British prosperity was most rapidly increasing, and the birth-rate nearing its maximum, in the middle of the great Victorian epoch, of which we are, for many reasons, so proud. It was certainly not an age lacking in either energy or philanthropy ; yet, when we read the memorable report which Chadwick wrote in 1842, on the *Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain*, or the minute study of Bethnal Green which Gavin published in 1848, as a type of the conditions prevailing in English towns, we realise that the magnificence of this epoch was built up over circles of hell to which the imagination of Dante never attained.

As reproductive activity dies down, social conditions become more stable, a comparatively balanced state of adjustment tends to be established, insanitary surroundings can be bettered, disease diminished, and the death-rate lowered. How much may thus be accomplished we realise, when we compare the admirably precise and balanced pages in which Mr. Booth has recently summarised his survey of London, with the picture presented by Chadwick and Gavin half a century ago. Ugly and painful as are many of the features

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

of this modern London, the vision which is, on the whole, evoked, is that of a community which is attaining self-consciousness, which is growing into some faint degree of harmony with its environment, and is seeking to gain the full amount of the satisfaction which an organised urban life can yield. Mr. Booth, who appears to have realised the significance of a decreased fertility in the attainment of this progress, hopes for a still greater fall in the birth-rate ; and those who seek to restore the birth-rate of half a century ago are engaged on a task which would be criminal if it were not based on ignorance, and is, in any case, fatuous.

In this tendency of the birth-rate to fall with the growth of social stability, we see a tendency which is of the very essence of civilisation. It represents an impulse which, however deliberate it may be in the individual, may, in the community, be looked upon as an instinctive effort to gain more complete control of the conditions of life, and to grapple more efficiently with the problems of misery and disease and death. It is not only, as is sometimes supposed, during the past century that the phenomenon may be studied. We have a remarkable example some centuries earlier, an example which very clearly illustrates the real nature of the phenomenon. The city of Geneva, perhaps first of European cities, began to register its births, deaths, and marriages, from the middle of the sixteenth century. This alone indicates a high degree of civilisation ; and at that time, and for some succeeding centuries, Geneva was undoubtedly a very highly civilised city. Its inhabitants really were the "elect," morally and intellectually, of French Protestantism. In many respects it was a model city, as Gray noted when he reached it in the course of his travels in the middle of the eighteenth century. These registers of Geneva show, in a most illuminating manner, how extreme fecundity at the outset, accompanied by very high mortality and much disease, gradually gave place, as civilisation progressed, to a very low fecundity, with fewer and later marriages, a very low death-rate, and a state of general well-being in which the births barely replaced the deaths.

After Protestant Geneva had lost her pioneering place in

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

civilisation, it was in France, the land which above all others may in modern times claim to represent the social aspects of civilisation, that the same tendency most conspicuously appeared. But all Europe, as well as all the English-speaking lands outside Europe, is now following the lead of France. In a paper not long since read before the Paris Society of Anthropology, M. Emile Macquart showed clearly, by a series of ingenious diagrams, that whereas, fifty years ago, the condition of the birth-rate in France diverged widely from that prevailing in the other chief countries of Europe, the other countries are now rapidly following in the same road along which France has for a century been proceeding slowly, and are constantly coming closer to her, England closest of all.¹ In the past, proposals have from time to time been made in France to interfere with the progress of this downward movement of the birth-rate—proposals that were sufficiently foolish, for, neither in France nor elsewhere, will the individual allow the politician to interfere officially in a matter which he regards as purely intimate and private. But the real character of this tendency of the birth-rate, as an essential phenomenon of civilisation, with which neither moralist nor politician can hope successfully to interfere, is beginning to be realised in France. M. Azoulay, in summing up the discussion after M. Macquart's paper had been read at the Society of Anthropology, pointed out that : "nations must inevitably follow the same course as social classes, and the more the mass of these social classes becomes civilised, the more the nation's birth-rate falls ; therefore there is nothing to be done legally and administratively." And another member added : "Except to applaud."

It is probably too much to hope, that so sagacious a view will at once be adopted in the English-speaking world. The United States and the great English colonies find it difficult to realise that they are not really new countries, but branches of old countries, and were already nearing maturity when they began their separate lives. They are not at the beginning of two thousand years of

¹ Emile Macquart, "Mortalité, Natalité, Dépopulation" (*Bulletins de la Société d'Anthropologie*, 1902).

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

slow development, such as we have passed through, but at the end of it, with us, and sometimes even a little ahead of us. It is therefore natural and inevitable that, in a matter in which we are moving rapidly, Massachusetts and Ontario and New South Wales and New Zealand should move still more rapidly. These things are, however, only learnt slowly. It is, therefore, inevitable, that even New Zealand, which furnishes so brilliant an example of the social well-being which accompanies declining fertility, is troubled by its low birth-rate ; and we need not be surprised that New South Wales has appointed a Commission to inquire into the causes of its declining birth-rate. We may be sure, also, that the fundamental and complex character of the phenomena will not readily become obvious to politicians, so apt to advocate panaceas which have effects quite opposite to those they desire. But, whatever politicians may wish to do or to leave undone, it is well to remember that, of the various ideals the world holds, there are some that lie on the path of our social progress, and others that do not there lie. We may properly exercise such wisdom as we possess by utilising the ideals which are before us, serenely neglecting many others which, however precious they may once have seemed, no longer form part of the stage of civilisation we have now reached.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

¹ The 1902 Report of the Registrar-General of Ontario, just issued, shows, as in New Zealand, a very low birth-rate (except in French counties), a very high marriage-rate, and a low death-rate, especially favourable to infant life.

“TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE”

IF I were asked to pick out of the works of living writers, say, three examples of the pathetic—the three which to me personally have happened to appeal most poignantly—I should find myself going outside English, to two literatures which, till lately, Englishmen hardly read.

My list would be this : (1) The adventure and death of the delightful boy Petya Rostof in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. (2) The colossal scene in Ibsen's *Brand*, in which Agnes gives up the relics of her dead child to clothe the child of the tramp. And (3) the scene here translated from Ibsen's one other great dramatic poem—the Norwegian *Faust*—*Peer Gynt*.

The present attempt is the first, greatly daring, to give the scene to English readers in the rhymed metre of the original.¹ That, of course, adds something to difficulties, already formidable, springing from the quick, broken dialogue, and from the art with which the Norse is made to tremble into lyric intensity of tears or laughter, without ever quite losing touch of the racy naturalness of peasant-talk. Stumbling-blocks enough ! But, if rhyme throws some new stones in the path, my hope was that it might also lend wings to carry the adventurer over them.

“No verse translation,” says Mr. Andrew Lang roundly, “is worth the paper it is written on.” Mr. Lang is a laureate of prose translation ; in verse, likewise, he has scattered flowers, “few, but roses.” Why, then, so harsh ? I

¹ Ibsen students need no reference to the renderings, metrical but unrhymed, in the Messrs. Archer's admirable *Peer Gynt*, and, in prose, in Mr. Wicksteed's vivid *Four Lectures on Ibsen*.

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

have lately stumbled upon an *argumentum ad hominem*. A friend of mine has been bringing for years the best Homer translations to the test (no bad one) of reading aloud in a class of young fellows, so to rescue some of the poetry lost in construing. He first resorted, as anyone would, to the Lang versions. Experience soon substituted Morris. "Prose for the study," he reports; "for an audience one wants, in the long run, the swing and lilt of verse." 'Twas Homer's own conclusion. Morris has, to my ear, a rough gait; but a dance can be conveyed by a different dance better than by a walk, however stately. My friend, too, had been re-reading his Euripides in the brilliant versions of Dr. Gilbert Murray, from whom the INDEPENDENT REVIEW lately published a

————— repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet.

"I never," he declared, "enjoyed Euripides so much before." My friend was a First in Classics and a scholar of Trinity. I get under his guns. Have we not minor poets who have little to say, but a perfect way of saying it? Why should they not turn to verse translation? They might not equal the scholar and poet in one—a Murray, a Mackail, a Verrall. But they would supersede the labours of a journeyman like myself. And if they helped their countrymen to enjoy some part of the best of other literatures, it would be worth a great deal of machine-made poetry on hand-made paper.

Peer Gynt is an idle, dreamy young peasant, who lives scorned by all the hamlet, scolded and doted on by his old widowed mother. He is great at romancing, and poor Aase¹ half believes the fairy-tales of which he makes himself the hero. At last he is stung, for once, from dream to deed. A well-to-do farmer's daughter, who has a fancy for Peer, and whom his fond mother would have him try to marry, is about to wed another. Peer, in a drunken freak, carries off the willing girl from the midst of the bridal party, and escapes with her into the mountains. He soon

¹ Aase is pronounced much like aw-se in "hawser."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

tires of her, and packs her off home ; meanwhile, he is under fine and outlawry, and distraint is levied on the cottage where old Aase lies sick to death. Our scene follows, and ends the first Act.

F. EDMUND GARRETT

SCENE

(AASE's cottage. Evening. A wood-fire burning and glowing on the hearth. The cat on the chair at the foot of the bed.)

(AASE is lying in bed and fumbling restlessly at the coverlet.)

AASE.

Eh, Lord ! is he coming never ?
It drags on day after day.
I cannot send word, and there's ever
So much that I wanted to say.
Who'd ha' thought it ? So sharp-like to summon
A body ! No time to be had.
If you could but be sure, Aase woman,
You were not too hard on the lad !

PEER GYNT.

(Entering.)

Good evening !

AASE.

God bless thee, my dear one !
Come home, for old Aase's sake !
But how could you venture near one,
Down here, with your life at stake ?

PEER GYNT.

All's one, be it now or a while hence.
I had to look in, you know.

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

AASE.

Yes, this puts Kari to silence,
And I can have peace and go.

PEER GYNT.

Have peace and go ? How you chatter !
Where would you be off to, pray ?

AASE.

Ah, Peer, it draws to the latter
End—I'm just wearin' away.

PEER GYNT.

(Hunching himself and flinging across the room.)

There ! worried again, willy-nilly !
I thought to be quit of it here.—
Are your feet and your hands turned chilly ?

AASE.

Aye ; it soon will be over, Peer.
When you see my old eyes go off in
A stare, you must smooth them to ;
And then you must order the coffin ;
And have it a fine one, do !
Ah, no, I forgot—

PEER GYNT.

Be quiet !
For that there's time and to spare.

AASE.

Well, well !

(Looking uneasily round the room.)

You see what a riot
They made ; they have stripped us bare.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

PEER GYNT.

(Wincing.)

Again !

(In a hard voice.)

What's the use, to bicker
And 'mind me ? I know I'm to blame.

AASE.

You ? Nay, 'twas the cursèd liquor !
From *that* the misfortune came.
Poor laddie, thy wits were addled ;
Then who can tell wrong from right ?
'Twas like that day when you straddled
The stag, and jumped off the height.

PEER GYNT.

Well, well ; we'll drop the old stories.
We'll whistle the lot away.
And all that heavy and sore is
We'll keep for some other day.

(Sits down on the side of the bed.)

Now, mother, we two will chatter,
But only of that and this ;
Forget that there's aught the matter,
And all that is sad and amiss.
Why, if I mind him rightly,
That's still the old selfsame cat ?

AASE.

The rogue ! and goes courtin' nightly—
Ah, *you* know all about that !

PEER GYNT.

(Turning it off.)

Is aught in the place betiding ?

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

AASE.

(With a sly smile.)

They say there's a lassie that's bent
On somebody gone into hiding—

PEER GYNT.

(Hastily.)

The bridegroom, is *he* content ?

AASE.

They say, to the old folks' pleadin'
And tears she turns a deaf ear.
Mayhap, it's *your* help they're needin' ;—
You'd better look in there, Peer !

PEER GYNT.

The smith—what does *he* now frame to ?

AASE.

Have done with the dirty smith !
It's the lass I would put a name to—
The lass there's the trouble with

PEER GYNT.

Nay, now we'll just sit and chatter,
But only of that and this ;
Forget that there's aught the matter,
And all that is sad and amiss.
Are you thirsty ? Some drink shall I fetch you ?
What a short little bed you've got !
Have you room to lie out and stretch you ?
I declare, it's my own old cot.
Do you mind how you sat beside me
So often at evening-time,
Spread the sheepskin, and lullabied me
With many a charm and rhyme ?

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

AASE.

Yes, and when father was rovin',
The beautiful game we found !
The cot was a sledge we drove in,
And the floor a frozen Sound.

PEER GYNT.

Yes, but what beat the rest on't—
Mother, you mind that too ?
The prancing steeds were the best on't !—

AASE.

I mind ? to be sure I do !
We borrowed a steed, and soon too !
Kari's tomcat served for one.

PEER GYNT.

To the castle west of the moon, to
The castle east of the sun,
To Soria-Moria castle
The road it climbs and dips !
We found an old stick with a tassel
That made us the best of whips.

AASE.

I perked on the box so sprightly—

PEER GYNT.

And shook the reins loose with a will,
And turned, as the sledge travelled lightly,
To ask, if I felt it chill ?
You were ever a kind one, mother,—
God bless you, you dear old fright !—
What's ailing ?

AASE.

The hard boards bother
My back till I can't lie right.

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

PEER GYNT.

That's neither lying nor sitting—

(Puts his arms under her.)

Stretch ! now you're lying soft.

AASE.

(Uneasily.)

Nay, Peer, I'm for flitting !

PEER GYNT.

Flitting ?

AASE.

Aye, flitting ; I sigh for it oft.

PEER GYNT.

What babble ! I'll sit anigh thee,
And help thee to pass the time.
Spread the sheepskin. I'll lullaby thee
With many a charm and rhyme.

AASE.

Nay, my mind is all of a wrastle !
'Twere better the Book to bring . . .

PEER GYNT.

In Soria-Moria castle
There is feasting, with prince and king.
Rest, mother ; don't be excited.
I'll drive you there over the moor—

AASE.

But, Peer, love, am I invited ?

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

PEER GYNT.

Aye, that we are both, to be sure !

(Throws a string round the chair where the cat is lying, takes a stick in his hand and bestrides the foot of the bed.)

Houp ! will you stir yourself, Greyling ?
Mother, you're keeping warm ?
Aha ! there's no jogtrot trailing
When Sorrel steps out in form !

AASE.

In my ears there is something sounding—

PEER GYNT.

'Tis the tinkle the sledge-bells make.

AASE.

Ugh ! what a hollow pounding !

PEER GYNT.

We're crossing a frozen lake.

AASE.

What's that like a sighing or whine ? Would
The wind sound so creepy and weird ?

PEER GYNT.

Yes, it soughs on the moor in the pinewood.
Sit still, mother. Don't be a-feared.

AASE.

A light seems to shine, from a great way
Away—is it out of the sky ?

" TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE "

PEER GYNT.

From the castle's windows and gateway.
Can you hear how they're dancing ?

AASE.

Aye.

PEER GYNT.

Just outside stands Saint Peter,
And says, Will you please walk in ?

AASE.

What, Aase ?

PEER GYNT.

Yes, comes to greet her,
With wine from the sweetest bin.

AASE.

Wine ! Are there cakes ?

PEER GYNT.

A dishful !
Yes, and I see the late
Archdeacon's lady is wishful
To hand you your coffee and plate.

AASE.

O Lord, shall I meet the lady ?

PEER GYNT.

You'll be gossiping soon, she and you.

AASE.

Eh, never ! Peer, what a heyday
You're driving poor Aase to !

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

PEER GYNT.

(Cracking his whip.)

Houp ! will you stir yourself, Greyling !

AASE.

You're sure you've the road right, dear ?

PEER GYNT.

(Cracking his whip again.)

'Tis the good broad road.

AASE.

I feel ailing ;
The drive makes me faint and queer.

PEER GYNT.

There looms the castle, high-piled !
I see it. We're nearly due.

AASE.

I'll lie and just close an eyelid,
My boy, and leave all to you.

PEER GYNT.

Trot then ! stir yourself, Sorrel !
The castle hums like a hive ;
They crowd at the gate, fit to quarrel,—
Peer Gynt and his mother arrive !
What say you, Mr. Saint Peter ?
Won't you pass mother in ?
You're like to look long ere you meet her,
If you search for an honester skin.
Myself I need scarcely mention ;
I can turn at the gate outside.

"TO SORIA-MORIA CASTLE"

Thank you kindly, for any attention—
Or with none I'm no less satisfied.
When the sermon was preached by the Deuce, he
Scarce bettered the lies I've told ;
And I've called my old mother a goosey,
Because she would cackle and scold.
But her you must honour, Saint Peter,
And that with a proper good grace !
They don't send you any to beat her
From the parishes nowadays.—
Oho ? here comes Goda'mighty :
Now, Peter, you'll get your due !

(In a bass voice.)

"Have done with this highty-tighty,
And let mother Aase through !"

(Laughs loudly and turns round to his mother.)

There, isn't it just as I said, then ?
Now he grins on the other side !

(Anxiously.)

Mother ! have you gone off your head, then ?
Don't open your eyes so wide !

(Goes to the head of the bed.)

You mustn't lie staring and paling !
Speak ! it's your boy, your son !

(Feels her forehead and hands softly ; then throws the string away
on the chair and says in a low voice :)

E'en so : you can rest now, Greyling ;
The journey is over and done.

(Closes her eyes and bends over her.)

Thanks for all the days of thee, mother ;
Thy lullabies—and thy spansks !
But pay back my kiss with another—

(Presses his cheek to her lips.)

There : that was the driver's thanks.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

GOODWIFE KARI.

(Entering.)

What, Peer ? Nay, come now, that closes
The worst of the sorrow that's sped.
But, Lord ! how soundly she dozes—
Or is she—?

PEER GYNT.

Hush ; she is dead.

(KARI weeps over the corpse. PEER GYNT paces up and down the room for some time ; at last he stops by the bed.)

PEER GYNT.

Bury mother with seemly caring.
I must leave, if I can but get.

GOODWIFE.

Far, must you go ?

PEER GYNT.

Seafaring.

GOODWIFE.

So far !

PEER GYNT.

Aye, and further yet.

(He goes out.)

THE FRENCH PEASANT

SUGGESTED BY A LATELY-PUBLISHED BOOK

MME. MARY DUCLAUX (A. Mary F. Robinson), the authoress of *The Life of Renan*, has recently put forth a collection of short essays, descriptive and sociological, which she entitles *The Fields of France*,¹ together with some interesting studies of "The Forests of the Oise," "A Manor in Touraine," and "A Farm in the Cantal." The writer, who has lived in France, and is still a frequent dweller there, indulges, in such chapters as "The Mediæval Country House," and "How the poor lived in the Fourteenth Century," in digressions into history.

But the most important part of the book is that which deals with "The French Peasant before and since the Revolution."

Facilities for noting the condition of the French Peasant, from the close of the twelfth century onward, are, indeed, somewhat rare and vague. We see him in the pretty tale of *Aucassin et Nicolette*. We behold him grief-stricken by the loss of one of his best oxen, forgetting to eat and drink, and spending his whole time rushing hither and thither in search of the strayed beast. Three still remain to him; but his team is spoilt, and his ploughing brought to a standstill. And he is broken-hearted, too, at the thought of his poor old mother's grief when she hears the news. All we get from this is the eternal passion of the peasant for his cattle—dearer to him than even his own kin.

Mme. Duclaux's study of the French Peasant, from the Middle Ages down to the Revolution, seems erudite

¹ London : Chapman and Hall. 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

enough ; but the fact remains that, in spite of our old story-tellers, our letter writers, such as Mme. de Sévigné, our moralists, like La Bruyère, and our comic authors,—Molière the psychologist, to wit—the countryman, as he was in the old days, slips through our fingers well-nigh altogether. It must not be forgotten that the love, the real understanding of Nature, and its literary interpretation, date no further back than the days of Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Bernardin de St. Pierre. Before their time, it all rings false ; and no serious reliance can be placed on the superficial observations of writers who, understanding naught of the harmony of a rustic landscape, were equally incapable of attempting any serious analysis of vassals and humble folk, whose mysterious life and inscrutable ways of thought certainly had no charm for them.

It will be well, then, to view those writings of past centuries which give us more or less clear outlines of the Peasant, under the old French monarchy, with some distrust. Until the proclamation of "The Rights of Man," the toiler in the fields was a very wretched poor fellow, a sort of beast of burden, whose intelligence appeared as low as his person was obscure and humbly sheltered. The lettered gentlemen who approached these lowly representatives of the human race came to them so full of preconceived ideas, of haughty scorn, that, in a sense, their full and complete liberty of judgment was lost. And we should add that, even now, the French Peasant escapes us. Balzac, though a seer, a man with a genius for observing, has only partially succeeded in describing the peasant of our fruitful soil. As for Emile Zola, who undertook to produce him, some fifteen years ago, in his novel *La Terre*, he has given us mere pitiful caricatures. The heroes of his romance, now coarse, now epic, are as false as they can possibly be, alike to truth, and to realism founded on facts.

It seems exceedingly probable, that the countryman of the present day differs from his ancestors as considerably as the modern country gentleman differs from the old *seigneurs* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The gentleman, of the old days, looked no farther than his own

THE FRENCH PEASANT

property, which he managed, taking his profit, in good years, and enjoying his modest income amidst the attention and respect of his willing henchmen. His sole court was paid, of a morning, to his woods ; and, in the evenings, his family circle was the only gay gathering he knew. He kept all yearly festivals, and went to Mass, so that God might bless his "jours ouvriers," as they were then called. At that time, when the fields clustered round the great house, like a village round its church tower, and when the master was expected to set his peasants the same good example as that a priest owes his parishioners, he very nearly realised the type of Horace's "happy man." The owner of the manor house was the universal protector ; his authority, like his beneficence, was over all.

During the last fifty years, more especially, the change in rural life has been so great, that the once respected master, the lord of the village, has been transformed into an enemy, besieged, within his manor-walls, by the greed, the spite, the ridicule, of the lower orders about him. Municipal disputes, popular rights, the power of the vote, the humiliation of the clergy, the casting off of religion, the subdivision of landed property,—all these have metamorphosed the tiller of the soil who still remains faithful to his native place.

Nowadays, in the centre of France especially,—in Burgundy, in Touraine, in the Nivernais, the Morvan, and in Berry,—the French peasant, in his relations with his landed proprietor, is a beast let loose, hostile, disrespectful, without any honest social feeling, who lies in wait, with a patience which becomes almost a virtue, for the scraps of land that must inevitably be absorbed if he is to round up his own special property. He knows his power, and pride has come to him—a narrow, obstinate pride, which leads him to think and say, perpetually, that "the land belongs to the man who tills it."

Quotations from Horace and Virgil would wake no echo in our country places now. The shabby struggle of self-interest is as predominant there as in the towns ; but it strikes one as even less loyal, and meaner in its cunning, its shifts, its duplicity. It is full of sordid tricks. That

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

humble manner and hereditary obsequiousness often cloak the deepest hatred and the vilest feelings.

It would need an analyst of infinite subtlety to define the state of mind of the rustics of our various provinces, and point out the evident differences between the inland and sea-board populations. I can only offer a few hasty notes, and no general scheme whatever; short views, frequently opposed to Mme. Duclaux' ideas, but which I believe, nevertheless, to be both truthful and sincere.

The old Picardy peasants, bred in that country, are mostly shy and reserved. Till very advanced in years, they toil upon their land, with a fierce and unflinching eagerness which death alone can quench. Most of these old fellows contract, by dint of perpetual stooping over their furrows, a spinal curvature which makes them look like strange beasts. By the time they reach the age of seventy or thereabouts, many of the aged men in the Department of the Somme go about bent double, like the slaves harnessed under the yoke in ancient Eastern bas-reliefs, or the haulers in the gloomy underground passages of mines. So long as their strength permits of their working on, these old peasant men preserve a little touch of pride that gleams through their sly reserve. But, once paralysis or decrepitude quite overwhelms them, a deep desolation takes hold of their whole being, and they lose that clear conception, that lucid realisation of things, which they possessed in their working days.

They are "useless mouths" now,—a piteous plight! The hands that have toiled so hard are impotent! No more shall the rough voice shout orders to the farm boys and the labouring wenches. To be a "thing," a poor old thing, whose food and drink are given in charity, whom the dogs drive from the warm hearth corner, whom the children banish to the space between the old wooden clock and the bread hutch in the cottage room! No claim, now, to a seat of his own at the family table,—his only right, that leisure which permits him to sit in the sun, on the worm-eaten bench beside the door, and watch the labourers, weary with their long day's toil, return at evening from the fields.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

What hideous loneliness ! If, even, the old wife, who had shared the aged man's joys and sorrows, were with him still ! But, as a rule, in this strange country, where the women work harder, and drink deeper, than the men, the husband lives on alone, for many years, dependent on his sons, having generally stripped himself, for their benefit, in his own lifetime, of all he owned.

The daughter-in-law is sovereign mistress now. If she has a kindly nature, the old man may still hope for some gentleness, some comfort. But this case is comparatively rare. The love of money predominates, and peasant women show little tenderness to impotence, and that which, in their view, should be in the grave. The old man may, indeed, find a brimming mug of cider, a savoury mess, set before him at the evening meal. On the Sunday, the young wife may help him to put on the fresh blouse she has starched and ironed on purpose for him. But if the daughter-in-law be unkind, the old man will be a creature always in the way, living lonely, in dark corners, the useless being on whose head the coarse abuse of a miserly woman falls like hail. He will cower away like a frightened beast ; his back will grow more and more bowed ; he will cease to look anybody in the face ; he will take on all the habits of a beaten child. But one of these days, the old man will die. That rugged, sinewy, tough body of his will add yet another element of strength to the soil it has already made so fruitful. His departure will be a relief, an event expected, hoped for.

The French peasant has the deepest respect for proprietorship. Against the vagabond, the tramp, the wanderer on the high road, his hatred, instinctive, malevolent, well-nigh cruel, is vowed. A refuge in the barn, beside his bundle, or on the stable litter, is pitilessly denied to him who has nothing, and whose wretched appearance inspires no confidence, to the stranger in the neighbourhood, who comes by chance, whose destination is unknown, without money in his pockets, without noisy nails in the soles of thick, heavy shoes. Tumblers, acrobats, stray basket-makers, and tinkers, who halt, at nightfall, by the corner of

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

some wood, to cook the dubious morsels of their evening pittance, are mercilessly reported to the local police, looked on as malefactors. Everyone goes in fear of these hungry marauders, and nobody will give them alms.

The French peasant cannot forgive the man who owns no ground of his own, in his own country, which he must till, no scrap of soil strong enough, harsh enough, to keep him fast bound.

But the whole rural population still preserves its reverence for death. In the presence of death, coarse vices are hushed, and appetites are dumb. The hate, the meanness, the greed, drop away, even as the earth falls from the spade upon the coffin.

“He was a very honest man.”

“She was a very good woman.”

“Poor fellow !”

And when the mourners leave the cemetery, the lamentations are sincere. It is the one hour at which a touch of brotherly feeling momentarily unites beings swayed, as a rule, by motives of self-interest alone.

The Norman peasant is a pettifogger, continually at law. The notary, the process-server, the magistrate, are the three important authorities he follows. His obstinacy in legal matters is astonishing ; and he would rather lose large sums of money than give in on trifling points. Most of his litigation arises out of quarrels about land, poultry yards, flocks and herds.

When several brothers inherit property, a mortal quarrel is the inevitable result. The fierce desire for ownership blazes up. Desperate scenes are of daily occurrence.

In the person of Charles Bovary, Gustave Flaubert traces the portrait of a typical country doctor, fighting the suits of litigious adversaries. Charles Bovary is still a true presentment, for, say what men will, provincial habits scarcely change, and attain the deadly sameness of a stagnant pool.

In several of his tales, Guy de Maupassant has sketched a faithful and most strikingly realistic outline of various peasants. To reach an experience of that narrow life, so

THE FRENCH PEASANT

stunted, so hemmed in by small horizons, so confined to the scope of natural wants, most of his works should be re-read. De Maupassant understood the Norman peasant, and has painted him as never peasant has been painted, before or since : with a force, a truthfulness of description, astounding in its verisimilitude.

Zola has given us some curious photographs in this line. In his *La Joie de Vivre*, for instance, there are some excellent pages on the peasant of the North-West, much superior to those in *La Terre*, to which I have already referred.

In the works of George Sand, on the other hand, the peasant (a Berrichon, as a rule) is a fancy picture. His character appears to you false, romantic, sentimental, roguish. There is no faithfulness, either in the drawing or the expression—no sincere and brutal truth. George Sand takes us back to the graceful shepherds and shepherdesses of Florian's time.

She has seen her peasant, and depicted him, with the eyes and pen of a novel-writer, skilled in the art of making all things graceful ; and she would have shrunk from the idea of presenting these country folk in any more realistic fashion.

Mme. Sand's peasant stories must be taken, in fact, as Nineteenth Century Pastorals. They reveal nothing of the real essence of the French rustic. They are vague, fanciful pictures, all of them.

The type of the modern tiller of the soil, the country labourer, is endless in its variations ; but his general character is almost identical everywhere. So many extraordinary contradictions are there, in his moral being, such opposing lights and shadows, apparently defying the deductive power of any clearly defined and well-balanced observation, that it strikes us as utterly impenetrable. We understand how it is that all who have drawn near to him, who have striven to live close to him, who have watched his tastes, his tendencies, his dreams, his ways of life, have failed to evolve any clear, definite impression from their study.

The French peasant is at once amazingly sober, and, on occasions, Rabelaisian in his excesses. Taken on the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

average, he is remarkably observant, sharp, cunning, as quick to note other people's weak points as he is slow in coming to any fixed conclusion. His chief characteristic is a kind of latent avarice, or rather, a fear of letting his money be seen, which is only equalled by his distrust of everybody, and, now and then, of himself. This distrust is evidenced in all his business transactions, which, in such matters as the sale or purchase of a crop, are difficult, and desperately slow.

He must contrive to get time to bring all his resources into play, and it is in the tavern, glass in hand, that he best likes to make up his mind, after several hours of talk, in the course of which he does his utmost to overreach his partner. This distrust may be read in his eyes, which are sly, cunning, sharp, uncertain, full of restlessness and craft. He never gives a downright Yes or No ; he beats about the bush, he hangs back, he waits on for some unexpected turn of luck or argument, some sudden chance of gaining an advantage. Very seldom does the passion of his greed drive him to hurry his bargain. He skirts round and round the matter, shrinks from going straight at it, slips out of it, comes back to the charge, and never settles anything till driven to the last extremity. And, even then, he cannot conclude a bargain without declaring he is being cheated, pulling despairing faces, making as though he would tear out his own hair ; and, when he pulls out his purse, whether it be to pay or to be paid, he heaves heartbreaking and sorrow-laden sighs.

The French peasant has one passion only—the land, and the beasts that plough it, that live on it, and fertilise it. His sole ambition is to add another field to those he has already ; his one dream, to increase his own landed property at the expense of the big proprietors. Beyond these, he feels none but material needs, and sees no horizon beyond that of his own fields.

Progress has no interest for him. He is only now beginning to appreciate the benefits of the railways, the development of which he long opposed, and of their traffic, of which he has taken no advantage. Agricultural machines of a practical kind, which save labour, quicken its

THE FRENCH PEASANT

performance, and economise time and money, stir his curiosity, but very seldom attract his custom. These modern inventions neither puzzle nor surprise him. He scrutinises them with intelligent and understanding eyes. But he waits on. He is distrustful still, and will be distrustful to the end. He is not capable of recognising, all at once, the superiority of any implement shown him, nor the advantage he himself would find in its use. There is a touch of the ruminant in his nature. His brain is slow to assimilate, slow indeed, but sure. Sometimes, it is true, at the outset, he may have almost understood ; but he will put no faith in aught but the comprehension born of the patient digestion of his observation. He likes to chew the cud, to verify his first impression by the light of his own slow and fitful reflections.

Mme. Duclaux, who has clearly noted, in certain passages of her book, this intellectual slowness of the French rustic, dwells on the advantages the peasant would find in the formation of agricultural or commercial syndicates. She hopes, too, that our country-folk will absorb the conviction that the *metayage* system can only benefit the large landed proprietors, and that the farmers will soon form co-operative societies. I take all this to be a mistake. Our hardworking rustics seem to have an instinctive horror of collective action. The grouping system has no charms for them. Their clear conviction is, that each man on this earth is to receive the gifts of Providence in proportion to the quality and perseverance of his own labour ; and they will never consent to a pooling of their individual activity, to result in a division, even a proportional division, which would never satisfy their judgment.

Further, the country districts of France are daily suffering more and more from depopulation. Year by year, emigration citywards increases, and individualism, too, is rather on the increase than otherwise, for collectivism always triumphs most where there is a plethora of labour. Compulsory service, and barrack-life in towns, have bitten the younger peasant generation with a taste for the easy pleasures of great cities ; and more and more of the home-returning soldiers turn their backs on the ancestral plough.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The schoolmaster, as Mme. Duclaux rightly thinks, might cause some reaction, by teaching his young pupils to love their rustic life, by showing them what dangers lurk in towns, by eloquently lauding the beauty, the grandeur, the harmony, the happiness, of a life spent in Nature's bosom.

Of all the countries in the world, France is still the best tilled, the most carefully cultivated. There are but few corners of her soil that are not cropped; and her plains and hillsides, clothed with grain and vineyards, and perpetually fed with fertilising matters, are a sight of wonder. And this is all because the French peasant, more than any other, is a careful landowner, and a hardworking citizen of the State. With all his faults—his sordidness, his excessive greed, his apparently hidebound routine—our rustic is the most unfailing, the most tenacious toiler on the face of the globe. Bowed, day by day, over the soil he loves, and which he seems to have wedded in full knowledge of all the burdens and duties involved in such a union, he never quits it till his power to spend himself in beautifying and fertilising it fails, or till, worn out, dried up, his body knotted like some old tree, he sinks to his last rest, in the humble village graveyard, under the silent shadow of the old church walls.

The life of the French peasant, then, has a grandeur, a nobility, of its own. Sober, thrifty, far-seeing,—he contributes largely to the wealth of the nation, and he it is who most faithfully fills the legendary "stocking" which contains the huge and inexhaustible savings of the country. Further, as compared with other rural populations, the French rustic holds front rank for his qualities of endurance, knowledge, and skilful and prudent handling of the soil. Our farmers have a precious virtue,—they are cheerful, and, timorous as they are about business transactions, in everyday life they are by no means deficient in healthy philosophy and Gallic wit. Those who frequent their company find them,—when their interests are not in question, and their mania of distrust is not aroused—excellent good comrades, ready to laugh, quick to observe, picturesque in their talk, and full of a strikingly wise and clear-sighted common sense.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

It is this common sense, perhaps, which may preserve them from the Co-operative Associations which Mme. Duclaux indicates, in the *Fields of France*, as their safeguard. It will warn them that nothing in their moral nature predisposes them to such associations, one of the forms of the progress which they have hitherto put aside, and will only accept very late in the day, and with their eyes wide open.

It must not be thought that the twentieth century will witness the social metamorphosis of the French peasant citizen. His evolution will be as slow as are his powers of assimilation in all things. His favourite expression is: "On verra" ("We shall see"); and to see and conclude in favour of any grouping of agricultural interests, he will need more than another century. The small proprietor, in our rural populations, is a resolute individualist, and therefore hostile to the introduction of any other person into the sphere of his personal interests. He will always prefer the risks of farming, and of bad sales of crops, to making over the business of realising the value of his harvest to a syndicate, the middle men of which he will have to pay. Cunning as a fox, the farmer will always hope more from his own personal initiative, his craft, his cautious manœuvring; and, even if it were proved to him that the syndicate would put 15 or 20 per cent. more into his pocket than his individual dealings, he would still doubt, and believe he was stronger alone than if he stood with others.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

MR. BURDEN

CHAPTER XI

IT was not altogether well with Mr. Burden. Strong Englishmen, even in age, will not suffer in body (I think) through any mere disquiet of the mind. The thing was a coincidence, by which his silly doubtings mingled with some more serious physical ailment. But, whatever the cause, in those hot days immediately succeeding Cosmo's secret visit to Abbott's office, it was not altogether well with Mr. Burden.

At first a chill, or perhaps a passing weakness, confined him to the house. Next he lost appetite, and betrayed an irritability quite unusual in him. His friends were heartily concerned. The Honourable and Rev. Peregrine Maclerc called twice upon him, and left upon the last occasion a marked copy of the *Spectator*, containing a most interesting letter from the Rector's pen upon the subject of Hell, or annihilation.

Not quite a week later, Mr. Burden leant back at the table almost fainting; and it was evident that he could not go into the City.

It was a collapse, nothing more. It was believed that the necessary repose and a few days' nursing in the house would restore my poor old friend to health. Indeed, he was so restored, and might still be with us, but for the accidents which I have yet to relate.

Though there was nothing definitely the matter, Mr. Burden's wealth, and the value of his well-being to so many others than himself, were sufficient to attract the aid of the medical profession.

Cosmo's profound, if silent, affection was enhanced by the consideration that his father's position in the world, and ultimately his own, could not but benefit by a proper observation of rank and circumstance: for, with every hour he spent in the society to which his exceptional brain had given him entry, Cosmo learnt more and more of the just weight of externals. Doctor Cayley was sent for, and Doctor, or (as he preferred to be called) "Mr." Gamble, the

MR. BURDEN

specialist. It was the practice of both these gentlemen to fill in printed forms which they kept by them, and to post them, the moment they were called to the bedside of any distinguished patient, to all the great organs of the Press impartially, without distinction of party. Cosmo himself, with quiet dignity, gave notice of his father's illness, and of the names of his medical attendants, to the *Morning Post*, the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Eagle*, the *Orb*, the *Mercury*, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, the *Chronicle*, the *Intelligencer*, the *Globe*, and several other papers whose great position necessitates their printing a social column.

Nor was Mr. Barnett idle. The legend of his influence upon the Press I have already dispelled ; but a man of such weight in our commonwealth could not be heard without respect, and a few messages from him created a profound impression upon the editors who had known his hospitality.

Apart from all this it chanced that the wealthier readers of the principal organs of opinion were, many of them, interested in the M'Korio Delta ; and thus it was that, from one source and another, by a gradual accumulation of impressions, each perhaps insignificant, Mr. Burden's illness became the theme of very serious public comment. Short leaders appeared, pathetic kindly notes, and in the *Spectator* a touching poem : a lovely little thing whose literary merit lent it but a part, and that not the most considerable, of its poignancy and depth of feeling.

Nor was Mr. Burden's name printed alone. With every sympathetic reference to his condition, some gracious word would be added in recognition of his friendship with Mr. Barnett, or of what England owed him for having given her such a son as Cosmo. In papers of the wider circulation an allusion to the M'Korio Delta, which was now daily mentioned in at least two places of each issue, gave zest and meaning to the well-meant and charitable wishes expressed for Mr. Burden's recovery.

The two medical men arrived within five hours at Norwood, and found there, already at the door, Sir Nathan Lewison, whose European reputation, ever at the service of Mr. Barnett, was never better employed than now. Indeed, Mr. Barnett had lent the great surgeon one of his private carriages, wherein to make the visit.

The three learned gentlemen proceeded to the bedroom, where they found Mr. Burden sunk in a refreshing sleep.

Gently waked by the soft gesture of the nurse who was in attendance, his condition, especially as regarded his heart, lungs, and liver, was examined with all the marvellous skill that modern science has achieved ; and when the principal features of his case had been

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

accurately ascertained, the doctors retired into a neighbouring dressing-room, where they held a short consultation to decide upon the treatment of their patient.

In the opinion of Sir Nathan (who spoke first), the arthritis was cardiac, or, at the very least, arterial. He cited Pilkington's note upon Levasseur's case, and quoted several exceptional things of the sort which had come within his own experience; especially his attendance upon the Hereditary Grand Duke of Lowenburg. With this conclusion, Dr. Cayley found himself wholly unable to agree; and, being a man of humble origin, who had risen by personal merit alone, he expressed his difference of opinion in the strongest language. He saw in the whole matter a very simple case of lesion in the biliary ducts, a view wherein he was supported by Dr., or rather Mr., Gamble, the great specialist; the latter was, however, unable to avoid a reference to his favourite topic of the larger lymphatics.

The baronet (for Sir N. Lewison had been raised from the knighthood on the occasion of his services to the child of the Duke of Essex) was too much of a man of the world to meet violence with violence, and, after all, possessed a science deep enough to discover that the differences between them were of no ultimate effect upon the patient's treatment.

An agreement being thus arrived at, they all three re-entered the room, where Cosmo joined them. Dr. Cayley, as the doyen of the faculty upon this occasion, took it upon himself to reassure Mr. Burden, and, in an inaudible tone, such as the presence of an invalid demands, gave instructions to the nurse that he should be kept quiet and should not be allowed to rise until he felt completely rested. For diet they prescribed the viands and beverages which Mr. Burden was in the habit of consuming, and so passed downstairs into the hall, still discussing the interesting technical aspects of his disorder, balancing, as they did so, their eyeglasses between the fore and middle fingers of their right hands—a gesture, most unconscious and natural in Dr. Cayley and Mr. Gamble, and so well caught by Sir Nathan as hardly to betray the effort of imitation.

The envelopes presented to them by a servant, contained the customary fees; and, after many warm hopes for the swift recovery of his father, they took leave of Cosmo, and left the house to convalescence.

I have dwelt at this length upon the medical direction given by men of this calibre, not only to show, as it is my duty to do, the filial regard of Cosmo, but also to furnish an ample explanation of the conduct which he next pursued; for, had not the confirmed opinion of such authority assured him that his father's indisposition was but temporary, he would never have pursued the course which

MR. BURDEN

some severe critics have blamed, but which I can only praise. As it was, he felt himself justified in calling guests under his roof, and in undertaking, to some extent, the management of his father's affairs ; he was confident, moreover, that Mr. Burden, on his approaching recovery, would absolve him of all indiscretion, and commend him even for his most speculative decisions.

It was announced with pardonable exaggeration (but only in the daily papers whose pages we hardly recall in our hurried modern life) that Mr. Burden, though still in feeble health, was able to direct his affairs from the sick room ; and Cosmo did not hesitate, with a commercial courage which the future justified, to use his father's name in several important expressions of opinion. He also wrote to the Press, above his own signature, twice within the space of a week, strongly supporting an attitude of the Directors which had been unduly criticised, and emphasising, with a fine indignation, the treachery of the unpatriotic crew who used his father's name at a moment when the great merchant was unable to attend the meetings of the Board. Indeed, it may truly be said that, at this moment when Mr. Burden's body was most removed from the affairs of the M'Korio, his spirit was omnipresent in a way it had never been until that moment ; his credit and position, which were of such incalculable advantage to that Imperial venture, were never so strongly before the public as at the moment when Cosmo, for his own wise ends, was speaking in the old man's name.

The splendid hospitality which the house at Norwood displayed at this moment was equally of critical importance. Not that the parties were large, but that this distant villa, which hitherto had seen few visitors, and those of but a humdrum sort, now received men upon whose capital or judgment the principal affairs of our time are conducted. In a few days—they knew not how—the rumours of Mr. Burden's dissensions utterly died away, and the old man's solid career became in their minds the pivot of the whole M'Korian scheme. So true is it that Providence does with us more than we mean ! For Mr. Burden, passing the days upstairs between sleeping and waking, glad that his son should be seeing something of companionship during this difficult period of his illness, would never have had the tenacity or the judgment to use his own influence as well as it was used by Cosmo for him.

The strong constitution which Mr. Burden had inherited, and which he had carefully preserved, stood him in good stead during the course of his little illness. Ten days after he had taken to his bed, that is, upon August 23rd, he felt himself again ; he could eat heartily, he read with a clear judgment, and he might, had he not wisely deferred to the opinion of the faculty, have left the house and gone about his business.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

His doctors, however, with the double object of permanently curing their patient and of advancing the science they adorned, determined to defer his return to business.

With his physique, and under these conditions of increasing strength, the analysis of his malady became more and more difficult. His medical advisers determined therefore to prescribe a potion, whose virtue it was so to lower the action of the heart and to befog the brain, as to reduce its recipient to a state the pathology of which is common knowledge throughout the profession. Thus artificially reduced to a condition which would indeed be morbid, but the familiarity of which would permit them to agree upon its nature, they would proceed from the known to the unknown, they would build upon a definite basis, they would cure thoroughly, and they would, at the same time, observe, in a moment of general weakness, what organ it was that had failed their patient, and had yet eluded their consummate powers of observation.

A drug, therefore, whose name escapes me (for what has history to do with physics?) was administered to him by the nurse, and he was told, as invalids must ever be, that it was but a harmless tonic. She advised him, if he felt inclined for sleep in the afternoon, to take a full rest: and, having thus carried out her instructions to the letter, the excellent woman went out for a few hours' well-earned recreation, and left her sufferer to repose.

But when he had drunk his medicine, Mr. Burden felt an odd fancy for the sun. The window of his great bedroom looked north, and he could see the summer light upon the trees beyond; for the doctors had left him at eleven, and it was noon. He ordered a servant, therefore, to take his deck-chair down into the conservatory, upon the southern side of the house: a greenhouse opening out of the drawing-room, of which indeed it formed a part, being separated from it only by a curtained archway supported upon columns in the Corinthian manner. Just round the corner of this arch, lying with a book in his hand which he would not read, and covered with a light rug, he felt a drowsiness not wholly pleasing come upon him, and fell into a curiously hard and uneasy slumber.

.

Whatever rules the world, it is not we.

An hour later, Cosmo brought Mr. Barnett home to lunch, as had been his custom during all these days. The meal was short: they feared to speak at the dining table lest they should wake Mr. Burden, whose bedroom was immediately above. To avoid disturbing him, they went into the drawing-room together, to talk at ease upon the subject which most absorbed them; and Mr. Barnett, in whom something of the artist lingered, watched with pleasure the

MR. BURDEN

contrast of strong light shining in a shaft from the greenhouse beyond.

They spoke frankly one to the other, as is the fashion of honest men, believing themselves alone, and near them, in his chair beyond the archway, Mr. Burden lay steeped in an unnatural slumber. Of what they said to each other I know nothing ; but I have heard minutely the description of that phantasmagoria which passed through the brain of Mr. Burden as the physic took effect.

He seemed to be now here, now there, but always in a place of very bright colours and strong scents under a hot sun ; and, though the scene continued to change, it had always one thing in common, an expanse of marsh and reeds and stagnant, slimy, steaming water : tropical, and deadly to mankind. And up and down this horror there passed, with movements that corresponded to clouds in his own brain, great animals, now fantastic as Wyverns, now of nature as hippopotami and sloths, but always having in their expression, as they turned towards him, something of the terrible.

Gradually in this place there were voices ; one voice he recognised for that of his son, the other he could not fix ; he knew it and then he did not know it ; it pulsed between extremes of recognition almost absolute, and again of a complete bewilderment. At last he thought that he could attach a name to this second voice, a name that began, he thought, with an N ; but the mere attempt at thinking so pressed upon and tortured him, that his poor soul abandoned itself again to the mere watching of the confused and painful delirium. And one voice, which was that of his son, was speaking perpetually of fools, and of old fashions, and saying that he knew them, as though he were proud of knowing them ; and the other voice kept on insisting that something or other must be done, and boasting of strength and of power. Then the first voice, Cosmo's again, passed into another phase, and entreated and cajoled ; and the second voice seemed only to sneer, and, in some astonishing incongruous way, the name of his friend, the name of the friend he had lost, the name of Mr. Abbott, came once and again upon the sufferings of this poor old man, and mixed grotesquely with those other vague and awful things. And he heard a repeated reference to an approaching death, and, on the other side, a repeated sneer that death kept no certain hour.

Through all this tortured hour of vision, the body and the soul of him were not only in an agony, but in an anarchy as well ; for the intellect was broken and did not reign. He was entranced, and could not judge, but only hear and see things quite inconsequent.

Then came the twilight whereby the soul of a man escapes from darkness. It came rapidly. First he could smell distinctly, it was the smell of an excellent cigar ; then, with his eyes half closed, he

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

saw a daylight which he knew was not the cheating glare of his unnatural sleep, and, with every moment, he caught the outer senses more and more.

Mr. Burden's head was fuddled : he might have been asleep and dreaming painfully, or he might have heard spoken words : false or true, he could not comprehend them thoroughly. Even in health he would not have followed all their meaning. Now they left upon him but a confused impression of inward desolation and misery, which interwove with his physical exhaustion and with the dull ache and ill-ease of his body.

He opened his eyes and saw the realities of our world. He recognised in a row of pots before him the *Primula Robinsoniensis*, and the *Ranuncula Japonica*, his gardener's pride. Still motionless, but more and more alive, he noted the long lines of soot and grime upon the glass, the bubbles of dried paint upon the woodwork, and, on a corner of the iron frame of the conservatory, the stamp of the makers, "Aurora Works," and the situation of their industry, the Isle of Dogs. He stared at the empty stove, and knew himself and his name.

He was broad awake. There were indeed voices in the next room ; they were those of Mr. Barnett and of his son. So much was real, but the marsh and the monsters had vanished. . . .

Cosmo's voice, rapid and low, he could not easily follow, but he caught the words "You can't . . . How can you possibly ? . . . must manage my father."

Then a protesting series of earnest appeals and an exhortation : "Not that way . . . not that way."

His son's voice and manner were so familiar to him, that Mr. Burden almost saw the shake of the head as he listened. But he could understand nothing. Then again came Mr. Barnett's voice, very deep and regular and slow :

"All that I cannot understand . . ." It thus interrupted Cosmo twice, and came at last impatiently and steadily. "So it must be settled ! So !" And he heard a heavy hand come down by weight, and without violence, upon the arm of a chair.

It occurred to Mr. Burden suddenly that, though he was listening to gibberish, yet he was listening unseen. To a character of his simplicity, the thought was odious. I do not say it to ridicule him. In a way it does him honour that he did not wish to be an eavesdropper ; and his desire to reveal himself was the more laudable and just from the fact that he could make no use, and indeed no sense, of what he overheard.

He shifted awkwardly and wearily from his invalid's chair, stood up, somewhat dizzy for the moment, and coughed as men do purposely on the stage ; he was not heard. Mr. Barnett had just

MR. BURDEN

repeated with emphasis the phrase : "This fellow Äppott," when, with that reminiscence of his trouble full in his ears, Mr. Burden stood in the open archway which led from the conservatory to the room.

He held to a curtain, as though for support. Mr. Barnett stared at him, and, seeing 'such a look in his companion's eyes, Cosmo turned round sharply and, in his turn, saw his father. He leapt at once to his feet and caught the old man's arm.

"Where have you been?" he cried. Then he remembered his duty, and said, more gently : "Where's the nurse?"

Twenty surmises ran through his head. He thought perhaps the old man was wandering—and he thought of many other things. And, during this very awkward pause, Mr. Barnett, whose great energies could so ill brook interruption, stared at the father and the son in the doorway : the lower part of his strong face was thrust forward, his veiled eyes almost vivid with protest. But he did not say a word, and Cosmo was glad he did not.

Cosmo then himself added, this time quite gently :

"You might kill yourself ! You were not allowed to move after your medicine. . . . You must let me do everything."

The old man did not resist at all ; he was led across the room by Cosmo, past Mr. Barnett, at whom he feebly smiled, and from whom he received no smile in return but still that powerful indignant glance, and as he stumbled by :

"I was asleep," he murmured. For the only time in his life he was not believed.

Cosmo led him upstairs again to his room. His father slept again, but Cosmo waited till the nurse returned. He took her aside and spoke to her in such a fashion that she determined to leave that roof—a decision she wisely postponed. Then he went down, bracing himself as best he could to find Mr. Barnett.

To his very considerable annoyance, Mr. Barnett had gone. He ran down to the gate and looked up Alexandrovna Road ; but, if the distant carriage he saw was that of the financier, it had gone too far for recall. He went back to the house, up the drive, moodily ; he stood gazing for some minutes at the chair in the conservatory, he paced and calculated the distance between it and the place where he and Mr. Barnett had sat ; then he went and stood by the window and looked out for a long time in silence, wondering and misreading everything.

.

With that unpleasant little episode, a mischance which only the imperfect sympathies of the various parties to it had exaggerated, Mr. Burden appeared to recover in a final manner.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

His rapid restoration was due, in part, to the physicians, who found his symptoms far easier to analyse under the effects of the drug than they had been during the complex reactions of his convalescence ; and in part to the curious obstinacy of the old man himself who, with a vivid memory of their last experiment, successfully refused to touch another spoonful of medicine. Under the combined influence of their science and his mother-wit, he was within three days dressed and about the house. Within a week he was walking out daily, and soon manifested that revolt against restraint, which is but the return of an active and working brain to its normal functions.

As Mr. Burden could spend more and more of the day downstairs, Cosmo rightly thought it less and less his duty to waste his time at home. Such was his zeal in his newfound opportunities for work, that he would leave the house before his father had been permitted to rise ; and the recreation necessary after a long day, not to speak of private calls which had to be made upon other members of the original syndicate, commonly prevented his return until long after his father was asleep.

In these days, therefore, which just preceded Mr. Burden's reappearance in the City, he saw but little of his son.

Of Mr. Barnett he saw and heard even less, on account of that deplorable imbroglio with which my reader is already acquainted. The interval was short. It was but a fortnight after the scene in the drawing-room, that the doctor gave Mr. Burden leave to resume his business activities ; but the continued loneliness and silence had borne upon him very heavily.

I myself saw him in those days, and I myself was deceived by his reaction towards health. I did not comprehend, nor did anyone comprehend, how deep was the wound which even so short an illness and one of so indeterminate a nature could inflict upon such a character as Mr. Burden's, a character already shaken by doubt and continual nameless perplexities.

We could all see that he had been thrust suddenly beyond the boundary of old age, but we could not see the further thing : I mean, that he was very near to the last fall of all ; that any sudden blow might be his end.

That blow was delivered, of course, by the blundering hand of the unpardonable Abbott.

.

It will readily be perceived that, with a man of Mr. Abbott's temper, the great forces of modern England would breed, not only a reactionary hatred, but a mania for suspicion.

The man was for ever putting two and two together. He was

MR. BURDEN

perpetually seeing conspiracies where no conspiracy existed, nay where no conspiracy could, in the nature of things, exist. He would smell out secret influences of what he called "cosmopolitan finance," in the actions of the dullest and most orderly of civil servants. He had dropped one newspaper after another, proceeding on a scale, as it were, from the fairly sane to the hopelessly fanatical. At last he had come to reading none, with the exception of a weekly sheet which not only floundered into every mare's nest of politics, but was largely supported by subscriptions from Mr. Abbott himself.

With such a temper attaching to the ordinary affairs of the State ; with a view of the occupation of Egypt (for example) that it was provoked by a group of bankers and shareholders ; and with the confirmed opinion that the problems of the Irish Land were principally due to the greed of English moneylenders—with such illusions, it is not wonderful that Mr. Abbott, the moment difficulties of any sort threatened himself, should have positively raved.

A man of quieter temper would have known, that Cosmo's strong and virile attitude during the moment of their short interview was a piece of very legitimate *finesse*. A man of modern sympathies and sane ideals in commerce, would have admired the young man for the attempt, but would have known how little strength lay behind it.

You cannot "freeze out" a man in Mr. Abbott's position. A shipowner, a prosperous member of the most prosperous trade in England, has no paper floating about that you can buy up ; the investment of his savings are not commonly in such securities as even a group of enemies can largely affect. The principal weapons of that engrossing warfare which is the crusade and school of knighthood of our day, are useless in shipping circles. They are still a sort of neutral ground in the fierce contest of high souls, and will so remain until one dominating brain shall have pooled the interests of the main lines, frozen out the tramps, and unloaded the shares of a Trust upon legislators, in such a manner as to forbid the interference of Parliament.

In spite of the strength of his position, however, Mr. Abbott's suspicions raged. A Government contract which lay between him and the Excelsior Line fell to the Excelsior. He employed two men at Somerset House for five days to discover the shareholders of the Excelsior, and of the syndicate that was behind the Excelsior, and of the investing company which was the principal holder of the syndicate :—and so forth. He got very little for his pains ; but he remained convinced that some influence allied to the M'Korio had defrauded him.

A cargo of which he had made certain at Barcelona failed him,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and the ship came home in ballast. The innocent name of the worthy Spaniard who had been unable to oblige was darkly connected in his mind with Mr. Harbury.

He had great difficulty in effecting an insurance upon the *Polecat*. He was asked a rate which he would not pay, and she went out uninsured. More than three weeks overdue in the customary run to the Plate, he did at last reinsure at seventy-five guineas; the very next day she appeared, apologetic but undamaged, in the river. If Mr. Abbott had dared, he would have talked of bribery.

A succession of small incidents such as these, incidents which in fifteen days hardly cost him £15,000, had driven Mr. Abbott quite off his balance; and it happened that, on the evening before Mr. Burden was to return to his business, Mr. Abbott sat down and wrote a letter as mad as ever man wrote; but in such terms as have since, I am glad to say, been found indictable before a common jury.

I must offer a passing apology for printing it; but it is the business of a recorder to record, and I am impelled to put down even the coarseness of lunatics.

The letter came by the first post of Monday, the 3rd of September. It came with a batch of others on that morning when Mr. Burden had determined to return to town; the morning of a day upon which he was expected to see, for a moment at least, his fellow Directors at the offices of the M'Korio.

He came down to breakfast cheerily, with a deceptive thin veneer of health. He sat at his table assuming the airs of old (Cosmo had long been gone); he opened his correspondence envelope by envelope. The first, second, and third, were circulars; the fourth was a wedding card, the fifth a prospectus; he saw next Mr. Abbott's handwriting, and his mind changed, darkened, and grew cold, as does a plain in early summer when a snow cloud comes above it from the hills. He opened it, and read these words:—

“MY DEAR BURDEN,

“I don't mind your being hand and glove with a greasy German Jew, nor your toadying a jointed hop-pole like that bankrupt Benthorpe; and I only mind Cosmo coming into my office and threatening me just so much as to prevent him ever coming there again. But what I will not have is that any of your dirty gang should interfere with my business; and if another ship of mine goes wrong in any way, I warn you, and you can warn your Lords and your Jews and your Cabinet Ministers, that I will sink the price of another ship in smashing

MR. BURDEN

the lot of you. I write to you because you are the only one I know, and you may take it from me that I shall not write again."

Such was the letter.

There are many things in this mad scrawl which I should digress a moment to ridicule and condemn, were it not more germane to the spirit of my record to pass them by in contemptuous silence. But there is one phrase which I cannot treat with the neglect it deserves. I mean the phrase about Lord Benthorpe.

The abominable meanness in a man of Mr. Abbott's wealth harping on the poverty of a superior is not my theme: it is enough to say that, had the cases been reversed, Lord Benthorpe would never have descended to expose the misfortunes of Mr. Abbott. I have rather to comment upon the word "bankrupt."

By the time the matter comes into court, it is probable (considering the dilatory habits of Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke) that my work will be regarded as the standard account of Mr. Burden's life. I am in possession of this precious epistle. It is before my eyes as I write, and I desire to put it publicly, with all my special knowledge of the circumstances, at the service of the perfect gentleman whom he has wronged.

Mr. Abbott will find, I think, that our English law of libel is strong enough and flexible enough to punish most heavily the use of such a term. His lordship never has passed, nor, please God! ever shall pass, through the Bankruptcy Court. Of his unfortunate lack of means I have already spoken—I trust as delicately as possible—nor have I concealed from my readers the ready help and sympathy he received from his friends in the financial world. But between honourable poverty and defalcation, both English law and English sense draw a sharp line, as the slanderer will discover to his cost.

I will dwell no more upon the point. It is not the fashion of the Island Race to pre-judge a matter which is so soon to fall beneath the judge.

.

When Mr. Burden had read Abbott's shameful words, though he had not yet gathered all that they implied, and was rather stunned than wounded by them in the first moment, that look of age passed over his face, that look which was to return once or twice in the next few hours, and each time to mean that on his soul was blowing a sharp gust of death.

He laid his left hand heavily upon the table, sighed, and picked up his remaining letters and opened them. One was a receipted bill from his wine merchant; the next a letter from his daughter, Mrs.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Meyer, asking for money. The parish was a poor one, and they had to feed the lambs. Clarence, moreover, was suffering from measles, and Billy needed a watch. The next was a circular from a company which desired to cover his floors, not with carpets, but with a kind of cheap linoleum ; he frowned and threw it in the fire. The next was the reminder letter of summons to the meeting of the Board of Directors which was to be held in Broad Street, that afternoon, at four. Methodically he put the hour down on a piece of paper, folded it and slipped it into a waistcoat pocket ; but his hand trembled as he did so, and the hour he put down was wrong. The next letter was an appeal for funds from a society for the Prevention of Evil, two more were about American quack medicines, and the last was an angry note from a local tradesman whose goods (so Mr. Burden's housekeeper constantly maintained) had neither been ordered nor received, and were therefore left unpaid for.

When he had read all this, his correspondence, Mr. Burden's left hand stretched out again, his eyes not following it, and unsteadily took up Mr. Abbott's letter. He read it a second time.

Its grotesque language could touch no chord of humour, for all those chords were silent ; nor of resentment, for the man was already broken. Cold senile tears gathered in his eyes ; he put the letter down again, and gazed across his lonely table at the window and the grey London sky without. Then, at last, he rose with a determination in his heart.

As he went through the hall and groped a little too long for his hat, his housekeeper, a woman who had been with him since his wife's last illness, bade him not go out, telling him he was not fit to try even the summer air, still less attuned for business ; but, by his expression and manner, it was evident that none of these things mattered to him at all.

He was opening the door with the intention of walking directly to the station, when the bell rang, and he saw upon the step without Mr. Hale.

Mr. Hale greeted him with respect, and Mr. Burden, after looking at him some time before speaking, as is the way with men who suffer either in body or in mind, took him by the arm almost familiarly, and said :

"Come with me, Mr. Hale, and say whatever you have to say as I go down to the station."

Mr. Hale was overwhelmed by so much condescension—for Mr. Hale was of no position in the world.

This citizen was an excellent example, not only of what human industry may do against harsh conditions, but also of the squalls of evil fortune which overtake merit even in its hours of success.

His father had been a rag-and-bottle merchant and dealer in

MR. BURDEN

kitchen-stuff during the 'fifties, and had plied his trade in a very little shop so near to Mr. Burden's house as to be a ready purchaser of the cook's perquisites. He left sufficient capital at his death for his son to set up as an undertaker : a public servant the necessity of whose presence was then increasingly felt in the growing and prosperous suburb.

In this trade for some time Mr. Hale, junior, did very well. He enlarged his premises, and put in his window the attractive sign of a coffin accompanied by the words "Simplicity, Despatch, Economy, and Reform," the last of which abstractions had, until recent years, seemed peculiarly congenial to the general spirit of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Burden had first come to know him in connection with the death of a young man, a neighbour, of whom he had been in a sort of way the guardian ; he had later entrusted him with the mortal remains of Mrs. Burden.

But, shortly after that memorable date, misfortune overtook the hitherto prosperous purveyor. The increased facility of communication caused many of his clients to turn for the last rites to larger firms in the centre of London, and even to entrust their lifeless clay to the limited companies which had begun to compete with the smaller capitalists of the profession. The practice of cremation also, increasing somewhat in favour with the middle classes, had cut into his profits ; and two years of exceptional local health, during which his permanent expenses could not be reduced, had eaten up his little reserve. More than once he had undertaken a few jobs of cabinet work for Mr. Burden, who was ever ready to help those around him ; but this kind of job had to be done under the rose, as being beneath the dignity, and, indeed, opposed to the rules, of the society to which Mr. Hale belonged.

In the last few weeks things had become desperate with him ; and, to tell the truth, he was approaching Mr. Burden upon this occasion for the loan of £10.

I have no space to detail the conversation which passed between the two, and I can only plead my old friend's great weakness, the recent destruction of his whole stamina and nerve, for his action in acceding to Mr. Hale's request. It was against all his principles, as it must be against those of every sober reader of these lines, to lend money.

He lent it because he was in that mood of mixed softness, abandonment, and sadness, which so often precedes a catastrophe.

They parted outside the station, Mr. Hale with overwhelming thanks and repeated promises of repayment ; while Mr. Burden gazed at him as though at another man, then saying :

"Good-bye, Mr. Hale" : and he said it with as much affection

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and solemnity as though he were bidding farewell for ever to one of his oldest friends.

Mr. Hale smiled in a terrified manner and departed; Mr. Burden went down the stairs of the station, took his train, and sat silent all the way into town. For the first time in I know not how many years, he held no newspaper in his hands.

When he came to the City he went directly to Leadenhall Street, and, purposely passing the little familiar entry which led to his friend's private room, entered at last the great door of Mr. Abbott's offices.

But as the big plate-doors swung to, he felt something mortal upon him.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

MR. PAUL'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND¹

EVEN the infant pages of this Review already bear testimony, happily cheerful testimony, to the fact that there is a dispute among the learned as to what History is, and how it should be written.² It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, and like most quarrels, except those over an inheritance, is largely a question of nomenclature inflamed by temperament. To many minds, the word "science" greatly appeals. Some of the worst books of the day have been crude and premature attempts to impose scientific conditions upon non-scientific subjects. Call a pursuit or a speculation a Science, and straightway it becomes worthy of permanent endowment. History, we are told by its latest Professor at Cambridge, is a Science, "no less and no more." This means, I suppose, not merely that History is a study of past events, to be pursued by every honest, patient, and learned method, caring only for the truth; but that what we call History is something actually to be known in all its completeness, exactly as it happened; and that it is necessary for all the facts of History, big and little, to be first painfully collected "by armies of toiling students," drudging away their lives "in archives of states and municipalities," and then to be classified and labelled and put away in box and bureau, "to be used by future ages." How future ages are to make any practical use of all this wealth of material, except by calling in some Gibbon or Macaulay, if such luckily can be found, to make stately rhetoric or compose lively pictures out of it, at the bidding of an artistic sense, or of a philosophic instinct, or of that poor, disregarded mother-wit, an ounce of which is proverbially said to be worth a pound of clergy, it would be hard to guess. How cruel a fate for a pale-faced toiler in dusty archives, to lose his only life in collecting straws for a future rhetorical or philosophical brick-maker.

¹ London: Macmillan & Co. 1904. In five volumes. Vols. I-II.

² See December Number of *The Independent Review*, pp. 395-414.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

In the meantime, and pending these mighty preparations, what is to happen to those honest folk who, having learnt to read in their youth, still practise the art in middle age, and, being eternally interested in the "storied page," find it pleasant on a winter's evening to shut out the babble of the Fiscal Question, and the teasing nothingness of the newspaper, and to range at will over the spacious fields of bye-gone time? To these readers it matters little whither they go, to what land they travel—Assyria, Egypt, Greece, or Rome, or shall it be France?

"Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry :
But putting to the main,
At Caux—the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

.

"Upon Saint Crispin's day,
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry :
O when shall Englishmen,
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?"

This may be unscientific History ; but it is glorious reading, and true besides. Both rhyme and reason. What more does a man whose bones were made in England want for his delectation ?

The fact of course is, as all but controversialists well understand, that there is room for every honest man, save the born fool, in the study of History—for the most painful researcher as well as for the most brilliant generaliser. Selection there must be ; oblivion there must be ; uncertainty there cannot help being, for no human testimony is absolutely trustworthy ; and as for human character, who can read its riddle ?

History may be pictured as flowing gigantically along in two main currents or rivers. In one we dimly discern, as in the *Inferno* of a Dante, churning the angry waves, the great characters of past time, all the passion and the pain of human life : Emperors, Warriors, Statesmen, Martyrs, the old-world travellers and voyagers who gave their names to far-distant Bays and Straits, Heroes, Saints with shining virtues, and Ruffians black as night. To the side of

MR. PAUL'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

this water, the Dramatist, the Philosopher, the lover of human nature, must direct his steps : for here alone can he find subjects for his Muse or for his reflections. The other stream, as it rushes silently and resistlessly along, may stand in the imagination for the predestined, because inevitable, Course of Events, which fashions the history of Institutions, directs the thoughts that make Revolutions, and so determines Futurity. By the side of this wan water we may forget our Plutarch ; Hildebrands, Cromwells, Napoleons dwindle into provincialities ; man as an individual withers ; and an unseen God moulds the vessel as He wills, fitting it for the East or for the West, for the crowd or the solitude, for effort or repose, as seems best to Him. It is well to wander at times by the sides of both streams.

The tracing back of an Idea—be it but Trial by Jury (for I would not seem to be frightened by a name), the place of the Canon Law in the pre-reformed Church of England, the story of a Renaissance in Literature or of a Reaction in Politics, the Growth of Commerce, the history of a Trade or a Manufacture—these things and countless others—every Institution known to man, every social condition under which he has lived, every thought that has burned in the human breast,—have each a history which, could it but be written by one who was both a student, and, in the best sense of the word, a philosopher, would in the inspired language of Shelley “fill the theatre of everlasting generations with its harmony.” Everything is interesting, even the History of Disease, if it is written about well by one who knows his subject, so far as it can be known at the time of writing.

Mr. Paul's *History of Modern England* will, when completed in five volumes, be a remarkable and distinctive book ; and the two volumes that have lately appeared have already secured, from our nimble-witted critics, their due meed of praise. It is not easy to say what goes to the making of a good book ; but a skilled reader soon makes for himself the discovery whether what he reads is worth reading. History may be a Science, but Story-telling is an Art, not possessed by all, as many a mother has discovered in her nursery, to her infinite chagrin. When the Story to be told is a bit of the History of the English Nation, the task is one which must of necessity do, what Johnson said a talk with Burke always did, call forth the whole of a man's powers. The historian of modern times needs every qualification it is possible to possess. No learning comes amiss—no scholarship can be too nice, no reading too wide. No experience in any line of life but will fertilise the soil, and so enrich the crop. No taste or pursuit but may add charm to a paragraph, or force to an illustration. An anecdote, treasured by

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

chance in a retentive memory, may prove the very thing to drive a point straight home to the reader's mind.

In reading these two volumes, the candid critic must acknowledge the strength and ease with which their author carries a heavy weight of knowledge, both of men and books. His learning is not that :

“index-lore that turns no student pale,”

the stale handling of already much-handled material ; but is the permanent and lawfully-acquired property of his mind and memory. It was not all acquired for the purpose of writing a book ; but the author, being already in possession of it, has here put portions of it out to splendid usury. This is one of the great charms, and it should be an enduring charm, of this History. The “accompaniment” is that of a sensible, scholarly, well-read man, who, knowing the joy and comfort of a good book, has sat down to write one of his own.

Another noticeable quality is the genuine, human interest taken by the author in all the walks and ways of life. He rules nothing out of his Drama. I have hitherto missed, it is true, the name of Tom Sayers ; but there are three volumes still to come. Mr. Paul is very fond of the law, though apt to be hard upon lawyers. His Lyndhurst, Westbury, Campbell, Cockburn, live and move. You perceive he knows more about these long-robed gentlemen than he had time or has thought fit to tell. There is much suppressed merriment in Mr. Paul's pages. In bishops he is deeply interested, knowing after quite an expert fashion the different varieties. To a great soldier or Indian Viceroy, his heart warms. A Parliamentary Debate on a great occasion cuts him to the quick. Convocation, it must be admitted, leaves him unmoved. Though a good Churchman, Mr. Paul must be pronounced an Erastian. All schools and colleges, ancient institutions and historic buildings, where youth has been instructed, learning sheltered, and piety practised (more or less) can never fail to arrest his quick glance. In Literature, his interest is deep and abiding. He thinks more of the *Ordeal of Richard Feveril* than he does of Lord Palmerston, and would sooner have written Tennyson's *Ode* on the death of the Great Duke, than have sat in either or even both of Lord Derby's Cabinets.

This keen sense of life, and interest in it, are a great gift, and a most useful one for a writer of History ; for not only does it prevent him being dull, but it infects the reader with a sense of the subject—the great mundane movement—the vast crowd of human faces, ever changing, but always on the stage, animated by the same hopes, nursing the same delusions, tickled by the same straws, struggling,

MR. PAUL'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

yielding, capable of glorious heroism, prone to evil, and yet with a soul of goodness always in it. Mr. Paul never loses interest in his puppets, and, consequently, never fails to be interesting.

A third obvious merit of the book is its style, both in narrative and comment. It would be easy to give examples ; but the proper place, even for a joke, is its context.

My only complaint is, that the conditions of the book are making it too short. I desiderate a wider canvas. I do not hold with the maxim : A big book is a great evil. All books are evil unless they are good ; and, if a book is bigger than its method demands, it is to that extent a bad book. You may compress a philosophy into the thinnest of thin octavos—a book of devotions can hardly be too short—but a History of Philosophy or of Dogma cannot properly be squeezed into a narrow compass. Neither can be the History of England. In reading Mr. Paul's volumes, you often feel that he has not room enough either to illuminate his subject or to do justice to himself—and yet he is a terse writer, who gets to work at once, and has no taste for, or tendency to, diffuseness or digression—faults for which I have a sneaking affection.

Mr. Paul's period—1846 and onwards—is not his fault, though it may be his misfortune. Having enjoyed these two volumes so heartily, I do not now mind confessing that I sat myself down to read them with sore misgivings. I grow old, and had half promised myself the luxury of never deliberately reading anything more about Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, and the “Rupert of Debate.” I own to a shudder as I thought of Don Pacifico and the lorchia “Arrow.” The “Sleeping Cabinet,” and the hideous bedevilment of the Crimean War, can only arouse useless anger and painful disgust. If I am to read about War, let it be in a soldier's memoirs. Dr. Newman's lively letters to the *Times* (“*Who's to blame ?*”), now reprinted in his *Discussions and Arguments*, are well worth a fresh perusal, though their conclusion, that a British Cabinet must always fail in war, is better supported by the facts, old and new, than it is consolatory to a humble Constitutionalist like myself.

Mr. Paul's “accompaniment,” his vigorous narrative, and delightful comment, have not only carried me through these deep ruts, but made the journey positively agreeable.

The method employed, after careful consideration on the author's part, is the old-fashioned chronological method. Mr. Paul travels round with the clock. It is a good method—perhaps the best ; but it has its serious drawbacks. So many things happen at the same time. How is precedence to be settled ? A Prime Minister resigns, a great book is published, a battle is fought, some invention, destined to revolutionise a trade, is patented—all on the same day.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

How are these divers things to be welded into a harmonious whole? What is to be the chief thread of your discourse, the main arch of your temple? Mr. Paul, who is a great politician, yields precedence to our political Administrations, whose succession one to another he traces, and whose ups and downs in the Lobby he describes with due decorum, though with critical insight. He knows too much of the Front Bench to be deceived by the mere gravity of a Minister—yet, his method being what it is, undue prominence is inevitably given to inherent insignificance. There is too much political sack, and too little of the bread of life. This is not Mr. Paul's fault, for the reader cannot fail to notice the alacrity with which the writer of the History forsakes his embarrassed phantoms, and drags to the foot-lights the shy, yet more really important spirits of the Age. Nor am I only thinking of Literature, or of Art, or of Religion, or of Philosophical Thought—there is the History of our Trade and Commerce, of our Ports and Harbours, a far more vital thing than the History of our Ins and Outs. Cotton and Coal, Corn and Cloth, are finer subjects for the historical Muse than Russells and Stanleys, or even Peels and Cobdens. The relative importance of things demands reconsideration. In a material Age, things material are entitled to their rank. Nor can it be said that Whigs and Tories, or even Peelites, are “things spiritual.”

Mr. Paul is driven to find his heroes outside the pale—Cavour and Lincoln were men fit for Plutarch. Mr. Paul's character of Cavour, though tinged with enthusiasm, is good to read, whilst his conception of Lincoln—the “village attorney” of our highly educated statesmen,—seems to go to the very root of the matter, into the vitals of a great nation.

Mr. Paul has been taken to task by some critics for his undisguised dislike of the third Napoleon; one reviewer going so far as to say, that it is unbecoming to speak ill of a defunct ally. This seems the very foppery of the Foreign Office. Who would write History on those terms? “I strive to be impartial,” once said Sir George Jessel from the Bench; “but if I can see my way to trounce a rogue, I do it.” The choice of language must be left to the individual; but an historian without *sæva indignatio*, or cutting contempt, is no critic of humanity.

Mr. Paul cannot be accused of undue severity. He declares Palmerston to have been incapable in public life of a mean action. On a lapidary inscription, the statement might pass unchallenged. On the sober page of History, it creates a pause.

Like all interesting books, these two volumes contain some dark sayings. Mr. Paul delights in George Meredith, thus gratifying at once two legitimate passions: his love of genius as exemplified in

MR. PAUL'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

a great author, and his hatred of the fools who profess to be unable to understand the great author's English. But when he goes on to say that: "the comparative freedom and independence which women now enjoy is due more to Meredith than to Parliament or to Mill," I pray for more light. In this matter of freedom and independence, I cannot, prosaic as it may sound, do otherwise than place the Married Women's Property Acts, and the judgment of the Court of Appeal in Mrs. Jackson's Case, far above the *Ordeal of Richard Feveril*, or *Beauchamp's Career*. But Mr. Paul very likely had in view quite another kind of freedom and independence—that of the mind rather than of the body or estate. Mr. Paul raises many such interesting questions, fit to be discussed between friends. He stirs debate, he quickens wits, he evokes memories, he excites hopes; and the honest reader, laying down the second volume, rejoices to know there are three more still to come.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

OTHER REVIEWS

THE REFORMATION¹

AT last we have got what we want—a history of the Reformation, or at least its most important years, written with the most thorough knowledge of the first-hand sources, and telling us in a single volume all the salient facts. “A history” we say advisedly—for this work is a whole, not a disconnected series of essays. The *Cambridge Modern History* was an undertaking as difficult as it was desirable. That a book on this scale should be written by a single person was impossible. That would have meant merely a compilation. But to impress any unity beyond that of the original plan (which bears throughout the mark of a great personality) upon the work of many specialists, of different peoples, churches, and languages, required, in editor and contributors alike, qualities and renunciations of a rare order. Many people feared that the undertaking would merely result in a historical *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It must be confessed, that the first volume, despite its merits, did not prove these fears groundless. But, now that the most important of the earlier volumes is before the public, he would be a bold man who would declare the work a failure. Here is a triumph of editing. Dr. Ward and his colleagues are to be congratulated. If the standard of this work be maintained in the succeeding volumes, there need be no apprehension that Acton’s intention to produce the best history of modern times in the world will fail of its accomplishment. The success of this volume was indeed a necessity, if the work were not to be an out-and-out failure. Owing to its subject, it is a test case. A comparison with the fifth volume of the *Histoire Générale* of Lavissee and Rambaud, will show how the test has been satisfied.

Detailed criticism of such a work is, of course, impossible. But three pit-falls may be mentioned, into which a book of this sort is very liable to fall, which this volume assuredly avoids.

¹ *The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II. The Reformation.* Cambridge: University Press. 1903.

THE REFORMATION

The first has been already indicated—want of unity. Of course the volume does not read throughout as though it were the work of a single writer. But, so far as I can see, there is none of the sense of being jerked about which is commonly incident to such publications. The chapters on English History by Mr. Gairdner, Mr. Pollard, Mr. Bass Mullinger, and Professor Maitland, form perhaps the best evidence of this—or those on the German and Swiss Reformations by Mr. Pollard, Mr. Whitney, and Dr. Fairbairn. The point of view and initial bias of these authors is probably not the same; yet the reader by no means feels that he is reading a set of magazine articles, each by one man with no reference to anyone else. The chapters are parts of a single whole, not separate and individual essays. The book can be read through, not merely used for reference. There is no more overlapping than is necessary to any such book—for a merely chronological order would be chaos.

Even in the matter of style, there is some approach to unity. Of course there are differences. I do not suppose that anyone is likely to mistake the manner of Dr. Maitland for that of Dr. Fairbairn. But, at the risk of seeming fanciful, I assert that, just as a periodical, after some years of existence, puts a stamp of its own on all its contents, so the *Cambridge Modern History* is beginning to acquire a distinct style of its own. This style results from three causes—the necessity of compression, the need of strict proportion in treatment, and the fact that each contributor has the peculiar touch which comes only of first-hand knowledge. These three conditions produce, or tend to produce, a certain similarity of style in writers whose general characteristics are most diverse.

The second point in which a work of this sort is apt to fail is proportion. The views of specialists as to relative proportions vary. Besides, they are so well acquainted with certain details, that they will desire to tell them at length, or else to treat them by mere allusion. Both these dangers are, on the whole, averted in this book. The chapters on Hapsburg and Valois, by Mr. Leathes, will seem to many too detailed. But a careful reading shows that the writer does not forget the proportion of the whole, and never gives us details for their own sake. His estimate of Charles V. is admirable—fairer, perhaps, than the contempt and dislike shown by Mr. Pollard. But it is in the chapter by Mr. Laurence, on Rome and Reform, that this quality of proportion is shown at its highest. Anyone, who has the merest walking acquaintance with the Jesuits and the Council of Trent, must know how Herculean is the task of compressing the story into forty pages. Yet Mr. Laurence manages to do this, and does it without omitting anything of value, and without ever becoming either dull or unintelligible. It is to be

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

hoped that we shall have more work from a writer who shows such power of grappling with difficulties. Dr. Fairbairn's chapter on Calvin is another instance, though here the compression is apt to be almost sketchy, and the chapter opens with what is perilously like rhetoric.

This brings me to the third point—brightness. The exceedingly easy reading of this volume argues, according to the old proverb, writing too hard for human beings. The great danger of specialist essays of this sort is, that compression makes them dull. A specialist is accustomed to have as much space as he wants, and can add as much colour as he feels inclined. When he has to cram all his facts and reflections into a few pages, the result is more apt to be pemmican than literature. Anyone can see this who compares Mr. Gardiner's larger History, in which he had it all his own way, which, despite the gibes of ignorance, is *never* dry-as-dust, with his smaller works, such as the *Student's History*, a book in which the only interesting things are the illustrations. Yet the volume before us, for some reason or other, escapes this charge. It may not be a very high ideal for the historian, to supplant "fiction." But the writer of this notice did, as a matter of fact, lay down a work of fiction, to continue his more interested perusal of Mr. Pollard's brilliant pages. Among so much that is good, it seems invidious to single out one writer. Yet, since one of these historians can fairly be regarded as a man of genius, it is right to say that Dr. Maitland is no less charming in his delineation of the early years of Elizabeth, than in describing the real import of "manerium" in Domesday, or in expounding the mysteries of the Bull *Execrabilis*. Perhaps a quotation or two may be permitted.

In regard to Scotland in 1560, Dr. Maitland writes :—

"Faith may be changed ; works are much what they were, especially the works of the magnates. The blood-feud is no less a blood-feud, because one family calls itself Catholic, and another calls itself Protestant. The 'band' is no less a 'band,' because it is styled a Covenant, and makes free with holy names. A king shall be kidnapped, and a king shall be murdered, as of old—it is the custom of the country."

"The Queen (Elizabeth) was asked to choose a husband, and professed her wish to die a maid. She may have meant what she said, but assuredly did not mean that it should be believed."

Things like this are scattered through the chapter. One popular fallacy is, we hope, given the *coup de grace* :—"A radical change in doctrine, worship, and discipline, has been made by Queen and Parliament against the will of prelates and ecclesiastical Councils." Dr. Maitland rightly puts on a level with the Nag's Head fable, the

THE PHANTOM CROSSWAYS

"Anglican fable which strove to suggest that the Prayer Book was sanctioned by a synod of bishops and clergy." The truth is, that the religious, like the political Revolution of this country, was nearer to legality than those elsewhere, and assumed more readily a veneer of constitutional precedent. But, alike in 1688 and in 1559, a revolution, which no pedantry can explain away, took place ; and no juggling with forms can get over the fact.

The Reformation is indeed the Revolution *par excellence* of the world's history. That is the reason why this volume is so valuable.

J. NEVILLE FIGGIS

THE PHANTOM CROSSWAYS¹

MR. FILSON YOUNG is a journalist of the front rank in quality ; and he has his head and shoulders in at the door of literature. But his legs do not follow, and perhaps, like those of Mr. Chesterton, they had best stay outside. For this new, vigorous cross-breed, literary-journalism, an invention peculiar to an age employed "to make culture hum," has merits of its own, and, in successful cases, such as this book, supplies food for thought superior to most modern literature, and to nearly all pure journalism.

Mr. Young has certainly looked at Ireland,—how closely I cannot pretend even to guess. He has looked, and he has also thought and felt, to some purpose. But he does not seem to have read. At least, he has read Blue-Books, but, apparently, not history books. *Ireland at the Cross Roads* is an illuminating statement of the real case against the overgrown influence of the Church in Ireland,—not the case of the Orangeman, but of the intellectual and human being. But it sadly lacks an historical introduction.

Mr. Young points out that in Catholic Ireland, alone of Western countries, the influence of the priest meets with little resistance and little competition. It gets the large all for which it elsewhere asks in vain. In France and Italy, as he says, the State and the laity have "come to terms with the Church,"—though neither party in France, he might have added, seems at all anxious to abide by the treaty. In Spain, as he might have remarked, the priest in many districts dare not appear in the streets. But in Ireland the Church is all but supreme. Mr. Young gives an instructive, though, for all I know, an overdrawn, picture of the evil effects and concomitants of this too little-disputed sway. But of its origins, he says nothing. Why, in the name of all that is unaccountable, have the Celtic Irish,

¹ *Ireland at the Cross Roads*. By Filson Young. Grant Richards, 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

alone of Western peoples, bent the head to the Catholic priesthood ? An historical introduction would necessarily have given the plain answer,—because of the Protestant penal laws.

If Mr. Young had touched on the historical aspect of the question, he must have been driven, on his own lines of argument, with which I heartily sympathise, to this conclusion. For he sees clearly, that absorption in Catholic devotionism only comes when other interests (educational, social, industrial, and spiritual), have been removed, either by the Church herself or by other powers ; when courage and independence are crushed ; when hope in this world is gone, and the phantom lights of the next alone shine through utter darkness. That is the theme of the whole book. Then why does the author not frankly admit that these conditions of despair, the necessary conditions of complete clerical supremacy, were created by the English laws, starting from Queen Elizabeth's reign ? He himself speaks of :

“ powers disused, capacities rusted, ambitions dead, propensities frustrated. Only the religious emotion flourishes ; and upon minds weakened and sapped of the power of seeing things as they are, the Church spreads its narcotic and comfortable cloud of symbolism.”

Granted. But whence came this disuse of powers, this rusting of capacities, this death of ambitions, which made the path plain for Catholic devotionism ?

From the English laws.

Under the Tudors, a lay Catholic civilisation was firmly rooted in the soil of Ireland, and, if left alone, it would soon have emerged from mediæval barbarism. There was a landowning class, and a merchant class, of Catholics. These England abolished. She also prevented, by the penal laws, the rise of Catholic official and professional classes. The liberal professions of law, medicine, and teaching, where resistance to clericalism resides in Catholic communities, were kept for the English and Protestants, who were out of touch with the Celtic nation. There had been a Catholic University. It was swept away. Higher and lower education of the Catholics was put down ; and so lower education fell into the hands of the proscribed priesthood, while higher education, the only ultimate mode of releasing a laity from entire dependence on a Church, no longer existed for Catholics, and exists for them only in a slight measure to-day. At the same time, industrial pursuits, which would have given the natives new points of contact with the Protestant world, and new hopes and interests of their own, were purposely stunted by Parliament, to appease the jealousy of manufacturers in England.

THE PHANTOM CROSSWAYS

To sum up, the Irish Catholic was deprived of his natural leaders—the landlords, merchants, and professional men of his own race and religion ; what leader, then, did England leave him but the priest ? He was denied education ; what, then, could he know but what the priest told him ? He was deprived of industrial employment and of wealth from the land, and condemned to hoe the soil for alien landlords ; what hope, then, had he but beyond the grave ? Furthermore, we made the Church the only temple of his proscribed nationality ; for every other institution we had levelled to the ground. So “priest” became synonymous with “patriot.” The English laws, though nominally they banished the priests, really left just two classes of Catholics—priests and peasants. What further explanation, then, is needed of the spiritual and intellectual phenomena so ably described by Mr. Young ? If his book has yet another edition, may there be an historical introduction !

I have no more pretensions to like the Catholic Church, than had those Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals who, in the nineteenth century, forced on the reluctant Tories measure after measure of Catholic relief. Catholicism, as one element in the life of a people, may often be excellent. But the effects of that complete monopoly of intellect and emotion at which this Church aims, are appalling when they are realised. Mr. Young has described some of them as they exist in Ireland. This is a fate to which Catholic Europe may some day fall, in her day of decadence, as a ripe and rotten apple falls into the mouth of a waiting dragon. At any rate, if that time ever comes, Rome will still be there, open-mouthed. The fate of Brahmanical India may, thousands of years hence, be that of Catholic Europe. In the early eighteenth century, the hour seemed already about to strike. But it was put off for a time and times ; partly by the great intellectual and political movements started by Voltaire and the French Revolution, partly also by the invention of machinery and the consequent birth of the “American spirit,” which at present is a great deal stronger than death. But which way is Ireland going ? Will she too now at last take the right turning at her Phantom Crossways.

If England tries to push her down one turning, she will infallibly walk down the other. She cannot even be led. She can only be attracted down the path of advance. And it will be her own path, not England's. Mr. Young sees this. He praises the neo-Celtic movement, which creates in thousands an enthusiasm for Irish language and literature, like the similar movement in Wales. He demands that it should be backed by a Catholic, but not a clerical, University. He points to the industrial and “creamery” developments. He might have added, that the rise of Catholic middle and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

professional classes, and greater power of self-government, though they may weaken Protestantism, will eventually weaken clericalism also, and lead to the restoration of intellectual and human liberty. The Irish can only cease to be preoccupied with religion, when they are occupied with something else.

There is no good trying to crush the Church of Rome ; that is the old way, and it has more than once failed. But there is all good in patiently and continually providing substitutes for her influence, in every kind ; that is the new way, and it may succeed. But it cannot be very much England's business, provided we see that the Ulstermen are not ill-used. For, after all, whichever turning she takes, Ireland must choose for herself.

G. M. TREVEËYAN

** * * It is desirable that no contributions should be sent without previous communication with the Editor, who cannot undertake to return unsolicited MSS.*

Publishers are requested not to send books for review. The Editor will venture to apply for copies of such works as it is desired to notice.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE.
THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.
 Vol. XVIII., No. 2, MARCH, 1904, 1s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS:—

Herodotus, VIII 2, 1. A. G. LAIRD.
 "On Prometheus Desmotes," Lines 980-1. JANET CASE.
 Two Notes on the "Birds" of Aristophanes. R. H. WHITE.
 The Offensive Weapon in the Pyrrhic. W. E. D. DOWNES.
 Grammatical Notes from the Papyri. JAMES HOPK MOULTON.
 Mavortius' Copy of Prudentius. H. O. WINSTEDT.

REVIEWS:—

Thalheim's "Isaeva." W. WYSE.
 Shorey's "Unity of Plato's Thought." R. G. BURY.
 Anderson's "Asia Minor." RONALD M. BURROWS.
 Owen's "Persius and Juvenal": a Rejoinder. S. G. OWEN.

REPORT:—

Proceedings of the Oxford Philological Society—Michaelmas Term, 1903. LEWIS R. FARNELL.

ARCHAEOLOGY:—

Some Notes on the Ancient Greek Sculpture Exhibited at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.
 Recent Excavations in Rome. THOMAS ASHBY, Jun.
 Monthly Record. F. H. MARSHALL.
 Numismatic Summaries. WARWICK WROTH.

* The Subscription to THE CLASSICAL REVIEW is 12/6, if delivered by hand; or 13/6 post free. The Subscription, payable in advance, may be made through any Bookseller or paid direct to the Publisher.

Back Sets of THE CLASSICAL REVIEW will be supplied to New Subscribers at a very moderate price, which may be learnt on application to the Publisher.

C. A. SCHWETSCHKE & SOHN, Publishers,

The INDEPENDENT REVIEW of Germany is:—

DEUTSCHLAND.

Monatsschrift für die gesamte Kultur.

Unter ständiger Mitarbeit von Eduard von Hartmann, Theodor Lipps, Berthold Litzmann, Otto Fiechter und Ferdinand Tönnies.

Herausgegeben von GRAF VON HORNSENROCH.

Quarterly, 7s. post free; Single Copy, 2s. 6d.

This new high-class journal contains essays from the first learned and literary writers of the day.

The *Saturday Review* writes:—"It is edited by the Graf von Hornsenroch, whose able work on the Papacy was reviewed by us in these columns last year. 'Complete independence' is its motto, although it makes a speciality of 'Cultivation versus Ultramontanism.' . . . The new venture promises well." The Publishers will be pleased to send Specimen Copy and Prospectus on application.

BERLIN W, 35, SCHOENBERGER UFER 43.

NUOVA ANTLOGIA.

The Leading Italian Review of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, and Politics.

38th Year. Established 1866.

Is published in Rome on the 1st and 16th of each month. Each Number contains about 200 Pages.

Editor—MAGGIORIO FERRARIS, M.P.

The "NUOVA ANTLOGIA" is the oldest and the foremost Italian Review. The most Eminent Authors, University Professors, and Members of Parliament (GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, G. CARDUCCI, LUIGI LAZZATTI, E. DE AMICIS, P. VILLARI, C. LOMBRÒSO, &c.) are among its Contributors.

ROME—CORSO UMBERTO I., 131—ROME.

R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRAD ST. HILL, E.C., AND SUGGAY, SUFFOLK.

Medley

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

VOL. II. NO. 8

MAY 1894

CONTENTS

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

Q. F. Q. MASTERMAN

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

HUGH E. SEEDOHM

RELIGION AND REVELATION.

Q. LOWES DIKINSON

FORESTRY — "A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

R. MUNRO FERGUSON

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

RICHARD A. GROUGH

BIRDS OF PARADISE. Part II

ALFRED R. WALLACE

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNOLE, ESQ."

JOHN FYVIE

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

JOHN BURNS

WEEDS

EDWARD CARPENTER

THE LANCASHIRE ARTISAN: A PROTEST

ARNOLD HOLT

MR. BURDEN. Chap. XII

HILAIRE BELLOO

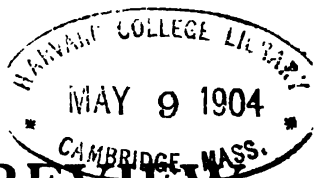
HORACE WALPOLE

G. L. STRACHEY

OTHER REVIEWS

LONDON PUBLISHED BY
T. FISHER UNWIN.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW



TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

THE relation of politics to civilisation in its wider aspect is a subject of discussion which at certain periods of change becomes deliberately insistent. How far, if at all, and if at all how desirably, can the expression of human hopes and ideals be embodied in legislation? To what extent is it possible to stimulate or discourage those large impersonal forces, economic, social, spiritual, which hurry mankind from one condition of order to another, through all the painful intermediate processes of development and decay? Is all effort vain that essays by wise communal action to mitigate the attendant confusion and pain by which such processes are accompanied? Nay, more, is it foolish to imagine that the whole process itself may be estimated and controlled, directed towards ends far removed from the natural consummation of its courses? Is man, no less in the creation of the days to come than within the limits of his single transitory life, "the master of his fate"?

Such questions are more than ever alive at a time like the present, and in England, where progress and civilisation seem to have advanced along divergent roads. The old order has perished, the new has scarcely blossomed into active and intelligible life. Under an appearance of tranquillity, men discern elements of waste and disorder, pregnant with profound disquietude. With some impatience, the demand is becoming vocal for the concern of legislation,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and a rational control in the making of the new England from the ruins of the old. The change from a rural to an urban existence, with all the squalor and desolation by which such a change has been accompanied, is a change whose right understanding gives the key to most present social discontents. To some observers it excites only a lament over a past that is for ever gone. They see the old, simpler country life of England disappearing before their eyes : the fields untilled, the plough idle in the deserted furrow. Upon all the great roads they hear the tramp of many footsteps ; the noise of a host as it passes from the forsaken fields, and is swallowed up in the mazes of the lamplit city. They mourn the vanishing of a vigorous, jolly life, the songs of the village alehouse, existence encompassed by natural things and the memories of the dead—the secure and confident life of “Merrie England.” To others again, the change is one charged with a menace to the future. They dread the fermenting, in the populous cities, of some new all-powerful explosive, destined one day to shatter into ruin all their desirable social order. In these massed millions of an obscure life, but dimly understood and ever increasing in magnitude, they behold a danger to security and all pleasant things. Like the poet when he shivered in the Roman sunlight at a breath from the cold North, from beyond the confines of a world, they apprehend forces destined to consummate the end of an Age. The cry goes up, as foretold by Mazzini : “The Barbarians are at our gates.” To others the problem is one of race and efficiency. They see England ruling the Empire, the cities ruling England. Upon the life developing in the twilight world of the cities is dependent that Empire’s prosperity or decline. They become concerned with statistics of birth rate, infant mortality, physical degeneration ; they call for the breeding of an imperial race. To others again, and in particular to those familiar with the effects of disorder, poverty, and pain upon individual lives, the problem takes upon itself a more human aspect. From their own experience amongst their friends, they translate the statistics into terms of human wretchedness, privation, and desire. They are resentful of acquiescence in the passing of so many lives

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

in grey shadow, in the failure, in the case of the many, of the attainment of anything worthy of being termed a civilisation. They are often passionate against preventable suffering, the clumsiness of the destruction of human possibilities, the use of so many lives as a means and never as an end. They question the justice of a social order which condemns common humanity to a region of random endeavour ; which accepts the destruction of so much "by-product," when that "by-product" is the endowment and natural happiness of so many men and women and children ; which proclaims, as the best that it can make of its working peoples, the restless uninspired toil of England's great cities, as the finest flower of its civilisation the tenement dwelling, the workhouse, the gaol. And they plead, sometimes in harsh accents, always with a great longing, for the interest and attention of all classes in the community ; for legislation once again to concern itself with the forgotten art of the common welfare, to hasten the coming of the newer day.

A writer in one of the magazines has lately diagnosed some of the forces which may prove powerful allies to the propaganda of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends. In the decaying countryside, in the forlorn developments of the modern town, with its evils of an increasing pauperism, unemployment, childhood reared under disastrous conditions, he finds forces making mightily for change.¹ And indeed the man must be blind to the signs of the time—if a politician or leader of opinion, criminally blind—who imagines that at the present all is well with England, or that the *status quo* can long be maintained. The position is one of unstable equilibrium ; it is a miracle that it has so long endured ; the Government which accepts a policy of quiet and repose in social affairs is a Government destined to a rude awakening. I believe that Chamberlainism, if combined with a policy of social reform sincerely advocated, might, in lack of an alternative, even now emerge triumphant. The promise of work is a more powerful bribe than cheap bread ; the hell of the working man is the

¹ See Crackanthorpe, *Behind the Fiscal Veil* (Nineteenth Century, February, 1904).

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

hell of unemployment, that "insecurity" against which, as Mr. Charles Booth has said, no prudence can guard. In "Punch's" genial summary of the rival offers—wages with no loaf against a loaf with no wages—there is no doubt which is the more attractive. At present the Protectionist rally is almost entirely of wealthy and discredited elements; the working classes are kept by their leaders faithful to Free Trade; the immorality of Mr. Chamberlain's political past, scattered with the abandoned promises of social amelioration, is perhaps the most effective asset of his opponents. But already he has manifestly stimulated the forces of discontent; working-class audiences will no longer patiently accept triumphant pictures of England's present progress as a satisfactory answer; an impatience is being exhibited with the complacency of the Middle Class domination. There are demands for an alternative policy.

And it is not only the sufferers themselves who are interested in the restoration to healthful conditions of the children of the cities of England; there is a demand, pitifully thin and faint, but growing in power, from the classes outside. Even the Churches, in their furious internecine warfare, have not entirely forgotten their duty towards all desolate and oppressed. In the chaos of contemporary politics in England, that Party which first essays an advance from present squalor towards a civilisation, will gather to itself forces hitherto unreckoned, and all the hope of the future.

And though the end is not yet, and the ultimate social changes will be such as no man can foresee, there are certain modest and direct measures of reform which could be pushed through, even in the lifetime of a Parliament. The problem of social reconstruction in England consists of two parts, separate yet closely intertwined: the problem of the decaying country, and the problem of the developing town.

1. In the country, the air is vocal with the record of depression and the "rural Exodus." The old order has withered at the heart and is dead: its remains but encumber the ground. All efforts at remedy must recognise that the old agricultural system of England, with its tripartite division of profits to landlord, farmer, and labourer, its

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

docile serf population of ill-paid toilers, is gone for ever. The peasant refuses to stay with the status and wages of a day labourer while the city calls to his ambitions and his dreams. Many of the suggested remedies of "agricultural depression" are futile, because they fail to recognise this bed-rock fact. Of such is Protection; designed to give increased rent to the landlord, profit to the farmer, higher wages to the labourer. But such wages, even if obtainable, would in no way counteract, in the young and energetic, the glamour of the town. The kernel of the situation is not that Agriculture does not pay (it still pays well enough in places); but that the labourer will not stay on the fields. All that is self-reliant and active immediately forsakes the village for the town. Work is being carried on, in some half-hearted fashion, by the old men and children; on the passing of the present generation, there will be none to fill their places. All the adventitious attractions desperately designed to bolster up the present system would merely result in a prolongation of the agony. Provision of labourers' cottages could not pay, with the present rate of wages: if provided at the expense of the local authority, they would be but grants-in-aid of the local farmers, advanced from the rates. Allotments at which the agricultural labourer can work, before or after his already sufficient toil, are but the expedient of the doctrinaire; village libraries, changes in the education of rural schools, amusements, lectures, nigger entertainments, the suggestions of despair. Unless the deep-rooted and fundamental nature of the disease be estimated, no adequate remedy can be devised.

Only two large possibilities remain as alternatives to the passing of the land into twitch and thistle, and the coming of a vast silence upon the deserted fields. The one is the system of the "model" village. Wealth made in the town or beyond the sea is poured into the country-side: a new cosmopolitan aristocracy effects an imitation or caricature of the old feudal life; lavish expenditure creates a parasitic class of gamekeepers, lodgekeepers, gardeners, well-fed and deferential peasants designed to increase the picturesqueness of the landscape. The wild animal of La Bruyère's vision, black, livid, all burnt by the sun, has become the sleek,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

well-fed ox, ruminating, with patient eyes. The other, to which that little company who believe first in Freedom will turn with eagerness, is the attempt to counteract the magnetism of the town by the magic of ownership. The creation of some form of yeoman or peasant proprietorship, with the right to all improvements and the whole produce of labour, appears, by experiment in England and experience in all Western Europe, the sole method of preserving an agricultural people. In France such a population forms the backbone of the nation ; with a life narrow, laborious, thrifty, incredibly austere : but a life of free men, with that love of the country and its very soil never found in the " patriotism " of the cities, the random and pitiful patriotism of a landless people. In Denmark, direct proprietorship has preserved a peasant race, prosperous and secure, strong in a consciousness of national well-being. In Ireland, it has come as a great hope to a nation which, after a history of unparalleled tragedy, seemed to be vanishing from its own land. Peasant ownership is to stay the plague of the American emigration. The great cities of England are England's America ; and the similar plague here demands a similar remedy. The small experiments hitherto undertaken by private enterprise, in many diverse parts of the country, have demonstrated the possibilities of a larger success ; there is a real demand for such holdings when obtainable ; strong promises of economic success ; and all the developments of technical education, agricultural experiment, revived village industry, and co-operation, have been proved congruous and acceptable, when once hope has been awakened, and freedom secured. It is a hard, exacting life : experiment will demonstrate many a failure ; but, where successful, it will create a race fundamentally different from the shiftless, hopeless, dulled peasant, who is the forlorn product of the system now crumbling away.

Undoubtedly Parliament, if seriously in earnest in the matter, could do much to place this class of independent cultivators on the soil. A universal Land Tax might both assist in the breaking-up of the large estates, and also provide funds for the purchase and equipment of land suitable for small holdings. The Small Holdings Act gave the County

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

Councils certain imperfect powers of action in this direction. But the provisions contained no compulsory clauses : the farmers and landlords who make up those bodies were not inclined to forward a policy calculated further to diminish a labour supply they already found inadequate. The Act has remained practically unused. Either compulsory clauses must be introduced, or (better) the work of repatriation must be entrusted to a definite Commission, working under the Board of Agriculture. With funds placed at its disposal, the work would proceed on the main lines of methods already familiar in Ireland : the purchase of estates, the division into suitable holdings, the provision of buildings and funds for the first operations of the occupants : and the selling of the holdings outright, or with a certain permanent public charge, by a system of terminable annuities, paid as rent for a number of years. It is true, indeed, that neither the unemployed in the cities, nor the normal country labourer, would be able directly to benefit by such a change. But undoubtedly by some such policy it would be possible to fix upon the soil a "yeoman" class of free men, rearing children under healthful conditions, able to supply the cities and colonies with their perpetual demand for energetic life. The hope of the creation, through these means, of a virile country stock, born of the earth and the open fields, is a future hope of the country-side of England far different from that decay and sullen waiting for the end which now broods over all the pleasant landscape, and fills the observer with a sense of desolation and despair.¹

2. Of all the ills from which the city race is suffering, the imperfect supply of houses for the increasing population, and the overcrowding which is its consequence, are, perhaps, the most menacing. For the pressure on the home, the

¹The above desultory statement, as all those succeeding, is advanced, I need hardly explain, as suggestion rather than argument. Those interested may be recommended a fuller study in the Report of the recent Royal Commission on Agriculture, admirably summarised by Mr. F. A. Channing, and in Mr. Rider Haggard's most fascinating investigation in *Rural England*. Mr. Martin's *Ruin of Rural England* is a rugged and apocalyptic indictment of present indifference. Detailed accounts of experiments in small holdings at Bewdley and Far Forest, and elsewhere, and of the regeneration of Denmark, have been published by the English Land Colonisation Society and the Christian Social Union.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

specific diseases, and the more general and far-reaching roughness and squalor, are striking at the root of all that is humane and gentle in family life. The torrent of humanity has been swept into sudden whirlpools; the great towns have developed in confusion; they are spreading daily, not as organised wholes, but as mere meaningless congestions, without unity or plan. There are actually too few decent houses for the inhabitants: monopoly and competition drive up rents, and give a fictitious value to insanitary and undesirable dwellings. Within, the family is cramped and confined, packed, in unhealthful proximity, in layers of humanity in blocks and tenements; outside stretch the visible horrors of expanding London, with provision of open spaces entirely dependent on the spasmodic energy of the philanthropist, or the whim of the millionaire. It would be impossible to over-estimate the general lowering effects on body, mind, and spirit, of residence pent up in those labyrinths of mean streets, which form the abodes of the coming race. In a grey desolation of a relentless meanness, in cities around which annually other cities are plastered as if effectively to bar egress, in the heavy, windless air, with sight of occasional changing sky alone representing the world of out-of-doors, the children of England, numbered by the hundred thousand, are growing to maturity. To these must presently come the demand of large horizons and the things of the spirit; in the future, the huge burden of Empire, with control of ancient and immemorial civilisations scattered over a variegated world. No man should ever be surprised at the follies of man; little but calamity and earthquake can ever penetrate minds deadened in custom and routine. But a visitor from some region beyond the fixed stars might be moved to amazement in contemplation of these ruins of human aspiration, when he learnt that rarely, if ever, did their condition come before the discussion of the legislature; that few protested their danger, and those only to deaf ears; that, in general, those with power to move the public mind and influence change appeared entirely satisfied with the life developing in those strange subterranean worlds, the wildernesses of the great cities of England.

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

Immediate remedies could indeed be suggested, were the gravity of the situation once apprehended and immediate remedies desired. The drastic treatment of owners of "slum" property; the clearance of the home from the "House Tax" which, in the form of the local rate, practically vetoes any general improvement; the encouragement of building by the municipality, especially for the poorest, to increase the actual available houses; the hastening of the development of all transit facilities; the stimulating of the development of outlying suburbs through judicious taxation of unoccupied land, accompanied by the granting of large powers to the municipality to control development, similar to those possessed by many of the cities of Germany—these all put in force simultaneously, and regardless of the complaints of vested interests, would effect substantial change. The first needs no explanation; the evil is glaring; after the attainment of a certain stage of decay, under the present law the owner of any slum area finds it actually remunerative to encourage the process, in order that, by the very rankness of its squalor, he may compel the municipality to purchase his property, and clear it altogether from the earth. The second demands the shifting of the standard of assessment from the building to the site value: a change which would increase the rate at the centre, and diminish it at the outskirts of the city, thus directly forwarding that scattering process which is a necessity for restoration to healthful condition. The third is hampered by the suspicion and grudging concessions of the Central Authority. Better transit again is continually being checked, especially in London, by a Parliamentary majority, ignorant alike of the needs and desires of the people. Steamboats on the river, municipal omnibuses, the linking of Northern and Southern tramways, are dismissed amid contemptuous laughter. The rating of vacant land at its selling value would immediately hasten suburban development, and help to break that ring which is cramping the city peoples into a tightening congestion. While the substitution of order for chaos in the development of the town would preserve the coming generations from increase of the burden which the past has laid upon the present; would ensure breathing spaces, open

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

parks all round the city, great avenues of communication and pure air from the fields beyond ; fostering the development of a city not entirely grievous in the sight of the years to come, when Fulham, or Lewisham, or Canning Town, will stand as a warning and perpetual judgment of a civilisation " that thus could build."

Following the outward provision of the home, comes consideration of the developing life within ; of all that is meant by the " education " of the child who is heir to all the progress of the past. Here the immediate necessities of change are, for the most part, beyond the boundaries of legislation. Mr. H. G. Wells, in *Mankind in the Making*, that most stimulating and suggestive of all recent essays in social reconstruction, has assailed, with humour and some violence, the methods of present training ; by which the growing child of all classes is infected with our shabby compromises, and driven from liberal and gentle ways into imitation of the average man and woman of the day. Here I would but emphasise the folly of a system of " national " education which, after expending unparalleled sums upon an elementary training for its children, acquiesces with apparent cheerfulness in the entire destruction of its handiwork as those children grow to maturity. The child passes from school, at fourteen or earlier, to long hours of toil ; and, month by month, the laborious lessons of school-days are rent off like a garment. Before the freedom of the factory, and the devastating influences of the street, the knowledge, manners, discipline, religious and moral ideals, crumple up and disappear. The " clean and beautiful children," with such possibilities of refined and considerate life, in a few years, and as by a turn of the kaleidoscope, become transformed into the vacant ineffectual crowds of the Abyss.

The immediate methods of escape from this elemental tragedy are not easily demonstrated. The demand for child-labour, the higher standard of comfort which its payment brings to the home, the readiness of the children themselves to enter life, and the air of amused contempt with which any education, other than purely technical and

506

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

remunerative, is regarded by the people of this country, render impotent those few who call for reform. The children are generally eager to be liberated from the restraints of school, and proud of the money they contribute to the household. Though the hours are appallingly long, in London often from eight to eight with a long journey to and from work, the work itself is not generally felt as onerous. But the work, often mechanical, and entirely indifferent to the future needs of the child, is prohibitive of all outside culture and development ; at the age of adolescence, it presses terribly upon the growing bodies, especially of the girls who are to be the mothers of the coming generations. Without any doubt at all, this premature toil is responsible, perhaps more than any other cause, for that general tiredness and lassitude so characteristic of the city populations ; a lassitude only the more manifest through its reactions in the craving for strong excitements, and occasional waves of a feverish and unnatural energy.

The accepted verdict condemns the parents of the children for acquiescence in apprenticeship to such slavery. Much of the adolescent labour, more of the child labour, which is still more deplorable—the filling up of the interstices of school hours with drudgery for a meagre pittance—might indeed seem preventable. But those familiar with the life of the poor in the cities will be inclined to resent this general accusation. Mr. Bernard Shaw, so entirely right upon all humane and vital issues, has denounced this cant with a refreshing plainness. “ It is difficult,” he says, “ for the readers of, say, the *Spectator* and the *Times*, to form any conception of the magnitude of a promotion from eighteen shillings a week to twenty-four or from twenty-four to thirty. . . . The truth is, that if five shillings a week made as much difference to a duke as it does to many labourers, he would send his son out into the streets to earn it at ten years old, if the law allowed him.”

Some complete prohibition of the employment of children of school age, and sharp limitation of the hours of employment for the immediately succeeding years,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

combined with a gradual levelling up of the age of full attendance and the extension of the system of compulsion to the evening schools, seem the only possible remedies. At present the evening schools languish, largely owing to the long hours of toil. I have myself persuaded many children to start attendance at the evening classes of the London Board ; but, in almost every case, the classes, after a time, have been abandoned. The long hours, the confined atmosphere, the repressed energies, demand something different, in the few minutes of leisure, from intellectual effort. The same experience is testified by the clubs for boys and girls, which have been so prominent a feature of modern philanthropy ; classes almost invariably prove a failure, and are replaced by bagatelle and billiards, gymnastics, and dancing. The limitation of child-labour under sixteen to an eight, or even a six hours' day, would prove no material hardship ; though resented by the employers, especially those who are replacing men's work with the cheaper labour of women and children, it would be supported by the Trade Unions and leaders of the working classes ; it would be pregnant with beneficial results in the future. What man or woman over thirty—so rings Mr. Wells' challenge—dare hope for "the deliverance of all our blood and speech from those fouler things than chattel slavery, child and adolescent labour" ? All intimate with the life of the poor will welcome his call to the youth of the country, to inscribe such a deliverance upon the foremost of the banners of their crusade.

Beyond the home and the children, come the questions of Labour and the work of man. In the subject of unemployment, in its wider aspects, we touch the heart of social discontent. Casual or poorly-paid labour for the worst, insecurity for the best, a rapidly diminishing labour value as age approaches—these are the particular features of the industrial world which have developed under the new mechanical system. A famine in Nepal, an earthquake in Peru, the activities of a Chicago speculator, may suddenly sweep out of regular employment masses of English

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

labourers, some at least to be driven down into irrevocable ruin. The workman, seeking work and seeking it in vain, is one of the permanent and tragic figures of the twentieth century city. "The hell of unemployment," with all its laceration and moral destructions ; the days spent in tramping the streets seeking work ; the fierce or fawning competition for mean positions amid crowds of similar unfortunates ; the disappearance of savings, then of the home ; the tightening grasp of want ; the cruelties of a gusty benevolence ; the final eviction, and economic collapse and disappearance of the family fallen and trampled under—is it wonderful that any plausible statesman who promises relief from this nightmare should be listened to with an eager attention ? Or that a certain impatience should be exhibited with those who, as an alternative, can but preach patience and an "unparalleled commercial prosperity" ? The present methods of mitigating the effects of these obscure changes in the Labour market are altogether crude and clumsy. "Charity" is liberal, but random and ill-regulated ; probably productive of far more harm than good. Anyone who has followed the operations of a "Relief Committee," will be able to testify to the revelations of the degradation of character under the influence of privation and a great fear ; the proud and independent applicants of the commencement deliquescing into the hungry, greedy, voluble crowd of the close. And the present Poor Law, with its workless "workhouses," its sting of insult, its haphazard and ill-directed activities of out-door relief—a system founded in haste, in a community mainly rural, and to save the nation from imminent danger—is a manifestation of communal activity, of which those citizens who contribute to its wasteful expenditure have little reason to be proud.

The tragedy of unemployment deepens in the case of those men who are visibly aging, passing prematurely into that condition when society has neither use nor regard for their services. The development of the modern city life, in its feverish thirst for gain, sucks up the activities of the young ; work can always be found for the children. But the man of forty has already become suspect ; at fifty there

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

is evidently stretching before him the bleak old age of the unwanted poor. The despairing clutch of the aging at any degrading occupation, which before they would have scorned, is one of the commonest and pitifulest sights of modern life. I think of those whom I have known ; those who dye their hair to keep the appearance of youth ; the applicants for positions—their efforts towards respectability, the ink-lined coat, the shabbiness concealed ; the attempt, always so grotesque and ineffective, to strike the right note between a dignity that will command respect and an eagerness that will become a mere mendicant pleading for aid. I remember one, with a record of over thirty years' consistent service, exhibiting hands twisted and gnarled with disease, who shuffles daily through his work with the help of kindly comrades, fearing each day to be detected ; though the work itself is an agony, the one panic fear is, not that he shall be compelled, but that he shall be forbidden to continue. I think of others tucked away out of sight in the recesses of tenement dwellings, flung aside from the active machinery of the world, who "cannot quite bring themselves" to join the Unemployed processions or solicit a promiscuous charity of the crowd ; who cling to the desperate hope that one day the cloud will lighten, the miracle happen that someone will be found desiring their services. This is in no austere and frugal community, with difficulty supporting its children ; but amid wealth pouring into its borders beyond the dreams of avarice, and such luxury and vain display as can only be paralleled in the later days of Rome. The customary cant, of inevitable failure or an act of Providence, should not for a moment be tolerated, in face of such abundance of resource and wasteful prodigality as is making England the envy and the wonder of the nations of the world.

The unemployed, the unemployable, the old ; these are the problems which immediately will confront that Minister of Labour whose appointment should be one of the first acts of the coming Liberal Government. For dealing with the first two, I have seen no more satisfactory suggestions than those put forth by Canon Barnett (who, if anyone, has a right to speak), and incorporated in the Report upon unem-

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

ployment presented to the London County Council by the Committee of the Conference called last year to consider the subject.¹ With the experience already gained abroad, and from experiment at home,—by the double system of Labour Colonies for those who desire work in temporary unemployment, acceptable by free men, carrying none of the degradations of charity and State relief, and of Penal Colonies for those who do not desire work, as humane as may be, but deliberately designed for the elimination of the “loafer” and the “cadger,”—it might be possible greatly to diminish, if not entirely to remove, the injury and wretchedness erected by the present chaos.

And for the old we can but press, in and out of season, for the forwarding of that national system of universal old-age pensions with which Mr. Charles Booth's name will always be honourably associated. A definite establishment of the principle would itself be almost sufficient, with the construction of the machinery for its administration. If the age limit of sixty or sixty-five proves at present impracticable, let it be initiated at seventy-five or seventy. For we would be prepared indeed to welcome any advance, however small, towards a civilisation, though always protesting ourselves dissatisfied until that civilisation be attained.

Beyond the specific case of unemployment there is the larger problem of the growth of a whole class of men, women, and children, living “in poverty,” into which every spell of unemployment flings fresh victims. It is a forlorn, parasitic class, supporting a low-grade life, largely at the expense of those who still live, self-reliant, in the daylight. Disorganised, unskilled labour, the casually employed, widows working with their children in their homes, the partially maimed, the ineffective, the tired, together form a kind of monstrous fungus, spreading round the roots of the modern city civilisation: a class which the community has neither the humanity to kill outright, nor the alertness and courage to raise to some intelligible conditions of being. A vigorous and, at times, passionate controversy has been

¹ See all through that Report, published in the spring of 1903 (King & Co.), for a wise and sober treatment of the whole subject.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

waged by two competent social investigators, whether, as a matter of fact, the family income of any considerable proportion of these forlorn and forgotten poor is sunk below some fanciful "line of poverty," representing a minimum of mere physical sufficiency. To the social reformer the question will appear entirely academic. He knows the main facts beyond hope of challenge. He is conscious always of an existence around him in which life has become degraded far below the level of savage and primitive man. He sees a whole community dwelling in a dim twilight land, cut off from sunshine and the world which has a meaning, scourged by specific diseases and vices, bound up in a circle of privation—anæmic and sickly children, premature toil, premature child-bearing, years of humiliation, dishonourable age. He recognises the injury inflicted by this class, especially on those just above it—the decent workers who largely bear the burden of its continuance. "The poverty of the poor," Mr. Charles Booth asserts, "is mainly the result of the competition of the very poor." He apprehends something which casts a kind of black smudge over the boasted progress of the nineteenth century, and causes all its complacent songs of triumph suddenly to appear a little vulgar, a little shrill.

The Problem of the Residuum—of the draining of the Abyss—must sooner or later be faced by the community as a whole, acting through its appointed rulers. It must be assailed from many sides, and by experiment which will often prove a failure and excite the ready scorn of the wise. Something (though, as Mr. Rowntree has shown, not much) will be done by the decent support of old age; more by rational education of the children; still more by the cutting away of the sources of supply in the treatment of unemployment and the loafer. Better houses, fresh air, the spreading of the town into something approaching the garden cities of our dreams, will help to break up the congestions which at present are creating impenetrable lumps of poverty. England is splitting into cities of Labour and cities of Pleasure; the poor are collected into stagnant pools amid the Labour communities; and the householders here find the burden laid upon their homes in the form of an ever increas-

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

ing Poor Rate, becoming almost intolerable. In London at least, that method has become a glaring scandal, by which the rich municipalities "dump" their poor upon lands beyond the river, or into the obscure regions to the eastward of the city, and cheerfully repudiate all subsequent responsibility. Equalisation of rates carries with it an elemental principle of justice. Beyond this, there should be resolute attempts to eliminate "sweating," and a regulation and restriction of home industries, frankly undeterred by the spectre of the "poor widow." And, in the development of the State and Municipality, employing directly an always increasing number of workers, always at standard hours and a living wage, there rests a great hope of escape from the squalid chaos of the present into something which Englishmen will be able to contemplate with a juster pride. A legislature which would recognise the reality and permanence of this remarkable development of communal activity, would wisely encourage, advise, control, check at times, but always with insight and sympathy,—instead of (as now) thrusting in entirely spasmodic and clumsy oppositions at the dictate of any affected private enterprise or vested interest, with a gusty, irrational policy, veering from day to day, now sanctioning, now vetoing, with no conception of future possibilities, or vision, or a large and attainable end,—would be a legislature which would forward a humane and rational policy in the present, and earn an honourable remembrance in the days to come.

The reforms here barely indicated necessitate an increased revenue and expenditure. With the National Budget already swollen to dangerous dimensions, Party politicians might hesitate before committing themselves to such a further development. I believe that much indeed could be done by adjustment and rearrangement, by wise economies, by a policy of peace and vigorous control of those "Empire builders" who thrust forward wars and expeditions in the remoter regions of the world. Unless such a policy be enforced, the outlook is dark indeed; for if once the mass of the voters of this country apprehend that the cause of the failure in the betterment

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

of their condition is the expenditure upon maintaining the "White Man's Burden" in Somaliland or Thibet, the cry will prove almost irresistible for a withdrawal of the Empire's boundaries, and the claims of a Little England at home. But, beyond the sources of expenditure at present available, some of us are looking with hopeful eyes at further sources of revenue, and a broadening of the basis of taxation in a direction far removed from an impost upon the food of the poor. We can see a revenue obtainable from a judicious system of Land Taxation, a payment justly demanded by a State which has taken over from the landholder all the responsibilities formerly associated with territorial "ownership." We would demand, with this, the extension of the system of graduation already accepted, in the Income Tax; so that irresponsible and unsettled wealth should contribute far more than at present to the general well-being of the community—a system by which not only would revenue be obtained, but a real menace to the future removed. And many of us regard with friendliness the suggestion for the increase of the direct taxation of unearned incomes, and of the dividends on capital invested abroad; such as the scheme recently put forward by Mr. Pethick Lawrence as an alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's wild and hazardous schemes for Preferential treatment of Colonies and Empire.

With some such modest programme as this now outlined, any Party seriously concerned with the welfare and future of the common people of England might start upon that work of social reconstruction which has been too long delayed. It is a programme in no respects revolutionary, involving no large organic changes, asserting no novel legislative principles. It would not, if carried out in its entirety, inaugurate the Golden Age, nor abolish ills as old as time. But it would mark a step forward, and along winning lines; it would eliminate great masses of human wretchedness, and bring incalculable benefits to those patient, silent populations, amongst whom hope of amelioration has almost died away. It could be carried to completion by any Party which would recall the meaning of Patriotism,

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

too long forgotten, and recognise that the future of the English race is being decided, not on the boundaries of the world, but here, at the Heart of the Empire.

The first impression of the life of those submerged cities which are the particular products of the world's latest changes, is that of a large disorder. The visitor sees existence, as it seems, drifting without purpose or plan : man dying, man being born : a confusion of human habitations, a confusion of human lives. Restless, dissatisfied faces haunt him along all the city ways ; he apprehends something gone astray, the lost key of progress : a people which has missed the object of its being. Children are playing in all the streets ; there are casual places of worship, casual places of pleasure ; the atmosphere is of unsettlement and vague disturbance, as if humanity, fleeing from some threatened destruction, had encamped in any huddled fashion for a night and a day. He sees no evident system, or mutual dependence, or effort towards an organic whole ; here are a thousand worlds each pursuing its separate functions ; amid the multitude crowded in lane and alley, each walks unheeded and alone. Later, this first impression fades, to be replaced by another. Just below the surface everywhere appear order, machinery, regulation. The children are drilled and instructed under close law ; the policeman is at every corner, the rebellious, as quietly as may be, conveyed into servitude ; the infirm, the broken, the old, are shut up behind high walls, away from the pleasant life of man. Begging is sternly suppressed, squalor sedulously hidden away ; no sights of naked poverty are tolerated, such as those which scandalise the tourist in the sunshine of a southern town. The roads are swept and cleaned, the sewage system unimpeachable, the public lavatories unparalleled in Europe. Behind the decent citizen, as he treads his narrow appointed path, brood large impersonal forces, waiting to pounce upon the errant, and drive him back along the accustomed ways. At the end comes the public cemetery, with free, efficient burial for the unimportant dead. Contemplating this spectacle of a large activity, the observer is moved to a further inquiry. To

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

what end? The meaning of it all? The design of the elaborate machinery, and the results attained, are questions which open far-reaching issues. What relation, he will ask, have these lavatories and these cemeteries, all the busy exercises of Government, its institutions, its inspectors, its smooth and polished mechanisms, with anything which, from the experience of all the past, he can recognise as a civilisation? He sees common humanity condemned to monotonous toil and mirthless pleasure, with no intelligible advance in gentleness and the art of living; rarely rising to a vivid and passionate apprehension of the greatness of its life in the present, or of its immeasurable future destiny. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." "For that myriad humanity which throngs the cities of England," is the verdict of a critic of an alien race, "I feel a profound pity; for it seems to me that in factory, in mine, in warehouse, the life they have chosen to live in the past, the lives those born into that country must almost inevitably lead now, is further off from beauty, more remote from spirit, more alien from deity, than that led by any people hitherto in the memory of the world."

With the problem thus apprehended, desire is deepened for the wider distribution of the constituents of human well-being; for the transformation of present society into something more just, more intelligible, more humane. The belief has indeed vanished, that political or social change, effected by Legislature or Council, has power of itself to create the world of our desire, and bring that better day for which all are longing. Life for the mass of mankind will never be a victorious business. At the best it is afternoon, with a touch of evening in it, and the coming night; well if under an unclouded sky, with light on the horizon, and a promise of sleep untroubled by bad dreams. Material change can but prepare for things greater than itself: removing obstacles, constructing channels for those liberating and spiritual forces which alone can transfigure the lot of man. But here, surely, and more, perhaps, now than in all past days, the work of a deliberate social reconstruction is offering great opportunities to the energies of reform. I can understand

TOWARDS A CIVILISATION

impatience and bitter feeling amongst those who see time passing and nothing accomplished, and the forces of evil increasing continually, and another generation and yet another growing into distorted, unlovely life, whose life might have been a thing so different. I cannot understand those who, confronted with the branding and defacement of the bodies and the souls of men which are the handiwork of the modern city, are satisfied with routine and trivial action, heedless alike of challenge and appeal. So much can be done, so much demands doing ; in the days of the life of a man, as all the past witnesses, a world may perish, a world be born.

The writer through whose work London first became articulate, has described how the noise of the street-organ gathered up for him all the confusion of the city wilderness. "The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unsatisfied desire ; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labour and misery ; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigour, knowing the darkness of the years to come ; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood, and revolts against the lot which would tame it ; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes," said George Gissing, "speaks to you as you listen." In that "vulgar clanging" he found an undreamt-of pathos, and "the secret of hidden London half revealed."

"How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives."

Our cities, as all others, are "built to music." Yet it is no exultant melody that rises to-day from their labyrinthine warrens. "This music mads me," one might exclaim with the tormented king ;—"in me, it seems, it will make wise men mad." But there are those who, amid the discord of failure and baffled purpose, hear echoes of other harmonies ; hearing, are content to work for the promise of the future, and a hope beyond the desire of dreams.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

Qui a vu la misère des hommes, n'a rien vu, il faut voir la misère des femmes ; qui a vu la misère des femmes, n'a rien vu, il faut voir la misère des enfants.

IT is not needful to take us into the slums of our big towns and to show us the children there, before our sympathies can be aroused in favour of a scheme like that of the Garden City. There are yards in our small towns, there are cottages in our villages, which make us ask how anything human can possibly live and grow therein. And yet there are men and women who are able to lift up their heads out of the dark and dirt ; they do not all go under without a fight. It is these men and women who have our sympathy ; it is for them, if not for any other reason, that we should welcome such a scheme as this of the Garden City. For wastrels there is, one would suppose, still less place here than in any other town ; their case is indeed deplorable, but it must be dealt with elsewhere. Mr. Lever is said to be able to let his cottages at Port Sunlight to his own workmen at a lower rent than he otherwise would be willing to accept, because he reaps the advantage in his manufactory from their improved health and condition. It would surely be worth a national effort if any means could be found, at one and the same time, to raise the quality of the work, and to stop the degeneracy in the physique of the working population to which factory life so often leads.

The root idea of the *First Garden City Company Limited* is, in the promoter's words, "to deal at once with the two vital questions of overcrowding in our towns and the depopulation of our rural districts."

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

Advantage will be taken of the existing inclination among manufacturers to escape from the high rents and growing expenses of our bigger towns by moving out their works to the country. They will be invited to take sites in a city where the recuperative power of the workmen and their families, before it is too late, will have the best encouragement, if only they can be persuaded to follow their employers. One has heard of more than one such move which has been checkmated by the refusal of the men to leave the town for the new surroundings. The fact that the affairs of Garden City will begin in the hands of "a paternal government," with a definite policy of unselfish development for the good of the community, is a guarantee which ought to go far to reassure the suspicious workmen. But, no doubt, there will still be some who will prefer their freedom in squalor to being forced to live on a higher plane than they have accustomed themselves to.

The problems which the Directors of Garden City have at once to face are those which we have always with us. The housing of the working classes stands in the forefront ; it is closely followed by Temperance Reform, Co-operation, municipal enterprise, smokeless factories, and so forth. In tackling these, the Directors claim that they have one powerful agent on their side, which is, in other cities at least, a dead weight against the possibility of reform. They believe that they have once and for all made captive that nightmare of economists, the Unearned Increment, and can train it to the service of the community.

They point out, in the prospectus of the new company, that they anticipate four main advantages from their new departure :—

"First, the provision of hygienic conditions of life for a considerable working population.

"Secondly, the stimulation of agriculture by bringing a market to the farmer's door.

"Thirdly, the relief of the tedium of agricultural life by accessibility to a large town.

"Fourthly, the inhabitants will have the satisfaction of knowing that the increment of value of the land, created by themselves, will be devoted to their own benefit."

The first and the third of these advantages we may here,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

for shortness' sake, treat together. The combination of town and country life, of fresh air with proximity to the factory, of freedom and space with the social and recreative opportunities that can only be obtained with numbers—these are advantages which need no recommendation. The prospect of their attainment is a simple one, it follows as a natural result of the establishment of Garden City on the lines proposed ; its assurance rests mainly on two conditions. These are : the limitation of the number of inhabitants of the city, and the provision of a belt of farm land round the city which cannot be built upon. The limitation of numbers, and the “ paternal ” oversight of all building schemes, ought to ensure, if anything can, that all are suitably housed. The growth of suburbs of small, closely packed houses, such as girdle most of our expanding towns, is here impossible ; such an excrescence would take the form of a separate township, with at any rate a strip of open country between it and the Garden metropolis. But, with regard to the third advantage mentioned above, it is only fair to say, that the 30,000 inhabitants of Garden City will not be agriculturists. And, apart from any special quality which may enhance their entertainments, it is difficult to see how they will afford to their country neighbours more accessible relief from the tedium of agricultural life than any other town of similar size.

Whilst then the first of these advantages would be perhaps the greatest boon that any scheme could possibly contemplate for the working population of our country, it does not appear fair to claim for the Garden City any pre-eminence over other towns with regard to the other. It is interesting to see that the first advantage is already elsewhere occupying people's attention, and that, with this object in view, steps are being taken to form a “ Garden Suburb ” for some of the working families of London. Mr. Walter Hazell informed a representative of the *Westminster Gazette* a little while ago, that Mrs. Barnett and some of her friends are acquiring land in Hampstead “ to furnish a very much improved condition of living for a certain number of London workers, who shall be able to reach their homes by means of the new Tube from Charing

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

Cross to Hampstead." Where it is already too late to limit the number of inhabitants in proportion to the cultivated land surrounding or intersecting our towns, this experiment is likely to show how, by improved means of locomotion, it may be possible to bring the factory hands out into the fresh air.

Let us now turn to the other two advantages claimed by its promoters for Garden City. Again, one of them appears on examination to be more real than the other. But let it not be supposed that the object of this article is to find flaws in the scheme. On the contrary, any one who lives in the neighbourhood of the new site hears for himself plenty of criticism of the supposed intentions of the Directors. The more practical these intentions can be shown to be, the more sympathy and the more actual support will the scheme command. It is certainly in its best interests that all fallacious and dreamlike elements should be shed at this point of its development, in order that attention may not be led astray, or sympathy alienated, from its genuine and practical purposes. Readers of Mr. Howard's book, assuming that all the suggestions contained in it are on the point of being forced into existence in this experiment, consign the Garden City at once to the land of dreams. The city runs the risk of being condemned out of the mouth of its most loyal promoter; and the Secretary has found it necessary to write to the papers, publicly dissociating the scheme from the details as worked out in Mr. Howard's book. The one idea which the Directors adhere to, and which they are preparing to put into practice, is that of the reservation of the increment in land-value for the benefit of the community. This, and the stimulation of agriculture by the nearness of the market to the farmer's door, form the other two advantages mentioned above.

On the subject of the latter, the farmers in the neighbourhood have already been asking questions. They have for many years felt the question of farm labour to be one of the most difficult with which they have to deal. Not only is labour scarcer than it was, owing to the migrations to the towns; but what remains is less efficient or less

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

careful, and demands higher wages. In the belt of farms round the Garden City, and in the neighbourhood outside, it is not anticipated that the competition of factories will make it easier for farmers in this respect. Elsewhere the same thing has already happened. In South Wales, to take one instance, the farmers have been terribly hampered by the withdrawal of labourers from the land to the mines and works. In a small town in Hertfordshire, the establishment of one factory, employing a considerable number of girls, has made the question of household servants more difficult for the private residents. A tendency has arisen to weigh the value of each hour's housework by comparison with the scale of wages to be earned at the factory.

The Secretary of Garden City Company is reported to have said, that his remedy for the increase in labourers' wages would be found in a corresponding reduction in rents. If this may be taken as a pronouncement on the part of the new landlords, it should certainly do something to relieve the anxiety of their tenants, though perhaps not that of the adjacent landlords.

Some of the farmers are asking what they shall grow for this market, so providentially set down at their doors. Shall they grow vegetables? If every house is to have its garden plot on purpose to grow vegetables for its own use, the farmers will always have to take a second place, at any rate, in this market. If there is any advantage to be gained in supplying this city of gardeners with additional vegetables, one would suppose it would fall to the holders of the real market-garden farms on the green-sand in Bedfordshire, to the north of Garden City. These have for some time now severely felt the competition of warmer climates, which have gradually been brought within reach; and any help to their languishing trade will be welcome. But if London prefers Egyptian to Bedfordshire onions, will the people of Garden City be less fastidious?

Or shall they grow milk? In the first place their land is mostly agricultural, and not too well supplied with pasture. The dairies of the city will have to compete with the dairy

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

farmers along the railway, who already find themselves able to send milk every day as far as London. One of the recommendations of Garden City is its splendid accessibility by road and rail from all directions.

And wheat? When one considers that English millers are probably buying two-thirds or three-fourths of their wheat from America, and visiting the markets of all the neighbouring counties to make their choice for the rest, it seems likely that Garden City wheat may never find its way into Garden City ovens.

It may of course be taken for granted, that the inhabitants will require beef and mutton; and it is to be hoped that their co-operative stores will reap a large profit from their butchers' departments. But the trade in sheep is no more a merely local one than the trade in wheat. In most towns now there are shops for the sale of imported meat—there are at least three within two miles of Garden City.

The presence of 30,000 hungry mouths would have, of course, an effect upon the food supply in any neighbourhood; but here again the very boasted accessibility of Garden City leads one to surmise, that the benefits accruing from supplying its demands will be spread over a larger area than that under the control of the Board of Directors. And if it is intended that the City Stores shall give preference to the City farmers, and buy and sell at a price which will compensate them for the higher price of labour and "rate-rents," it will be a wonderful thing if their customers do not find some enterprising shopkeeper in Hitchin or Baldock, outside the protected belt of co-operative ideals, who will sell to them, to put it shortly, the produce of the rest of the world at competitive prices. That living in Garden City will be cheap in comparison with London, there is no manner of doubt. But it should be acknowledged that the "garden" nature of the new city does not afford, *per se*, any incentive or stimulus to neighbouring agriculture, which is not found in the neighbourhood of any town of like dimensions.

There remains to be considered the one great idea of Mr. Howard's book by which the new Company will stand

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

or fall—the retention of the unearned increment in the value of land for the benefit of the community. How to secure this value to the community, and how to use it when secured, is in reality the one novel problem in the structure of the Garden City. It marks it off from all other towns, and gives it a chance which we may suppose they now will never have.

All land is to be held under lease from the Company, which, though owner, is pledged to use its powers as landlords, and all rents and profits beyond 5 per cent. on its shares, for the good of the community. At present we are in the dark as to the nature of these leases; and yet it is obvious that everything depends on them. What will the covenants be which will prevent the leaseholder from absorbing the increased value of the land on which he builds, and yet, at the same time, will *not* prevent him from feeling his tenure too unsatisfactory to make it worth his while to lay out all he might on his plot? Will the leases be long enough to satisfy the persons who build, and at the same time the rents high enough to compensate the Company for waiting for the end of the leases before they can be raised? Or will there be a sliding scale of rents, automatically rising *pro rata* with the increase in population, and so, presumably, with the increase in the demand for and the value of land?

At the inaugural lunch at Letchworth in October, Mr. Neville said he hoped that the first leaseholders, in return for their pluck in embarking on so new an experiment, would reap a substantial benefit from their positions. This must mean that there will be a margin between the ground rent payable to the landlords and the rent at which the leaseholders could let their plots to others. Mr. Ebenezer Howard, in his lecture at Hitchin later in the same month, suggested that he would like a clause inserted in the leases by which a certain capital value should be reserved, and paid back to the outgoing tenant at the end of his lease. This makes it harder to see how, under such circumstances, most of the profit is reserved for the good of the community.

The scale of ground rents of building plots is to be such that, after paying 5 per cent. on the purchase price (£40 per acre) and, say, 4 per cent. and something to a sinking fund on money borrowed for roads and other outlay, there will be

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

yet a margin over towards paying for general expenses, upkeep, &c., usually covered by the General District Rate.

In guessing at what a manufacturer will be willing to pay in ground rent for his plot, it is useless to argue from London prices of land. It may be taken for granted that he will not be willing to pay much more, if any, than he would have to pay two miles away, say at Hitchin, or at any suitable place in a similar locality.

Land has been selling lately on the outskirts of Hitchin at £500 per acre, to be cut up into building plots upon which small houses will be built at about fourteen to the acre, at a rental of about £20 a year each. The roads are already made by the vendor; and it would appear that a new road, with building plots on both sides, costs about £100 for every acre of land sold.

Let us turn these capital values into terms of annual interest or ground rent. The Hitchin builder is willing to give £500 for an acre of land, with the roads already made. Three and a half per cent. interest may be taken as a reasonable return on an investment at Hitchin in ground rents. £500 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. = £17 10s. Let us suppose he would be willing to pay the same £17 10s. for an acre in Garden City. The land has cost £40 per acre, and the shareholders have been promised a return of 5 per cent. (cumulative) upon this, out of the rentals. But there are roads to be made; and it is stated that they will be far more sumptuous than Hitchin streets. But let us take the same cost of £100 for the roads per acre of land sold, as in Hitchin.

Interest on £40 at 5 per cent. . . .	£2 0
Interest and 30 year sinking fund on £100 borrowed to make roads	5 0
	<hr/>
Total	£7 0

Balance therefore available for other purposes	£10 10 per acre
	<hr/>
	<u>£17 10</u>

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

But it must be borne in mind, that this is only earned by that portion of the estate which is built upon.

For the sake of argument, we may assume that other rates, for lighting, water, upkeep, and public expenses, will be merely their cost price, and more or less the same in both towns. It is, however, fair to say, that, as Garden City has to borrow money for *all* her public works from the very beginning, the charges for interest and repayment of loans will be proportionately larger than in older towns, where the expenditure of past generations has long ago been repaid.

But what affects the point under consideration more than anything else is this. The Company is pledged to a cumulative dividend of 5 per cent. on its shares, which represent the purchase price of £40 per acre. It has to find, therefore, an average rental of £2 per acre. In the neighbourhood of Letchworth and Baldock, it may feel fortunate if it gets an average rent from the agricultural portion of its estate of £1 per acre. Thus the rents of the building plots will have to make up probably £1 per acre on all the agricultural land—perhaps two-thirds of the estate; and, if the Secretary's proposal is carried out, to reduce farm rents in proportion as farm wages increase, the deficit will be still more important. Besides this, there will have to be found the same annual charge of £2 per acre on the area of the roads and on land set aside for parks, open spaces, and public buildings. The margin, therefore, will be considerably reduced before it is available for public purposes. Is it not possible that it may be all absorbed, at any rate for a long time?

It will therefore be readily seen how anxiously the terms and covenants of the leases are awaited, not only by intending speculators, but also by would-be supporters of the philanthropists who are promoting the scheme.

Other questions can only be answered by lapse of time, and will arise later in the life of the new city. As soon as the city is established, and has been granted urban powers, there will be an Urban Council elected by the ratepayers, who will have power to levy rates in the usual way. There will also be a Board of Directors representing the share-

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

holders. The latter may some time find themselves in possession of a considerable income, which they will be pledged to spend for what they consider to be the good of the community living upon their land. This may be done by way of grant in reduction of rates, or in the provision of "sweetness and light," in the spirit of the Carnegie trust at Dunfermline. Here, again, we await the disclosure of the terms of the leases, in order to know what the Directors will pledge themselves to provide, in return for the "rate-rent" which they are to levy on their tenants.

Between these two bodies, one elected and representative, the other possibly composed of strangers with the independent interest, however philanthropical their intentions may be, of onlookers in the game, many problems of universal application may come up for decision. Should there be antagonism between the policies of the democratic and the "paternal" governments, it may be foreseen that Garden City shares will become very important counters in local politics, carrying, as they would carry, the control of the Company's funds and the powers of landlords.

But if the two bodies work together for the common good, the community ought to be in an exceptionally good position, having a fund to draw upon, unrestricted by Government auditors or even by the foreshadowings of future municipal elections. With such a fund, what experiments could be tried in housing and temperance reforms, or in technical Education! If Mr. Lever can consider himself repaid for letting his own workmen good cottages under cost price, in the improved work they do for him—if the manufacturers of Garden City are imbued with the ambitions of Mr. Lever and Mr. Cadbury, they may do something to save us from the encroachments of the Germans, by annulling the divorce of theory from practice which at present causes such distrust of our educational, as well as of our commercial systems. If, instead of turning our schoolrooms into workshops, a really educational element could be introduced into some of our factories, we might be saved from depending on fiscal assistance in the struggle to keep abreast of the scientific methods of other countries.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

To give to our vast working population physically sounder bodies, greater intellectual energy and skill in their work, socially higher ideals, and a wider view of their responsibilities—if these are within the reach of Garden City schemes, the more land that can be secured for such experiments the better. But people will not subscribe to municipal Arcadias, however charming the sites chosen, without guarantees that they will have a practical and natural existence, apart from the dreams in which they have their origin. It will be well if the Directors could set these doubts at rest as soon as possible. But, granted that they will be able to do so, and that the city will soon grow to its full size, there remains a question affecting outsiders more than the citizens.

What sort of a neighbour will Garden City be? When once the factories have thriven enough to fill the city to the limits set to her population, what effect will the fluctuations in trade, which are sure to come in the future as in the past, have upon the neighbouring towns? These, no doubt, will prosper in times of activity by the demand for labour; but, in times of depression and slackness of trade, will they not also have to bear the distress of Garden City as well as their own? Will they not have to find lodgings for the less desirable elements refused by, or unable to aspire to, the Rowton Houses of Garden City? It will devolve upon these to take a lesson from their new neighbour, and to protect themselves from the speculator and the slum builder. If the example of Garden City had the effect of clearing our small towns of some of the existing unhealthy cottages, we should welcome the difficulties which otherwise she seems to bring in her train.

And, after all, though we may have neglected our duties in our old towns, allowed our sky to be built out and our air defiled, are we not, from an economic point of view, in possession of an "unearned increment," in our free inheritance of everything our forefathers did and paid for? And can we value these things at less than the enhanced value of the land? The fact is, that the puzzle of Garden City is not in the old sense an economic one; it is rather moral or ethical. Like the "uneconomic" customs which have governed the management of the large agricultural

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY COMPANY

estates of England, where the lord of the estate has built churches and schools, and is in many places almost responsible for the moral and social well-being of his tenants, as well as pocketing his lion's share of their losses, there is growing up, apparently, a similar responsibility in commercial and manufacturing relations. There are elements in the gospel of Mr. Carnegie—that rich men should die poor—and in the experiments of Mr. Cadbury and Mr. Lever, as well as in the management of an increasing number of factories, which do not find a place in our old text-books of political economy. In their attempt to carry these kindly elements a step further into town life and municipal government, we may wish the Directors of Garden City the success their excellent intentions deserve.

HUGH E. SEEBOHM

P.S.—Since I wrote the above article, the Secretary has kindly informed me that two forms of leases are at present under discussion by the Directors. One is for a long period—from 60 to 90 years—at the highest rent which they can immediately command. The other is a perpetual lease, and so almost amounts to a freehold ; but the rent will be liable to revision and adjustment to the standard of neighbouring plots every ten years, or at recurring short intervals.

In the first case, if the Directors are able to obtain anything like £20 per acre under a 90 years' lease, they will to this extent have created at once an Unearned Increment in the value of the building land, simply by virtue of their scheme. But it is of course impossible to say how much further increment will accrue to the tenant during the next 90 years. The second form of lease seems more in accordance with the aims of Garden City, in that the rents, and so also the benefits to the community, would be directly affected by the success or the failure of the scheme, and would rise concurrently with the increase of population and the demand for land.

H. E. S.

RELIGION AND REVELATION

I

IN discussing in a previous number of this Review¹ what I have called Ecclesiasticism, I defined it as Religion Embodied in a Church ; and a Church I defined as an organisation which claims to be the depository of a truth otherwise inaccessible to the human reason. I offered some arguments tending to show that the existence of such organisations, at any rate when they adopt to the full the logical consequences of their position, has been, and perhaps still is, a grave danger to society. But I did not in that discussion approach the more fundamental question of the nature and justification of the claim to possess an authority independent of and superior to reason, and the connection of religion with such a claim. It is this question which I propose to discuss in the present article.

In doing so, I shall have to venture boldly and without reserve upon topics which it is customary to treat with a reticence hardly compatible with complete honesty. Perhaps, therefore, I may be permitted at the outset to express my regret, should anything I may say give offence to the religious instinct of any of my readers. Nothing is further from my intention or desire. And indeed, I hardly believe that it will be those who have the finest sense of religion, that will be the most inclined to resent my candour. Rather it is precisely they who will be most willing to investigate the ground and nature of their belief, and who will repudiate the application to this momentous question of a method of hushing up and slurring over which they would deprecate in any of the ordinary business of life. Such readers, I think, will not receive what I have to say in

¹ See the October Number, 1903.

RELIGION AND REVELATION

a spirit of hostility, however profoundly they may disagree with it. And should they, as may very probably be the case, find my treatment to be more summary and dogmatic than comports with the difficulty of the subject, I will ask them to remember that I am sacrificing much that might otherwise be desirable, to the effort to state precisely and clearly an issue which, as I think, is precedent to all theology, and vital to all religion.

That issue I would put, in a preliminary way, as follows :—

“Is there a way of attaining truth about real existences which is different in kind from the method of science, or of philosophy; which depends not upon direct perception, internal or external, clarified by analysis, tested by comparison, and supplemented by inference, but upon some peculiar and unique intuition, having a validity superior to any other, and not properly subject to the ordinary critical tests?”

Some such way of attaining truth seems to be implied in what is called Revelation. And it is the claim to rest upon Revelation that gives to religion, as it is commonly conceived, a unique and peculiar place among the forms of human activity. It is that which underlies the exceptional position assumed by Churches, and gives an exceptional weight to particular books. And, though I do not myself think that religion depends upon Revelation, yet its character cannot fail to be profoundly modified by our acceptance or rejection of such an avenue to truth. The question, therefore, which I propose to put, is one of great importance. It is the question whether the idea of Revelation can be made to agree with the normal intellectual assumptions of the twentieth century. And we may perhaps best approach it if we begin by asking what kind of truth it is that is supposed to be communicable by Revelation, and not communicable by other methods? For by taking this point first we shall be able to narrow the field of enquiry.

Now, if we consider the great religions of history, and especially Christianity, with which we in Europe are most immediately concerned, it appears that they include in their Revelation two distinct kinds of information: the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

first dealing with matters of fact stated to have occurred in the past, the second with truths, affirmed to be eternally valid, about God and His relation to the world. I shall take first the question of historical fact : the propositions, let us say, that Jesus Christ existed at such and such a date, that He was born of a virgin, that He did and said such and such things, that He was crucified and buried, that He rose again, and that He ascended into heaven. And on this point I would simply ask my readers whether they really do believe that facts of that kind ought to be accepted on any other evidence than that of History itself ; whether they believe that there is a short cut to those particular pieces of information, such as would certainly be repudiated in the case of any other historical events ? If any one replies in the affirmative, I have on this head no more to say. But if, on the other hand, it be agreed that the truth of the story of the life and death of Christ must stand or fall by the ordinary criteria of evidence, then that whole question is removed from the sphere of Revelation to that of History ; and Religion, so far as it is conceived to depend upon the facts we are considering, becomes dependent upon historical enquiry. This is, in fact, the position which, as I cannot but believe, educated and intelligent men do now, and will more and more in the future, adopt. But if that be so, and in so far as it is so, the result must be a profound modification of the character of religious belief.

For those who are acquainted with the nature of historical enquiries, the uncertainty of testimony, the prejudice of witnesses, the doubtfulness of documents, who have watched, in other religions than the Christian, the growth of myths and the creation of fictitious personalities, may easily assure themselves, without entering far into the laborious inquiry, that its results are bound to be in the highest degree tentative and uncertain, that scholars to the end of the chapter will continue to disagree and to dispute, and that, in fact, there is not evidence sufficient in quality or in quantity to establish any unquestionable final truth. Now, in an ordinary historical inquiry, this might be a matter of small moment. Men do not much or profoundly care whether, for example, Lycurgus existed or no, what was

RELIGION AND REVELATION

the exact contribution to the constitutional history of Athens of the reforms of Draco or of Solon, nor about any of the thousand and one similar points which are the subject of historical controversy. But it is a very different matter when they are asked to stake their whole conception of life on the dubious result of inquiries so difficult. And a man who thinks about the issue at all, and is bent upon honesty, will, I believe, incline to set aside the whole controversy as irrelevant to whatever is really essential in religion, and seek elsewhere than in History the basis on which to erect the fabric of his belief and conduct. He may, indeed, find a religious inspiration in the recorded life and sayings of Christ. But the inspiration would be the same, whether he regarded the record of the Gospels as myth or as fact, and would depend, not on the existence of Christ, in the past or in the present, but on the conception of life embodied in His story.

Such, I cannot but think, must be the ultimate result, on every really religious and candid mind, of an acceptance of the scientific criterion in connection with the recorded life of Christ. It does not, of course, follow that many men will not continue for a long time to reject this conclusion. For men tend always to believe, what they want to believe, not what they are justified in believing ; and many people do very much want to believe in the factual truth of the story of Christ, if only because they have made it the foundation of their religious faith. But, on the other hand, those, be they many or few, who care enough about Religion to care whether it is true, know, or may know, that the truth or falsehood of the story of Christ can only be decided by historical investigation ; and, knowing that, those who have the profoundest sense of what Religion means will prefer, I think, to rest it on the immediate experience of life, rather than on the result of enquiries into a remote and uncertain past.

The readers who have gone with me so far I will now ask to go a step further. Supposing that we have handed over to science all questions of historical fact, does there remain some other kind of truth which may be held to be communicable by Revelation ? "Yes," it will be replied,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

“there remain what are really the most important truths of religion : the existence and nature of God and His relation to the world.” Let us proceed, then, to consider these. And, in the first place, let us note that, as a matter of fact, in the case of Christianity, as of the other great historical religions, the truth in question is intimately bound up with that factual truth which we have suggested must be relegated to the court of Science. Christians believe that God exists, that He has such and such a character, and that He cares about and directs the world, primarily because they believe that Jesus Christ existed and taught in the manner recorded. So far, then, as the doctrines of Christian theology depend upon these facts, they stand or fall, if the position I have put forward be accepted, by the verdict of History. I will suppose, however, that it is urged, that there is a direct revelation of theological truth, a revelation which may be confirmed, but cannot be shaken, by History, and which is communicated somehow to some special sense, so as not to be reducible to a department of Science.

This revelation may be supposed to be communicated, either to an individual mind, or to a Church. But the revelation to a Church must, I suppose, be conceived to rest originally upon revelation to individuals. It is the latter, therefore, as the more fundamental, which I shall consider. And I shall proceed straight to what appears to be the fundamental question :—What are the marks by which a Revelation is recognised, and which lead a man to separate off a certain set of his convictions, and say that they were arrived at by a route, and represent a kind of certainty, different from all others ?

The answer to this question ought clearly to be given by one who is conscious of possessing this special avenue to truth, not by one who, like myself, is aware that he does not possess it. Judging, however, from what has been said on the subject by those professing to have experience, and from what appear to be the general possibilities of the case, I venture to suggest, that Revelation can only be conceived in one of two ways : either as an immediate intuition conveyed in what is regarded as a moment of supernormal perception, or as the gradually garnered result of the normal

RELIGION AND REVELATION

experience of life. I shall consider each of these possibilities in turn.

And first, with regard to the intuition of the exceptional moment, it is, of course, indisputable, that such experiences occur, and are conceived by those who receive them to be communications of absolute truth. The familiar phenomenon of "conversion" is a case in point. But, for our present purpose, the important question is, whether the belief of the recipient in the evidential value of the experience is justified. And I think a little consideration will show that it is not. For it is noticeable, that the truth supposed to be revealed in the moment of conversion is commonly, if not invariably, the reflection of the doctrine or theory with which the subject, whether or no he has accepted it, has hitherto been most familiar. I have never heard, for example, of a case in which a Mahommedan or a Hindoo, without having ever heard of Christianity, has had a revelation of Christian truth; or even of a case of the conversion in this way to Roman Catholicism of one who has been brought up an Evangelical, or *vice versa*. Conversion, in fact, it would seem, is not the communication of a new truth; it is the presentation of ideas already familiar, in such a way that they are accompanied by an irresistible certainty that they are true. But this sense of certainty may attach to any kind of intellectual content. If a man has been brought up a Christian he will be converted to a belief in Christ. If he has been trained as a Hindoo, he will receive the vision of the Absolute. If he is optimistic by temperament, he will have a revelation that the world is good; if pessimistic, it will be borne in upon him that it is bad. All of these revelations cannot be true. One may be true and the others false. But, in that case, we must find our criterion of truth and falsehood somewhere else than in the subjective certainty of the converted person. And, that this must be so, will be even more clear, when we reflect that, so far as the element of subjective certainty is concerned, a religious revelation cannot be distinguished from what would be admitted to be the hallucinations of disease. There is no idea in a person's mind which may not, under the appropriate conditions, become an *idée fixe*, and substitute

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

itself, in the consciousness of the patient, for what is commonly taken to be reality. A man may be convinced with equal assurance that he is a poached egg or a saint, that he has a mission to assassinate the King or to redeem the world, that he is eternally damned or eternally saved, that he has had a vision of the Virgin Mary or a vision of Nirvana. I do not suggest that there is no distinction in truth and value between the various ideas that may thus be imposed by moments of emotional excitement upon different minds—that the visions, say, of Saint Francis are not more important than those of Marie Alacoque, or the conversion of Saint Paul than that of a dipsomaniac in the Salvation Army. But it is indisputable, that the test of validity must be sought somewhere else than in the sense of certainty felt by the person who claims to have had the revelation. In other words, the truth of a doctrine supposed to be thus conveyed, or the goodness of a moral intuition, must be sifted, before they can be accepted, by the ordinary normal processes, and, except as the result of such a sifting, performed deliberately and again and again, in calm and normal moments, no man who is at once religious, honest, and intelligent, will or ought to accept the deliverances of any so-called revelation of this type. But to admit this, is to admit that we reject Revelation as a basis of religion ; if, that is, Revelation be conceived as the direct communication of truth in a moment of supernormal, or—as is just as likely to be the case—of infranormal experience.

But if Revelation be not so conceived, how is it to be conceived ? Many people who have experience of religion would, I think, reply somewhat as follows :—

“We received originally, on authority, if you like, a certain doctrine which also commended itself to our affections—the doctrine, in brief, which we conceive to contain the essence of Christianity : that there is a God who loves us as a Father loves his children ; that Jesus Christ is His son ; that He lived upon earth and died upon the Cross ; that His death is the assurance of our redemption ; and that that redemption is gradually working itself out under His immediate direction, in the course of the history of the world, and of individual lives. Further, we believe that souls are

RELIGION AND REVELATION

immortal, and are destined, those of them at least who are saved, to enter into eternal bliss. The doctrine thus received we have carried with us through the experience of life. And, if once we believed it on authority, we believe it now because we have found that it works. At moments of trouble we have had recourse to it, and have not found it to fail us. We have proved it to be progressively capable of interpreting experience. And when we say that it is "revealed," what we mean is, that though we could never have arrived at it by the unaided operation of the reason, yet, once it was given us, we tested and found it to be true. We cannot indeed prove it by the intelligence, but we have proved it by life ; and, though its source be super-rational, in its operation it has shown itself to be reasonable."

I do not know whether, in this brief exposition, I have done justice to the position of those whom I respect as at once the most religious and most rational of Christians. But I have endeavoured to do so ; and I must now indicate what I conceive to be the intellectual weakness of the position, without questioning its efficacy as a rule of life.

And, first, I must point out, that the view I have indicated depends, in part at least, on the assumption that the story of the Gospel is true. But that, I have urged, is a matter that can be determined only by historical criticism, and about which it is not to be expected that such criticism will ever attain to certainty. No experience of life can affect the conclusion one way or the other. Either Christ existed, and was as described, or He did not. And the truth on this subject cannot be modified by the fact that it is possible to weave about His recorded history an eminently consolatory and helpful scheme of life. Further, with regard to the other elements of the doctrine,—the existence and nature of God and the immortality of the soul,—these, though in the Christian scheme they are closely connected with the belief in Christ, are no doubt capable of being held independently. But, even so, in what sense can they be said to be "revealed" ? The fact that they afford a solution of the riddle of the world which to many minds is satisfactory, does not in itself show anything about their

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

truth or falsehood. It shows merely the tremendous bias under which criticism has to act. The belief in what is called Revelation, is, I fear, in such an instance as this, only a reflection of the intense need to believe. But such need can be no guarantee of truth, though it may be the most fruitful impulse in the search for truth. Here too, the fact that the belief works, is no evidence of its validity, but only of its efficacy. Its validity can only be tested by the ordinary processes of criticism. And this is a fact which it will, I cannot but think, become increasingly impossible for the most religious and the most candid minds to deny. There is no general presumption that what is helpful and good is also true. We may desire, and rightly, that it should be so ; and that desire may be, as I believe it is, the main stimulus in our search for truth. But it cannot be more ; and it is, I feel sure, to the interest of Religion, as well as of Science, that this should be recognised as soon and as widely as possible.

This must conclude what I had to say on the subject of Revelation. Revelation, I have suggested, in proportion as men become honest, educated, and intelligent, will cease to be regarded as a satisfactory basis for religion ; for it will be increasingly recognised not to be an avenue to truth. And if, so far, I have carried my readers with me, I will ask them to proceed with me to the further question : Granting that Revelation must be set aside, does Religion disappear with it, or does the ordinary experience of life evoke and justify some point of view which may properly be called religious ?

In attempting an answer to this question, it will be useful, I think, to call attention to a feature which is common to all the great religions, and which differentiates them, on the one hand, from mere philosophical theories of the universe, and, on the other, from mere ethical systems. The point I have in mind is, that they combine in a close and indissoluble union two things which logically are quite distinct, namely, first, propositions about the nature of the world and man's relation to it, secondly, statements of values, of objects which ought to be pursued, and ought to give rise, perhaps do give rise, to passionate aspiration.

RELIGION AND REVELATION

Thus, on the one hand, in providing a system of the universe, they bring it into close connection with life by associating it with ideals ; and, on the other, in prompting ideals, they immensely enhance their attractive force by postulating that they can and will be realised in actual existence. But the elements which are thus closely associated in religion are, as I have said, logically distinct. A sound and true perception in the region of ideals may be accompanied by ignorance and misconception in the region of fact, and *vice versa*. And this, I think, is what has happened in the case of the great religions. Take, for instance, Christianity. It is commonly, and I think rightly, credited with embodying moral values of profound and singular importance, such, for example, as the brotherhood of man ; and, on the other hand, intellectually, its whole system of fact, its cosmology and theology, is, to say the least, inadequate. The story of the Garden of Eden, of the apple and the serpent, of the Fall, of the penalty incurred, not by Adam and Eve merely, but by the whole human race, of the Atonement by a vicarious sacrifice, of the two societies, the World and the Church, pursuing through History, side by side, their diverse destiny, the one to eternal damnation, the other to eternal blessedness—all this is mere mythology, and mythology not of the most edifying kind. But originally, it must always be remembered, this mythology was seriously put forward, not as metaphor or symbol, but as matter of fact, by the man who, more than any one else, laid the foundation of Christian theology. It was accepted as matter of fact by the Church. And if now, as I suppose is very largely the case, it is interpreted as mere allegory, that only illustrates the point I wish to make, that a religion which embodies profound moral intuitions may associate them with views about the universe, so inadequate and crude that subsequent generations have no choice but to interpret them as symbolism. There is thus an inherent instability in the great religions, due to the fact that their founders, commonly men of unique moral insight, have associated their moral teaching with theories about the world based upon no proper method of inquiry, and unable to meet the first brunt of intelligent criticism.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

And this brings me to the conclusion at which I am driving. If the whole development of the human mind in the last few centuries is not to be reversed, if we are not to relapse into intellectual barbarism, it will become increasingly impossible for any theory about the constitution of the world and the meaning of human destiny to be accepted, which does not rest explicitly upon the basis of science and philosophy, and is not amenable to and competent to sustain their criticism. In other words, it is not, and cannot be, the function of Religion to proclaim truths about the general structure of the universe, or to affirm that this or that Being does or does not exist. And the frank recognition of this fact implies that, whatever Religion may be in the future, it will be, unless all the intellectual heritage of the world is to be lost, something very different from what it has been in the past.

Let us turn now to the other aspect of Religion, that whereby it embodies statements of moral values. These are not necessarily affected by the truth or falsehood of the cosmological ideas with which they have been associated. And, in the future, as in the past, there will be, one may anticipate and hope, men of profound intuition in these matters, who will deliver their message to the world. The main difference that may be anticipated in the attitude of men towards the teacher will be, that they will no longer regard him as a person radically different from themselves, as a God or the Son of God, nor conceive His message to have a final, exhaustive, and infallible significance; but rather will recognise him to be a man like themselves, only more finely endowed, and will know that it is their duty, as it will be the duty of those who succeed them, not merely passively to accept, but to appropriate, to sift, and to test, the gospel he announces. They will regard him, in brief, as a poet, a saint, a practical reformer, and value and follow him accordingly, up to the measure of his merits and of their lights.

Now, granting all this, as I believe it will be granted by the readers whom I have in view, will there or will there not, under these conditions, be any place left for anything that ought properly to be called Religion? I believe that

RELIGION AND REVELATION

there will, and a very important one. There will still be an interaction, though no longer a fusion, between our conception of the world and our ideals. The former, indeed, we shall then take, probably in a very tentative form, from science and philosophy : the latter we shall hold more loosely, less dogmatically, though not therefore with less conviction, than before. But, in some form or other, we shall have both ; and Religion will consist in the passionate apprehension, not merely by the intellect but by the imagination, of the nature, as we conceive it, of the world as a whole and of our place in it, regarded from the point of view of our ideals. But the further elaboration of this position I must leave to a later article.

G. LOWES DICKINSON

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

ONE of the least controversial statements made by Mr. Chamberlain in the course of his agitation was, that "all is not well with British trade." For if the celebrated Blue Book and the Board of Trade Returns for 1903 dispose of his argument that our industries are "going, gone," or have a tendency to go, it is nevertheless true that they are in some branches capable of great expansion, both at home and abroad.

A leading feature of the "big fight"—to use another of Mr. Chamberlain's illustrations which has the singular merit of being correct—is the interest at length awakened as to how far our aptitudes for industry are neutralised by deficient educational equipment, more especially in respect of the training of leaders of industry and their agents. To make our training system worthy of our trade, is a main article of Free Trade policy ; but the advocates of high prices regard Education as a supplementary detail, or as a shibboleth of the fossilised reactionaries. The new economists, political or otherwise, declare commercial training to be no remedy ; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, going another step, deems it unpatriotic—if not libellous—to doubt the natural supremacy of England in Education, as in all else. Protection, so its votaries tell us, is our only possible resource ; commercial training is so much fiddling while Rome burns.

That is one line of cleavage between Free Trader and Protectionist, although the crying need for technical training is clearly demonstrated on the highest official and independent testimony, in the experience of observant travellers, in the comparative results of our own educational system and those of our rivals, and in the still more practical

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

object-lesson afforded by the shifting course of certain industries in certain States. It is notorious, that the world prepared itself for commercial rivalry, whilst Britain indulged in sectarian activity and in educational repose. Even now, a smaller expenditure is contemplated for a London technical centre, than has already been spent on a similar institution in St. Petersburg. If Charlottenburgs are not made in Germany only, it is we alone who have deemed it expedient to try and get on without them.

Our greater industries are those least handicapped through lack of State training and research. Elswick may spend £100,000 a year on scientific investigation, find its experts, and educate its rising agents and managers, and Lord Kelvin may give a fortuitous impulse to industry; but even that does not prevent an important industry, such as chemicals, being restricted or allowed to slip away, through the more effective scientific preparedness of a rival. Outside the sphere of the great combinations, and the quickening influence of the scientist, there are other undertakings whose managers need training for the skilled supervision and organised method, without which no industry can be an effective contributor to home or foreign trade.

Of such, British Forestry may be selected as a striking example. All is quite wrong with it! Sylviculture is an affair of first-class Imperial importance; and it affords, in its failure, an object-lesson against empiricism. "The science of Forestry is a science of observation, based upon facts which must be studied from a practical and a theoretical point of view." Having nothing to study, we have no Forestry. It has not even arrived at the stage of a depressed industry, despite the most favourable natural conditions for its successful prosecution: a calamity due to a single, simple cause—the absence of any object-lessons in sylviculture. Until, therefore, the State chooses to establish sylvicultural areas—and it must be the State, to secure continuity of expert control—we cannot have the scientific training for foresters which is peculiarly essential when all depends upon continuous skilled supervision throughout the long periods between the laying-down and the felling of a timber crop. Profitable forests entail a continuous policy which determines the original

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

purpose of a forest, changes it with changing conditions of the crop or of the market, and fixes rotations of, it may be, 20, 40, 80, or 150 years ; alters these if necessary ; decides the character of the crop ; grows, in short, the greatest weight of wood of the highest value in any given area ; and markets it or manufactures it to the best advantage. In no undertaking is skilled supervision more essential ; yet, with us, the first step necessary on the part of any aspirant to wood-management is to leave the country, for, within the ample bounds of our Empire, no man can learn Forestry.

In England, there is probably more real ignorance, both of the theory and practice of silviculture, than in any other civilised country, with the possible exception of Ireland. In Scotland, things have improved a little, though relatively only to the rest of the United Kingdom. In the Colonies, the example of the Motherland in the neglect of systematic silviculture is dutifully followed. So that, in perfect Imperial unity, wherever this vast asset in the hands of the British race is not wholly overlooked, it is recklessly destroyed.

The whole position was made perfectly clear in the Report, Evidence, and Statistical Tables of the Forestry Committee of 1902, appointed by the late Mr. Hanbury, whose short administration of the Board of Agriculture was so effective ; and our thanks are due to the eminent scientists and civil servants who served upon it, and to those who gave evidence. Not only were questions as to areas, quantities, the supply and demand, finally dealt with ; but the whole problem of the reserves and requirements of the timber supply of the world were thoroughly examined.

Some of the leading facts which emerge are :—

That the British woodland area is comparatively trivial, and, owing to ignorant methods, cultivated at an unnecessary loss.

That there are many million acres in the British Islands which could be profitably afforested, and give employment to a large landward population.

That forest training in Germany, France, and elsewhere, has reached a high level, followed by high rates of forest productivity and profit.

That State training grounds are the initial necessity.

That to develop effectively the timber resources of the Empire, the Imperial and other Governments must, as in other countries and in India, directly participate in the work of afforestation.

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

That we are threatened with a shortage of the world's timber supply, with a tendency even towards famine if the great Canadian reserve be continuously wasted.

British woodlands occupy nearly three million acres. They are the wonder of the foreign expert, and the despair of our own. Beautiful pleasure grounds and well-stocked coverts we have ; enthusiastic planters there have been and are ; but of commercial forestry we have none, even in the State forests whose management never dies. The 1902 Report found that : "there had probably been a further reduction of the already inadequate stock of timber in the wooded area since the first Forestry Inquiry of 1885-87." There is indeed but one opinion of our wood-lands. Dr. Schwappach of Eberswalde, Director of Prussian Forestry Investigation, who has paid us more than one visit, pronounced our thinning to be entirely opposed to what is considered good practice in Germany, and our woods to be stocked with the less profitable varieties of timber. The astonishment of the foreigner at the sight of our wood-lands is, indeed, only second to that which he experiences at the sight of so much waste land which is not stocked at all. M. Boppe, formerly Director of the French Forest School at Nancy, who visited this country at the invitation of the India Office, and who—like other foreign experts—saw only our best forests, reported, that there is not one suitable for the teaching of silviculture, on that broad basis which is essential when pupils are called upon to apply it in all quarters of the globe. That verdict is a true appreciation of the whole matter in its Imperial aspect. The Anglo-Saxon race has made no effort (save through the recent establishment of three Forest Schools in America, and some lectures in Britain) either to tend the forests, the richest in the world, which have fallen to its share, or to afforest its wastes. It is humiliating to reflect, that a French or a German America would have had a different result to show.

Canada still holds the main reserve of coniferous timber ; yet she permits it to be laid waste with equal impartiality by fire and the speculative lumberman, the former being ten times the more destructive of the two.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Australia exports a valuable timber and imports others ; but we hear little of any measures for preserving or extending her forests. Afforestation in South Africa had one of the first claims on the Administration at the close of the war, it being the essential accompaniment of successful land colonisation. It is stated that "much has been done" ; but in the absence, as usual, of any trustworthy information as to what steps have been taken, and by whom, or indeed of any detail whatever, it would be sanguine to entertain the hope that anything new in the shape of silviculture will come out of Africa. In India alone, over the whole area, has any real effort been made ; and the effort has had its reward, for, within forty years, the forest revenue has increased from 16 to 100 lakhs.

A few details suffice to show the general position in the British Isles. They produce about £3,000,000 worth of timber annually, and import timber and its products to an amount which now approaches £30,000,000. There is no lack of land for afforestation. Besides the three million acres of unprofitable plantations, there are twelve million acres of waste, as many more under heath and mountain pasture of little value, as well as other unremunerative lands, such as those which, twenty years ago, began to go out of agricultural occupation. A great proportion of all this ground is admirably adapted to the growth of different kinds of timber ; and to it falls to be added a full proportion of similar lands in Ireland. Dr. Schwappach reported that : "Scotland possesses the most favourable natural conditions for producing those high-class timbers which America will soon cease to supply." Returns from Bucks, by Mr. Vernon, President of the Surveyors' Institute, show net profits up to £2 an acre from naturally regenerated beech. M. Boppe was struck "by the remarkable timber-producing capacity of our soil and climate." Dr. Schlich, of Cooper's Hill, dealing with our timber imports, exclaimed :—"Here is an item of 25 millions, which could be produced at home, going a-begging !"

Our neighbours have no bare record of lost opportunities. Germany produces 15 million tons of timber, and, including firewood, 38 million tons, off 34½ million acres, or

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

26½ per cent. of the German area. The annual gross receipts are 21½ millions, the net 13; a population of four millions being dependent on the forests and on wood manufactures. The wood-pulp industry, alone, of Germany and Scandinavia, represents eight millions of money. The results of exceptionally good management become apparent under accurate book-keeping, of which we possess no example. The net annual receipts from over one million acres of State Forests in Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Baden, average over 20s. per acre. Since 1812, the Saxon State Forests have increased from 354,000 to 412,000 acres. Their yield in 1812-20 was 41 cubic feet per acre, which rose in 1884-93 to 69 cubic feet. Yet the standing timber rose from 2,128 cubic feet per acre in 1844, to 2,618 cubic feet in 1893. In 1817, the net receipts were 4s. an acre; in 1893, 18·4 shillings, the average being reduced by indifferently managed forests, and by those at high elevations, up to 3,000 feet. The increase in the value of produce from 1817-26 to 1893 was 129 per cent., the increase in net receipts being 361 per cent. Dr. Schlich gives, further, the figures for the district of Anthonsthal, by no means the best, covering about 3,000 acres, in the Erzgebirge, at 1,500 to 2,700 feet elevation, with a soil of average forest quality, and managed by a highly trained forester. This area had a stock, in 1839, of 2,100 cubic feet, and in 1893 one of 3,276 cubic feet, per acre. The species grown were: 93 per cent. spruce, 3 per cent. silver Scots fir and beech, while 4 per cent. of the acreage was blank. The gross receipts were 48·3 shillings, the expenses 10·3 shillings, per acre.

Yet Germany is the second largest importer after ourselves, the value of her timber imports being 15 millions; and the world supply shortens.

According to Dr. Schlich's admirable Tables, Europe has an annual excess of timber imports of 2,600,000 tons, value £20½ millions. The British Empire imports over £30,000,000 worth; and it exports £6,000,000, of which Canada accounts for £5,000,000, sending almost equal shares to Britain and the United States. Her timber lands are estimated at 800 million acres. The annual increase of the consumption of the United Kingdom is nearly a million's worth, the rate of increase for 20 years being 45 per cent., whilst the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

population increases at the rate of twenty per cent. The American area is 700 million acres ; but these do not carry more timber than would 70 million acres in France, Germany, or Belgium ; and American exports, though great for the time being, must soon and rapidly diminish. Systematic silviculture has been introduced ; but it will take long to repair the ravages of the past.

The European reserve is in Russia, and has been closely examined by German experts. Its present output for export is unlikely to be maintained. It is in coniferous timber, which constitutes 87 per cent. of our imports, that the shortage will occur ; and it can only be avoided by timely precautions.

At the risk of destroying Mr. Austen Chamberlain's faith in the supremacy of our educational institutions, it must be pointed out, that forestry education has been perfected, elsewhere, with due regard to the magnitude of the interests at stake. The French School at Nancy, with its fifteen professors, its 7,500 acres of forest, and its unrivalled collections, is the main security for the successful working of 23½ million acres of French forests. Germany is plastered with institutions which tend to the establishment of model forests and foresters. Her Universities have numerous Chairs of Forestry, with forest and experimental areas attached to them. Her Forest Schools are of the usual excellence of German technical institutions. These are supplemented by lower Schools of Forestry, where boys enter for a course of secondary education under forest officers and assistant masters, Land Colleges, Afforestation Societies, Seed Control establishments, State Forestry Bureaux, services of State experts available for consultation by private owners, either free or at a moderate charge, co-operative management of woodlands, and a system of Forest Laws infinite in its variety and application. From the very beginning, in the elementary schools, the outdoor curriculum familiarises the children with botany and other sciences connected with forestry. The continental forester enters his profession after years of general and special preparation, for which every kind of provision has been made. As the nations sow, so also shall they reap.

And yet it is with such examples of success abroad, such

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

significant imports, so great an extent of waste areas, and a rural population which has fast ebbed away, that we have been content to forego a Home Industry worth at least 20 millions a year, and promising employment to a landward population of at least a couple of millions. Explanations never fail. The most plausible, perhaps, is, that the British Isles are small, and coal-bearing. Yet Germany does not lack coal; and three-quarters of Scotland are not under cultivation. Then we are referred to that root of all evil—"dumping." But Preference specially favoured British timber down to so late a date as 1860. Yet Preference did nothing for silviculture. It taught us nothing, and it left us nothing. Moreover, our imports are not cheap. Except to a limited extent, they are more valuable than our home growths,—because properly grown. Our net excess of imports for the Empire being some 18 millions, the doctrine of restriction of imports in order to encourage exports will be hard to apply. Indeed, to put timber under Preference and Protection—like leather—would tend merely to accelerate the destruction of the Canadian forests, should that policy fulfil the anticipation of its promoters. It would further obscure the need of training foresters, and of State forests, prolong the folly of all sorts which, in the name of arboriculture, is perpetrated in every self-governing part of the Empire, hinder land settlement in South Africa, and retard the equipment of the Empire with an adequate training system of forestry.

The subject is no doubt large, and the remedy drastic. It may be said to be "un-English" that the State should embark on so great an enterprise. Is it then "English" that Commercial Forestry should remain non-existent, and for the most preventable cause? Timber is not like an agricultural crop, sown and gathered within a few weeks. The capital sunk in its growth is seldom recovered by the investor, except from short rotations. Moreover, the lack of all system in the past accentuates the difficulties of to-day. Even in fruit farming, which, in point of quick returns, stands between Agriculture and Forestry, we again fall behind the foreigner; and that despite altogether exceptional advantages. There is indeed as much cause for

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

the State to afforest, as there would be against a State agricultural industry. Nor is there any reason why the State should farm, except for experiment, which it might certainly do with far greater thoroughness than the private owner, for the general advantage. Agricultural rents may be low ; but the volume of produce per acre was never so great, good farming never so general, the condition of the people on the land was never so good, the equipment of farms never so up to date.

Our agriculture, if unduly restricted in its scope, is the first in the world of its kind—just as our forestry is the worst. And, if it comes to “English” or “un-English,” at any rate when each million acres of forest in full bearing means the employment of thirty to forty thousand men in the healthiest of industries, it can hardly be said that State afforestation is so great a departure as would be the reversal, at a few weeks’ notice, of a whole trade system, deliberately adopted, after much consideration by two generations, to the infinite advantage of the two others who have lived under it.

The Fiscal Controversy, indeed, carries us a good deal further than the point reached when the Forestry Committee reported in 1902. That Report summarised the reasons for afforestation on a great scale, and recommended that a statement of presumably suitable afforestation-areas should be prepared, although the Committee : “did not feel justified in urging the Government to embark forthwith in any general scheme of State forests under present circumstances.” The recommendations it did make insisted upon the paramount need of Forestry Education, with demonstration forests as a preliminary necessity.

A good deal, however, has happened since 1902. Now we are told that, by restricting imports, hundreds of thousands of able hands could secure fixity of tenure in highly remunerative employment ; and high hopes have been raised upon that prospectus, which it would be well to attempt to satisfy by somewhat less speculative methods. Whether we get back to Adam Smith or not, we can at least get back to the land ; for much of it is as valuable for timber as higher class arable land for farm crop, because

FORESTRY—"A DEPRESSED INDUSTRY"

the net return from forest is clear gain, whilst what is called the net return from average agricultural land seldom represents more than a low rate of interest on the capital sunk upon it, and not always that. In Scotland, with thirteen millions of waste, hill, and rough pasture, out of a total area of nineteen million acres, forestry should be a more important undertaking than agriculture.

An opportunity might have been seized, during the passage of the Irish Land Purchase Act, to provide for forest reserves, and so to utilise some of Ireland's five million acres of waste, and some of her mountain pasture. As things are, a start can best be made in the Highlands, which are almost all hill or waste, with great stretches of land pre-eminently fitted to produce the most valuable timber. Some patches of their woods show some of our best silvicultural results; the foresters, if untrained, are the best of their class; the population is entirely landward, rooted to the soil, and taking naturally to timber production and manufacture.

Nor is it only the Celtic fringe that can provide waste for forestry operations, for (apart from Wales, with her 1,700,000 acres of rough land) there is as much in England as in Scotland, and even a fair proportion within a radius of 50 miles of Charing Cross.

A general scheme would be equally applicable to any suitable district of the United Kingdom.

It involves :—

(a) The immediate establishment of Forest Schools in England and in Scotland, with some minor educational provisions. Ireland can be dealt with by its enterprising Board of Agriculture;

(b) The provision of free expert advice to private owners, or to municipalities desirous of planting their catchment areas;

(c) The advance, possibly, of loans for afforestation, under the permanent control of official experts; and

(d) The organisation of a regular Forest Department, controlling, not only the administration of the forests, but a large fund—obtained either from the sale of Crown lands, such as London ground rents, or from Exchequer grants—

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

to be applied to the purchase and afforestation of bare land. (Suitable land has changed hands of late years in considerable quantities and at low prices ; probably what is required for a National Forest Scheme could be got at ordinary rates in the open market.)

Owners themselves might have done what is required, but they have not ; time presses, the State itself is an owner, and through it alone can a start be made. Once establish a decent system of silviculture, and then here, as elsewhere, we should find well-stocked forests, State, Communal, and private, covering the districts suitable for timber growing, to our great social, economic, and æsthetic advantage. Moreover, the anomaly would be well ended of an Empire, rich in forest and forest lands, being unable to make a right use of them, because destitute of silvicultural science.

R. MUNRO FERGUSON

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

THE people of the Commonwealth are too British not to share largely the feeling of suspicion against Russia which has been common amongst a majority of our race for many years past. The threatened advance on Afghanistan and Persia, the Russo-Turkish War, the memories of the Crimea, the light regard of treaty obligations, and, perhaps more than any other reason, the ever-present danger of a purely military war on our Indian frontiers with the great Northern Power, has in the present struggle created a feeling of popular sympathy with the Japanese people—inspired, not so much by desire for their victory, as by dread of further territorial expansion, southwards and eastwards, of the all-absorbing Slav.

But, after every allowance for this sentiment, and looking at the war from the Australian standpoint only, it must be recognised that our geographical position, as the nearest neighbour of the great Oriental races, causes our interests to diverge from those of the other parts of the Empire, and makes clear to Australians the danger of Japanese preponderance, and that increased prestige in the Pacific, to which victory in the present war must certainly lead.

The one true national note which the Commonwealth has struck in its short federated life is summed up in the principle called "White Australia." This covers many policies. It includes protection of native industry, because it is argued, that it is of no use excluding the black man, unless the result of his poorly-paid labour is stopped at the Customs House. It implies Factory Acts, because the workmen must get white men's wages. But it means, primarily and distinctively, the reservation of the Australian

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

continent for the white race ; and the permanent exclusion of the Oriental, the African, and the negro, whatever his state of social or intellectual development, or however necessary his labour may be to our physical development and material wealth. So much has this principle been grafted into the popular instinct, that it has become almost a national passion ; and, in consequence, the legislation for the compulsory return of the Kanaka from Queensland sugar fields to his native South Sea Islands, for the abolition of black labour on mail vessels subsidised by the Commonwealth, and for the total exclusion of the members of all Japanese and other Oriental races who cannot write fifty selected words in a European language, received an almost unanimous endorsement at the recent Federal elections.

Speaking so late as February at a banquet at which the Governor-General was present, the Prime Minister was only voicing the deliberate wishes of the people of Australia when he used these words :—

He noticed in the late recrudescence of antagonism to the White Australia policy, that it was the custom to refer to it as if it were a matter of yesterday—a policy owing its birth to Federation. A quarter of a century ago, he had the honour of being a member of a conference meeting in Sydney, which knit the several policies of the States into one in this regard, and made it a definitely Australian policy. So far from being a scheme of yesterday, or an ideal of the day before, it had been nourished and cherished by their fathers from the first day they set foot on Australian soil. But, whatever its age, so far from being narrow, local, and selfish, it was a policy based upon principles which went to the very root of Empire, its maintenance, strength, and progress. It was the very essence of Australian life, giving to the people the amplest powers of self-government, and it was absolutely inconsistent with the full exercise of those powers to permit the introduction of elements not to be assimilated in blood or social life. Their Empire was not a White Empire. That was obvious. It embraced many contrasted and differing races, and many stages of civilisation ; but he had yet to learn that the doctrine of Empire had ever been held to include the doctrine of the fusion of these races into a cross-bred nation. He had never heard that proposal made in regard to the United Kingdom itself. On the contrary, he had observed that even the alien white population now flowing into London was being viewed with grave suspicion. Nor was he yet aware that it was proposed in countries properly habitable by the white man to seek a revival of the Greek and Roman practice of having two distinct strata of society—one to rule, endowed with every political liberty, and the other to serve, denied every political liberty. He had yet to learn of an alien race which benefited by being servile to a superior race in the country of the superior race ; and he had yet to learn of the advantages gained by the superior race itself in these circum-

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

stances. What they did know was, that the result of this association of the yellow, brown, and black was to lower the White standard ; and it was for that, as the first of their reasons, that they had become advocates of the doctrine of "White Australia" ; and they insisted it was not a doctrine for a "White Australia" only. They insisted that, much as it was for the advantage of Australia that Australia should be White, it was an advantage which accrued to the whole of the Empire. The policy of a "White Australia" was an Imperial policy ; and it was one which should apply to every part of the Empire. They wanted white labourers and not Kanakas in Bundaberg ; and they wanted white labourers and not Chinese in Johannesburg. They wanted white seamen and not Lascars in the steamers on their coast. In Australia they were not faced with this problem of coloured races which affected other countries ; were they to be asked to adopt the incubus ? They were not to be deceived by the idea that restriction could be enforced to prevent the blending of the races. Anyone who thought they could had only to visit North Queensland, and see what had happened there. With the rankling of the great Republic of the West before their eyes, they were determined never to be subject to that suffering.

The only reason why our first Australian Parliament did not exclude the Japanese and Chinese altogether was, as the Minister who brought in the Alien Restriction Act with its education test announced, not because he did not want absolute exclusion, but because the Colonial Office, controlling the Governor-General's veto, had clearly indicated that assent to legislation in such a form would not be given. The Government had to pass, not such an Alien Exclusion law as it wanted, but only such as the Imperial Government would permit.

In consequence, large numbers of Hindoos, Chinese, Japanese, and other coloured races have been detained at Australian ports, and returned to their own countries. Of the three principal races thus affected, the Hindoos were voiceless, as the Imperial Government had already accepted similar legislation without protest in Natal and other British States. The Chinese were mute ; it was, in their case, only repeating earlier experiences of the poll-taxes and other restrictions of the individual States ; and the Chinese Government has too many troubles at home to protect the interests of its wandering sons abroad. The Japanese, on the contrary, have Consuls at the principal Australian towns, war-ships making periodical visits to our ports, and a regular line of merchant vessels trading between the two countries. Their new-born national pride resents such treatment ; and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

protests have accordingly been made. The Government at Tokio regards White Australia, so far as it affects its people, with an unfriendly eye, and remembers that Chinese and Japanese ports were unwillingly opened to European traders and visitors at the cannon's mouth. If Australia had not had the support of the British Navy and Imperial connection, these protests might have been more vigorously expressed and strongly enforced. In any case, it is a general belief that Japan is only biding her time, and that the permanent maintenance of our White Australia policy depends upon the ability of our own people to hold their own for their own race, and our use of every opportunity to strengthen ourselves against future aggression.

Many recent visitors to Japan return to us with statements of current talk among its people of determination to enter Australia by agreement or by force. One out of many similar Press interviews sums up a traveller's opinion—"When other important matters have been attended to, attention will be directed to Australia. Japan is terribly ambitious, and will stop at nothing."

The leading opponent of the exclusion of the coloured races from our shores visited Japan a few months ago, "to collect evidence respecting the character, power, and progress of the Japanese people, and to ascertain how they viewed the White Australia Act." He published the results in a book entitled : *What Forty Eminent Japanese say of the White Australia Act*. A few of their replies to his inquiries are interesting, if ominous.

"The Vice-Governor of Hokkaido, the Northern Island (Mr. Tatsuoka), said :—'The Act of the Australians is wrong and cannot last. The population of Japan is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year, and this increase must go and settle somewhere—not the lowest class, but some of the higher must go and settle.'

"Mr. Kondo, the President of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (a fleet of large ships valued at over £2,000,000, and running to Australia and all parts of the world), said :—'The area of Australia is large, with few inhabitants; while the area of Japan is small, with many inhabitants. Therefore it is absolutely necessary for the Japanese to emigrate to Australia and elsewhere, where there is uninhabited land.'

"The Minister of Finance and Communications (Baron Sone) said :—'The Act passed by the Australians is quite narrowminded. Plainly speaking, it is absolutely impossible for Australia to maintain herself with such a small

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

number of people on that vast continent. In a country where the size is small and the number of people is large, such an excluding law may be created and last long. But in Australia it will not last long. This question I have considered to a certain extent, and I think the Japanese must go down to Australia by-and-by.'

"Count Itagaki, member of the House of Peers, ex-Minister, said :—'It is a prejudice for Australians to make such a law. It is quite natural to go from one country which contains many people into a country that contains very few : so we have a right to go to Australia.'"

And it cannot be forgotten that, by geographical position, Australia seems designed as the natural outlet for the surplus population of Asia, as America, by climate and conditions, seemed specially reserved by Providence for European overflow. In the ordinary course of events, the teeming millions of the Orient, seeking fresh homes as an escape from overcrowding and famine, naturally look to the vast and almost unoccupied South Land at their door ; and it hardly seems a sufficient reason for the stoppage of this natural movement that a White race from the other side of the world, occupying Australia to the extent of less than two persons to the square mile, has forestalled them in its settlement, and not only intends to hold it for Western civilisation, but even excludes them from their natural heritage. At the same time, this White race wants to continue its exploitation of Asia itself, and will force its presence, religion, and methods, upon the Orientals, in spite of the strongest opposition.

In the face of such racial injustice, what is clearer than that, if the opportunity comes, Japan will seize it, and force an entrance ?

It is because the victory of a coloured race over a White people would bring closer this danger, that our interests as a Commonwealth impel us to desire a Russian victory. The strength of the Imperial position in India (another close neighbour), and our national influence in China and the East, depend upon our prestige as a European people ; and this will be rudely shattered if the Japanese win. To us Australians, with our White Australia policy, the question is one of vital importance—it might almost be described as of self-preservation, of national life and death. If Japan triumphs and saves China her Manchurian provinces, she will immediately become, not only the friendly protecting

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Power, but the domineering, exacting ally, at Peking. Already our cable messages inform us that the Chinese army is officered by 150 Japanese instructors ; and if the Island Kingdom controlled not only the policy, but the army and inexhaustible recruiting ground and enormous material resources of both Mongolian empires, the destinies of Asia would no longer be in European hands, and we in the Pacific should be the first to feel the force of the fierce efforts born of necessity of Oriental expansion.

Already, since their victories of 1895, the American Government has found in Hawaii the Japanese to be its most turbulent and difficult subjects ; whilst there is some damaging evidence in the archives at Washington, that the long continuance of the Philippine troubles, and the continued disaffection and armed opposition of the natives, has not been without instigation from the Yellow race on the north, who regard the further intrusion of a White race into the Western Pacific as an unwarranted incursion upon their particular preserves. We have had already instances of the financial and commercial successes of the Chinese merchant of Singapore and Rangoon, and the consequent steady increase of his race ; for as soon as the Chinaman gets safe and stable government, he seems naturally to lead as a producer, financier, merchant, or artisan, and to spread himself over all the land. In his own country, under the present governmental system, a too sudden increase in wealth or numbers is moderated by irregular taxes, regular exactions, child destruction, and constant executions. If the Japanese leaven and control were introduced, these conditions would be swept away, and millions of men, the best fighting material, put into the hands of Japanese soldiers and sailors, who in two wars have shown their ability to train and equip and use it. It must not be forgotten, that the real issue of the war is not, whether Russia shall evacuate Manchuria : the stake is not Korea only. The real objective is the control of the Peking government, and the organisation, for the future benefit of the victors, of the Chinese themselves.

And although this is a question of immediate vital importance to Australia and to all countries with possessions in the Pacific, it is not without serious interest to all European

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

peoples. The assertiveness of the Japanese has already been evidenced by the proposed Oriental League (a sort of Asiatic Monroe Doctrine) between Japan, China, Siam, and Persia. The late Professor C. H. Pearson, in his book *National Life and Character*, published in 1893, had had too long a practical experience of Australian politics not to grasp the true importance to this continent of this question. After stating the possibility of the Turkish Tartars providing the ferment and organising influence necessary to leaven the inert Chinese mass into a true recognition and use of their overwhelming power (a quickening force which the victorious Japanese would be not only ready but able to give), he says :—

“In that case it is difficult to suppose that China would not become an aggressive military power, sending out her armies in millions to cross the Himalayas and traverse the Steppes, or occupying the islands and the northern parts of Australia by pouring in immigrants protected by fleets. Luther's old name for the Turks, that they were ‘the people of the wrath of God,’ may receive a new and terrible application.”

“No one can doubt that if China were to get for a Sovereign a man with the organising and aggressive genius of Philip the Great or Frederick the Second, it would be a very formidable neighbour to British India or Russia.”

“Nothing but the vigilant opposition of the Australian democracies has kept the Chinese from becoming a power on that more remote continent : and at one time, within the last forty years, the Chinamen actually in Victoria numbered something like 13 per cent. of the adult male population.”

Of the danger to Europe and its civilisation of the upheaval of over one-third of the human race, it is not my part here to speak. Professor Pearson has already raised the question into one of serious prominence when he speaks of : “the day, not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of black and yellow races.” Our interest, as Australians, in the time when the Mongol races will renew the attack upon the gates of Vienna and Christendom, is largely academical. When that day comes, the Commonwealth, dependent as it now is upon European power and prestige and civilisation, will have already been overwhelmed by the flood of Japanese and Chinese humanity, impelled by necessity and self-preservation to seek new and sparsely occupied living places. That we should object to be

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

submerged, that we should wish to put off that fierce southern movement of hungry Mongolians as long as we can, in order the better to prepare to meet and defeat it, that, consequently, we cannot sympathise with the commercially inspired Anglo-Japanese treaty, and should not, therefore, be too regretful at Japanese defeat, will surprise no one except those Englishmen who, 12,000 miles away from the scene of danger, in a thickly populated country, feel altogether safe from and indifferent to the Mongolian avalanche. As Professor Pearson again says :—"The fear of Chinese immigration which the Australian democracy cherishes, and which Englishmen at home find it hard to understand, is in fact the instinct of self-preservation quickened by experience."

We white Australians want to be permitted to live.

RICHARD A. CROUCH

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

II

WHEN Hasan returned to Baghdad and found his mother in mourning and his wife and children gone, he was with difficulty restrained from killing himself ; but, after a time, he resolved to return to the princesses' palace, because, from their relations, the Jinns, he hoped to obtain the means of finding his wife. And after they had comforted him and promised to help him, and had restored his strength, they burnt a magic powder to summon one of their uncles ; “ and the fumes of the incense had not ceased, before a dust appeared advancing from the further extremity of the valley. Then, after a while, the dust dispersed, and a Sheykh appeared riding on an elephant.” This was the expected uncle, and when he heard what they wanted he shook his head, and said to them : “ O my daughters, this man is in a terrible predicament and great peril ; for he cannot gain access to the Islands of Wák-Wák.” Then Hasan was introduced, and kissed his hands and told him his whole story. And the Sheykh said to him : “ O my son, relinquish this affair ; for thou could'st not gain access to the Islands of Wák-Wák, even if the Flying Jinn and the wandering stars assisted thee, since between thee and those Islands, are seven valleys, and seven seas, and seven mountains of vast magnitude. How then canst thou gain access to this place, and who will convey thee to it ? ” On hearing this, Hasan wept till he fainted, and the youngest princess wept till she fainted also ; and when the Sheykh Abd-el-Kuddoos saw their grief, he pitied them, and said to Hasan : “ Comfort thy

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

heart, for, if it be the will of God, thy affair will be accomplished." He then told Hasan to accompany him, took him with him on his elephant, "and proceeded with him for three days with their nights, like the blinding lightning, until he came to a vast blue mountain, in which was a cavern, which had a door of iron of China." The Sheykh led him into the cavern, which was a mile long and brought them out to a vast desert, and then entered a brass door into another cavern whence he brought out a horse saddled and bridled. Then the Sheykh gave Hasan a letter, telling him that the horse would carry him for ten days, till he arrived at another cavern, outside which he was to wait five days, when a black Sheykh would come out and take the letter; and he was to wait five days more, and, if the same Sheykh came out again, he would be safe, but if another came, it would be to destroy him.

But, when Hasan approached the mountains where was the next cavern, "the horse neighed beneath him, whereupon there came together horses numerous as the drops of rain, the number of which could not be calculated, nor was any help for them known, and they began to rub against Hasan's horse. So Hasan feared them and was terrified; but he ceased not to proceed, with the horses around him, until he arrived at the cavern which the Sheykh Abd-el-Kuddoos had described to him." As Mr. Balkwill suggests, these "caverns" are an exaggerated account of the narrow passes by which so many mountain ranges have to be crossed. The first one, where the elephant was exchanged for a horse, was no doubt at the entrance to the arid plateau of Turkestan from the fertile wooded country of north-eastern Persia; while the second would be at the crossing of the mountain range into Tibet.

The incident of the great herd of wild horses, or rather, horse-like asses, the *Equus hemionus*, and their habit of surrounding the horses of travellers, has, as Mr. Balkwill remarks, often been referred to, both in ancient and modern times. This is one of those characteristic incidents that serve at once to determine the route, and to prove that the natural incidents of the journey are not imaginary, but were derived from the narratives of actual merchants who were personally

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

acquainted with the region traversed. He also explains another incident in a very simple and natural way. When Hasan had waited the required second period of five days, the same black Sheykh came out to him, but dressed in white robes, which gave him hope of success. The Sheykh took his hand, and led him through vaulted passages to a grand saloon in the midst of a beautiful garden with fountains and flowers. In this saloon were four Sheykh, with many books before them; and each Sheykh had students around him, reading from the books. And as Hasan and the Sheykh Abu-r-Ruweysh entered, they all rose and treated them with honour, and, at a sign from Abu-r-Ruweysh, they dismissed the students. Then they all seated themselves and discussed the case of Hasan, who first told them his whole story. The end of it was that, after a solemn warning as to the difficulty of reaching the Islands of Wák-Wák, and the strength of the inhabitants, concluding with this remark: "How can this person gain access to the daughter of the supreme King, or who can convey him to her, or assist him to attain this object?"—they nevertheless summoned an "Efreet of the Flying Jinn," who was ordered to convey him to "a white clean land like camphor." And they gave him a letter to give to the king of this land, who would be found in a city which he would reach after walking on for ten days. This, as Mr. Balkwill remarks, is a fair description of what may be seen in some Buddhist monasteries to-day; and one may probably have existed on the frontier of Tibet, which was, and is now, the frontier of China.

When we consider the enormous distance still to be travelled, over the whole length of the table-land of Tibet, and over the numerous chains of lofty mountains, vast ravines, and deep valleys of north-western China, and the immense extent of China itself before reaching the sea, no part of which was probably known personally to any Arab or Persian merchant, we cannot wonder at the narrator resorting to the intervention of a "Flying Jinn," to get over the difficulty. The "Efreet" summoned carried him to his destination in a day and a night, and put him down on a land "white like camphor." Then Hasan walked on for ten days,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

when he came to the city and enquired for the king. He was told that his name was Hasoon, King of the Land of Camphor ; and this was, no doubt, as Mr. Balkwill suggests, some part of southern China or Tongking, where the camphor-laurel still grows. Whether the statement that it was a white land was derived from the white colour of the flowers of the camphor-laurel, or from the fact that quicklime was used in the process of distillation, we cannot tell ; but it may have been merely a figment of the imagination, founded upon the whiteness of the finished product so highly esteemed by all Eastern peoples.

But when we leave this "land of camphor," and Hasan's last journey to the actual Islands of Wák-Wák is described, we seem to leave reality altogether, and to be involved in all kinds of contradictions and impossibilities. And the reason of this is, that we have here got beyond the limits actually visited by any of the travelling merchants of Persia or Arabia, who could only tell what they had heard from the Malay, Javan, or Bugis traders, who then carried on the trade between the Malay Peninsula and the remotest islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Even thus, it is probable that the Arab merchants who visited Malay ports, then the centre for much of the trade of the Far East, had whatever information they picked up at second or third hand ; since the Bugis of Celebes would probably bring the spices, beche-de-mer, mother-of-pearl shells, sandal-wood, and other products, as well as the skins of birds-of-paradise, to the port of Macassar, whence the more western Malay and Javanese traders would convey these and various articles of commerce to the chief ports of Java, Sumatra, and the Malay Peninsula. From the latter ports they were distributed, as they are now from Singapore, to India and Persia on the one side, and to Siam and China on the other. We must also remember that the whole voyage from Singapore to the Aru Islands is through, perhaps, the calmest sea in the world for the entire distance (2500 miles) ; that the coasts of large or small islands are everywhere in sight, rendering navigation of the easiest ; and that the monsoons blow with great regularity, the somewhat variable west monsoon from December to June, and the much steadier and stronger east monsoon from

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

July to November. On the other hand, the sea between Southern China and the Aru Islands, by way of the Philippines and Northern Moluccas, or by Celebes, is immensely more dangerous, typhoons and violent storms being frequent ; so that we may be quite sure that, in the time of the authors of the *Arabian Nights*, even more exclusively than now, the products of New Guinea, the Aru Islands, and the Moluccas reached the Western world by way of Java, Sumatra, and Malaya only. These facts will enable us to some extent to unravel the extraordinary misconceptions of these old story-tellers, as to the position and relative importance of the more remote and inaccessible regions they described or referred to, while at the same time showing that there was a substratum of fact, and often of very accurate general observation, even in their wildest stories.

The first thing we have to notice is, that although, in the story, the King of the Land of Camphor tells Hasan that ships went from his capital city to the Islands of Wák-Wák (which, as we shall clearly show, were our Aru Islands), he was altogether wrong, because these islands were never visited directly from any Chinese ports. What he should have been made to say was, that Hasan would be taken to a place to which the products of those islands were brought, and from which they could alone be reached ; and the sequel of the story shows that this was so. For the ship took him and landed him in eleven days at a place which was probably the southern point of the Malay Peninsula, the "Malaiur" of Marco Polo, where he tells us that a considerable trade was carried on "in drugs and spices," showing that it was an emporium of the trade from the Moluccas. Here Hasan sees "settees, the number of which none knew but God." These would probably be better described as sheds, open palm-thatched erections with eaves nearly to the ground, under which each merchant could store his goods until he had sold them and procured his return cargo, just as they do now at Dobbo in the Aru Islands. As he has been instructed, he walks along till he finds one of these settees superior to the rest, and hides himself in it. When night approached, a crowd of armed women came and examined the various goods in the sheds ; and one of them

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

came to the shed where Hasan was hidden, and sat down to rest. As he had been advised to act, he came forward, cast himself on the ground and kissed her hands and feet weeping, and threw himself on her protection. She spoke kindly to him and told him to hide himself again. The next day she brought him a dress, and coat-of-mail, and arms, as a disguise ; and, when night came again and she had heard all his story, she comforted him and said : "Thou hast obtained thy desire, if it be the will of God."

Now this woman was the General of the army of women belonging to the King of the Islands of Wák-Wák ; and she summoned all the leaders, and ordered them all to get ready and to march at daybreak. And when all were gone, she called Hasan to her, and said : "Know, O my son, that thy wife is in the seventh island of the Islands of Wák-Wák, and the distance between us and it is seven months' journey." She then gave him an account of the journey and its dangers—first through the Land of the Birds for eleven days, where, "by reason of the cries of the birds and the flapping of their wings, one heareth not what another uttereth." Then through the Land of the Beasts for twenty days, where "by reason of the vehemence of the roaring of the beasts we shall hear nothing else." Then comes the Land of the Jinn, where "by reason of the vehemence of the cries, and the rising of the flames, and the flying about of the sparks and the smoke from their mouths, and the harsh sounds from their throats, and their insolence, they will obstruct the way before us, and our ears will be deafened and our eyes will be covered with darkness, so that we shall neither hear nor see." Beyond this again is a vast mountain and a great river, which extend to the Islands of Wák-Wák. "The extent of these islands is a whole year's journey to the rider who travellet with diligence."

This very wild and fantastic account, which the reader may suppose to be wholly the work of imagination, has yet a basis of fact in every part of it. Even the idea that the whole journey could be made by land, has a foundation in the remarkable circumstance, that for more than two thousand miles, from Singapore along the coasts of Sumatra and Java to Wetter Island, near the north-east end of Timor, the

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

islands run so continuously, with such narrow straits between them, which straits are often more or less blocked by islets, that, to a person sailing at about ten or twenty miles from the shore, they would appear as the coast of one great continent ; while the remaining five hundred miles are so strewn with islands, that land is never out of sight, except perhaps in the passage from the Ké to the Aru Islands. Added to this, there would, no doubt, be rumours of the great country beyond Timor, and of the continuous land a thousand miles long beyond the Aru Islands, which might well have been supposed to be all connected together, and thus to render possible the continuous land route described in the story.

This premised, the rest of the narrative becomes merely the exaggeration of natural phenomena, with supernatural explanations of some of them. On leaving the Malay Peninsula, there are for two hundred miles a succession of islands and small islets, many of them still uninhabited, as were, perhaps, all of them at the time of the story. Now, wherever there are uninhabited islands at a moderate distance from land, and conditions are favourable, birds of all kinds abound, sea-birds on the sandy shore and rocky cliffs, and many kinds of land-birds in the forests. These islands are densely forest-clad ; and, among the birds that would frequent them, would be the large hornbills and the great fruit-pigeons, the former producing a most remarkable sound by the beating of their wings when flying, the latter by a loud booming note which is quite startling when heard for the first time. In addition to these, parroquets are often numerous and noisy when disturbed ; but it would probably be the sea-birds that contributed most to the uproar.

We next come to the entrance of the river leading up to Palembang (no doubt one of the great trade emporiums), margined with dense forests, the haunts of as many large wild beasts as are to be found anywhere in the Eastern world. Here are elephants, rhinoceroses of two kinds, tigers, leopards and many smaller species of the cat-tribe, wild oxen, the great man-like ape, and many others, while the Siamang and other species of the long-armed apes or gibbons are noted for the loud howling or wailing sounds they often emit from the tops of the loftiest trees in the forest. This then was,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

undoubtedly, as Mr. Balkwill suggests, the Land of the Beasts.

Then we come to the enormously long and continuous chain of volcanoes through Java, Bali, and Lombok, to Sumbawa and Flores, some of them always smoking, others frequently active, so that, during periods of volcanic activity, all the phenomena of the Land of the Jinns—"smoke and fire," and "harsh sounds," and "darkness," and "obstructions of the way," which are the common accompaniments of volcanic eruptions—would be really met with. Such incidents, coming at second or third hand to the Arab storytellers, would inevitably be imputed to the supernatural power of Jinns and other evil demons. I agree with Mr. Balkwill, therefore, in here finding a natural origin for the myth of the Land of the Jinns.

The journey is described very briefly, so that it might be supposed to occupy only a few days. The Land of Birds is, however, spoken of as being "the first of the seven islands"; but this is evidently a mistake, for, later on, having passed this, and the Land of Beasts, and all the terrors and dangers of the Land of the Jinns, it is said that: "they arrived at the river, and, alighting beneath a vast and lofty mountain, they pitched their tents upon the banks of the river . . . Then they ate and drank and slept in security, for they had arrived at their country." This then is the real beginning of the Wák-Wák Islands, quite beyond the great range of volcanoes in the comparatively barren country of the Jinns; and we have at length reached a country which possesses the distinctive feature and peculiarity that marks off the Islands of Wák-Wák (and also the Aru Islands) from any other islands of the Archipelago, and probably from any other country in the world. This peculiarity is stated by the woman General as follows:—

"On the bank of this river, that I have mentioned, is another mountain called the Mountain of Wák-Wák; and this name is the proper appellation of a tree, whose branches resemble the heads of the sons of Adam; and when the sun riseth upon it, those heads all cry out, saying in their cry, Wák! Wák! So when we hear their cry we know that the sun hath risen."

I will now quote a passage from my *Malay Archipelago*, written from my notes made on the spot, at a time when

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

I had never read or heard of this story of Hasan and his wonderful journey. I say (p. 340) :—

“ Their voice is most extraordinary. At early morn, before the sun has risen, we hear a loud cry of ‘Wawk-wawk-wawk,’ ‘Wok, wok-wok,’ which resounds through the forest, changing its direction continually. This is the Great Bird of Paradise going to seek his breakfast.”

I may add to this description, that the cry is not only loud, but quick and energetic, so as to possess a distinctly human character ; and it is very easy to understand that the Bugis or Javan traders, hearing it only about sunrise on the coasts of these islands, or from the villages on its harbours, and never anywhere else, might not connect it with the bird that produces the wonderful plumes offered for sale there, and about which, owing to the absence of legs and often of wings, another quite different set of myths might grow up.

In this story of Hasan of El Basrah, we find that two quite separate legends have grown up. The one is founded upon the magnificent plumage of the bird, which seems to have been looked upon as a purely magical production, from which was formed dresses which gave the princesses of the Ján the power of flight to the uttermost parts of the earth. On the other hand, the cry “Wák-Wák,” as distinctly stated by the General, gave the name to a mountain, and also to the islands themselves, and was said to be made, not by any bird, but by human heads which grew upon trees, and which at daybreak gave forth this cry “to the glory of God.” There is not a word in the whole story to show that there was thought to be any connection between the mysterious voices and the magical plumes.

The rest of Hasan’s story, till he gets back with his wife and children to Baghdad, though full of the most startling adventures, does not come within the scope of the present essay, which is limited to an endeavour to throw some light on the apparent inconsistencies and contradictions of this story, one of the most beautiful and interesting in the whole range of the Arabian Nights, and also to show how all its natural or magical journeys by land or by sea, all its descriptions of countries and islands, and all its

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

references to their natural products or the customs of their inhabitants, are in every case founded upon some more or less fragmentary or misunderstood observations of the facts of nature, distorted in proportion to the number of transmissions they have passed through, overlaid by a mass of magic and mystery due to the exuberance of the Eastern imagination, but always, when these various sources of error are fairly allowed for, showing, to the careful enquirer, the original substratum of truth.

It may be advisable to add here that the Great Bird of Paradise (*Paradisea apoda*) was known to Linnæus only by native skins from which the feet had been removed, whence he named it, "footless." This bird was, till recently, only known from the Aru Islands, to which it was thought to be peculiar; and though it has since been discovered on the mainland of New Guinea, further south, that district was certainly not known to the early traders. The much smaller allied species (*Paradisea papuana*) is found on the northern and north-western coasts of New Guinea, and in the island of Mysol; and skins of it, preserved in the same manner, probably reached China, India, and Persia, at the same period as the larger kind. But, being a smaller and less powerful bird, it has not the loud, penetrating, distinctive note of the larger species, which peculiarity, taken in connection with its much longer and more richly coloured plumes, absolutely identifies the Aru Islands as being the Islands of Wák-Wák of the story, an identification further supported by the fact that the fairy princess of the feathered dress lived in the same islands, and yet again enforced by the distinctive characters of the several countries necessarily passed or visited during the long and circuitous journey, from the Land of Camphor to the Islands of Wák-Wák.

Considering the length and complexity of this story, filled from beginning to end with magic, and mystery, and the powers of magicians and demons; considering, further, that the scene of the story ranges overland from Baghdad, through Central Asia to China, then to Malaya, and thence to the Aru Islands, a distance altogether not far short of ten thousand miles, over lands and seas at that time most

BIRDS OF PARADISE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

imperfectly known ; considering also, the nature of the collection of stories of which it forms a part, which nowhere profess to be more than imaginative tales to pass away idle hours, it is really most surprising and instructive to find throughout, from the Castle of the Seven Princesses to the Land of Camphor, and from the Land of the Beasts, through the country of the Jinns, to the mysterious and magical Islands of Wák-Wák, everywhere a basis of recognisable fact—of geographical and biological truth.

ALFRED R. WALLACE

“THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.”

IN one of his *Round Table* essays, Hazlitt makes some highly eulogistic remarks on a book which is scarcely known, even by name, to the present generation of readers; and, not content with describing it as one of the most singular productions in our language (which without a doubt it really is), this brilliant but paradoxical critic assures us that “John Buncle is the English Rabelais.” Both Buncle and Rabelais, he contends, were enemies of too much gravity; both had “the insolence of health”; the business of both was to enjoy life; and, if the one indulged his spirit of sensuality in wine, in dried neats’ tongues, in Bologna sausages and botargos, the other showed precisely the same symptoms of inordinate satisfaction in tea and bread-and-butter; as Rabelais roared with Friar John and the monks, so Buncle gossipped with the ladies, with an equal and uncontrolled gaiety. Hazlitt’s criticism of old authors is not usually very wide of the mark, and his praise especially is apt to be fine and felicitous; but in this case his comparison is, to say the least of it, peculiar. For the reader who, after much trouble and expense, has at length succeeded in procuring a copy of this rare and curious work, will find, to his surprise, that in the so-called English Rabelais there is not one gleam of humour from beginning to end! Notwithstanding the extraordinary exuberance of animal spirits which the author exhibits in a series of amorous adventures, his dominant mood is serious, and even fanatical, and he almost stifles his readers in an atmosphere of rancorous and inconclusive theological controversy. The oddity and absurdity, both of his adventures and his arguments, will, it is true, occasionally raise a smile; but the laugh is invariably against the author, and not with him.

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

Our disappointment in this respect, however, is somewhat tempered by the discovery that, if we have not found an English Rabelais, we have, at any rate, been introduced to a literary curiosity of an absolutely unique character.

Hazlitt calls the book a Unitarian Romance ; but it is too strange a medley to fall easily under any classification. It appears to be partly autobiographical, and partly fictitious ; and the author states that his object in writing it was : " to serve the interests of truth, liberty, and religion, and to advance useful learning," while, at the same time, vindicating his character from misrepresentation, and illustrating his previous book of *Memoirs*. The book may perhaps be regarded as a crude anticipation of our modern " novel with a purpose." The author's two pet aversions appear to have been, celibacy and the orthodox Trinitarian theology ; and *John Buncle* was evidently written with the dual purpose of glorifying marriage, and showing the reasonableness of Unitarianism. His previous work, the *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, notwithstanding that its Dedication (with notes !) runs to sixteen pages, and that there are thirteen pages more devoted to an explanation of how and why the *Memoirs* were written, does not help us much toward an understanding either of *John Buncle* or its author. The latter originally set out, it appears, with the intention of writing the lives of no less than twenty " illustrious " ladies (whose names are duly given), all of great beauty and extraordinary accomplishments, and all zealous Unitarians. But, as the life of only one occupies the whole of this thick octavo volume, we need not be greatly surprised that nothing more was ever heard of the remaining nineteen. Neither in these *Memoirs*, nor in *John Buncle*, however, did the author propose to limit himself to a biographical record ; and the reader is informed that he may expect to find also " a thousand inquiries into other subjects, curious or antiquarian, accounts of men, and things, and books, and philosophical observations." Many years ago he had begun a work on *The Antient and Present State of Great Britain* ; but a learned friend pointed out so many errors in it, that he undertook a further course of reading and travel, in order to qualify himself for a thorough revision of this work

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

before venturing on publication. He then put together a large quarto volume, which he called a *Preliminary Discourse*; but this was unfortunately burnt while he was reading it in bed, and he narrowly escaped being burnt with it. The *Memoirs* and *John Buncle* we are therefore invited to regard as a sort of salvage from the destroyed *magnum opus*. We may be proportionately thankful for that merciful fire; but, at the same time, the salvage is certainly curious enough to justify an epitomised account of it, although few readers would be able to get through the whole of our author's three stout octavo volumes without weariness—and perhaps disgust.

The story of *John Buncle*, then, is, briefly, as follows. He was born in London, but carried over during his infancy to Ireland, where his father owned considerable estates. From the time he could spell, he became a lover of books; and, before he was twenty, he had read, with extraordinary pleasure, the works of several of the Fathers, and all the old romances—an exercise which he admits to have tinged his ideas with a combination of piety and extravagance. At the age of fifteen, he was sent to the University, where he devoted the whole of his time to study. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was his favourite reading; and he also found algebra so congenial an occupation that he often sat at it all night, without a notion of its being day until the shutters of his room were opened. Walking and music were his only recreations. One morning, during his last term, he went out, before the sun was up, with dog and gun, and, after having travelled over hill and dale, for five hours, without knowing whither he was going, or giving a single thought to his college, he not unnaturally began to feel extremely hungry. Looking around, he espied a mansion at no great distance, towards which he at once bent his steps. In a rotunda or temple in the garden of the house, he saw a beautiful young lady, engaged in writing, and occasionally glancing up with a pair of wonderful eyes at a Hebrew Bible. On seeing a visitor, she came to the window, and at the same moment her father, a venerable and genial old man, walked up from another part of the grounds. Buncle explained that he had lost his way, and was famished.

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

On this hint, the old gentleman at once conducted him into the house, where the daughter speedily provided him with tea, "and plenty of fine cream, and extraordinary bread-and-butter." The young lady spoke so well, and looked so lovely, that Buncle was scarcely less charmed with her mind than he was lost in admiration of her person. He managed to prolong their talk till noon, when, to his joy, the old father reappeared, and insisted that he should stay to dinner, requesting his daughter to entertain the visitor meanwhile. As soon as Buncle was again left alone with Miss Noel, he told her ingenuously that although he could not be certain whether he was in love with her, as he had never experienced the passion before, yet he felt very strange emotions within him, and was sure that he could never be happy without her. This was a little sudden; and Miss Noel begged that she might hear no more on that subject. She would rather, she said, hear his views on the "primævity" of the Hebrew language. Thus challenged, Buncle proceeded to give, at some length, his reasons for thinking that Biblical Hebrew was the language of Paradise, and that it continued to be spoken by all men until long after the time of Moses. But, to his great surprise, Miss Noel at once controverted this (at equal or even greater length), and, finding all his arguments hopelessly confounded, the young man cried—

"Illuminate me, thou glorious girl, in this dark article, and be my teacher in Hebrew learning, as I flatter myself you will be my guide and dirigent of all my notions and my days. Yes, charming Harriot, my fate is in your hands. Dispose of it as you will, and make me what you please."

Buncle, it will be observed, had none of the embarrassing bashfulness of the ordinary youth, inexperienced in affairs of the heart; but, as we shall see later on, he was to the manner born. Miss Noel smiled, said he was an odd compound of a man, but forbade him to let her hear any more of such romantic flights. She then, by way of diverting his attention, took him to see her grotto, and they stayed admiring its beauties until they were summoned to dinner. After dinner, Mr. Noel, who was over eighty years of age, retired for his evening nap, charging his

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

daughter to make tea for the visitor, whom he had invited to stay the night. Buncle declares that he was as happy over that pot of tea "as ever with his Statira sat the conqueror of the world."

"Charming angel! [he burst out] the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion that must increase every time that I behold the harmony of your face; and by the powers divine I swear to love you so long as Heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air. Bid me, then, either live or die, and while I do live, be assured that my life shall be devoted to you only."

But in vain was all this warmth; for Miss Noel quietly replied that, if he did not talk about something more rational, she must leave the room. "If you please, then, Madam," said he at once, "we will consider the miracle at Babel." He then owned to being himself of the opinion of Hutchinson on this matter; but Miss Noel summarily confuted poor Hutchinson's theory (the argument occupying some ten pages) with a highly curious and unexpected result. So amazed was I, says Buncle, at so high a degree of intelligence in a female that: "I could not help snatching this beauty to my arms, and without thinking of what I did, impressed on her balmy mouth half a dozen kisses." His impetuosity seems to have given some offence; and he admits that it was wrong. But when he had begged her pardon, and assured her that the magic of her glorious eyes, added to the bright powers of her mind, had transported him beside himself, she was easily reconciled, and proposed a game at cribbage. Then, seeing the head of his German flute sticking out of his pocket, she asked him to oblige her with a song instead. Of course he readily complied, and proceeded to play one of his own composing; the old father, who had now finished his nap, arriving in time to hear the finish of it, and demand another. The music so pleased the old gentleman, that he invited Buncle to stay a month if he liked, and to come again as often, and stay as long, as he pleased. After all this, the reader will not be surprised to find that, before many weeks had expired, Buncle was engaged to the lovely Hariot, who was to bring with her a large fortune in ready cash, and be made her father's heir. But there's many a slip between cup and lip, and, just a

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

fortnight before the day fixed for their wedding, Miss Noel died of the small-pox. For the space of two months the bereaved lover scarcely spoke ; then he resolved to go home to his father, whom he had not seen for five years. But at home further trouble was in store for him. His father had recently married a young wife, who proved to be antagonistic to her stepson ; and the father himself was so enraged when the son (having, since he left home, become a Unitarian) refused to read the orthodox prayers at family worship, that young Buncle was promptly disinherited, and turned out of house and home.

Having nothing on which to start in the world but a vigorous constitution, a purse full of gold, and a £500 bank-note which Miss Noel had left him by will the day she sickened, young Buncle put his trust in Providence, and took ship for England. And Providence almost immediately afforded him the opportunity of saving the life of a young lady, a fellow passenger on board the ship. On landing at Whitehaven, he and this young lady, Miss Melmoth, put up at the same inn, and for the following three weeks breakfasted, dined, and supped together. Miss Melmoth was fluent in Latin and Greek, and they talked together "like two critics, or two grammarians, antiquarians, historians, or philosophers," but (a circumstance which he notes as "very odd") during the whole of that time there was not one look of love between them. At the end of the three weeks, they travelled together to a point where their roads diverged ; she and her servants being bound for Yorkshire, while he was bent on seeking out an old University chum, named Turner, who dwelt somewhere in the wilds of Westmoreland. Before they parted, however, Miss Melmoth burst into tears ; and, on his enquiring for the cause, she told him her grief was caused by the thought that she might never see him, the gallant preserver of her life, any more. Buncle, as we shall see, did not usually wait for a hint from any lady ; but he declares that it was then that, for the first time, he kissed Miss Melmoth, promising to travel on to her house in Yorkshire as soon as he had paid his respects to his friend Turner. After parting with this charming travelling companion, Buncle

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

entered into "a vast valley, enclosed by mountains whose tops were above the clouds, and soon came into a country that is wilder than the Campagna of Rome, or the uncultivated vales of the Alps and Apennines." His love of the country, and especially his admiration for wild scenery, is in striking contrast with the indifference shown by most contemporary authors. Dr. Johnson, for instance, made his celebrated tour to the Hebrides in 1763, and he, as we know, declared that a blade of grass was always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another, and that, wherever a traveller might be, the proper study of mankind was Man. Buncle, on the other hand, seems to have been of opinion that the proper study of mankind was Woman; and he liked to picture her (and, what is more remarkable, was perpetually finding her) immersed in the study of theology and mathematics, against a background of wild and wonderful woodland scenery. His descriptions of the country he passes through are always extravagant; but again and again he goes into raptures as he traverses the beautiful country about the fells, riding by the shores of lovely lakes or along the banks of bright running streams, and seeing neither house nor man for eight hours or more at a time. It is characteristic of him, however, that always before nightfall he lights upon some well-placed mansion or sweetly situated cottage, whose owner, whether total stranger or former friend (and it is really astonishing what a number of long-lost friends he thus finds in unexpected places), receives him with delight, promptly places before him a fowl with bacon and greens, or a pound of rump steak and a quart of green peas, together with strong ale and port wine, entertains him likewise with a lengthy discourse on the principles of true Christianity (*i.e.*, of course, Unitarianism), and invites him to stay a week, or a month, or as long as he likes.

The first house Buncle sees, at the end of his first day's journey after leaving Miss Melmoth, turns out to be the habitation of an old friend, named Jack Price, who is now married and settled, as he declares, with a wife who "makes it the sole study and pleasure of her life to crown me every day with the highest satisfactions and comforts." Jack had

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

formerly been a terrible debauchee ; but his Martha had converted him into a "reasonable Christian," or, in other words, an enthusiastic Unitarian. "I shall never forget the lesson," he confides to Buncle ; "the substance of what she said is as follows"—and then we get a regulation sermon. By and by, Mrs. Price is introduced, and she and her visitor immediately plunge into a conversation on primitive Christianity ; the lady having first innings in an argument which takes up eleven pages of the book, and Buncle following on, and victoriously scoring point after point against the orthodox professors of theology, for forty-seven pages more. After a short stay with these estimable friends, Buncle proceeds on his journey, and, having passed through a country whose wild scenery "harrowed the soul with horror," he arrived at a place named Burcott Lodge, where he finds a sort of female republic of one hundred souls, presided over by a young paragon whom he calls Azora. This lady, unlike most of those whom Buncle meets on his travels, was not particularly learned ; she understood English only, and had but few books ; but he found that she could instruct him in his favourite algebra, while on the fundamental points of religion he admits that he was not only out-talked but out-reasoned. And she gave him other valuable instruction as well ; for he declares that, if he had set down all that she told him about salads, cucumbers, early cabbages, strawberries, &c., it would have made an octavo volume. Azora founded her female community (which strikes one as a grotesque anticipation of the idea of Tennyson's *Princess*) when her father and all the men of the neighbourhood were swept off by a fever. She had a bodyguard of ten maidens, specially educated in fine needlework, in music, and in mathematics. Buncle, always proud of his head for figures, set these girls a few sums, all of which they did according to improved methods, with surprising quickness ; while Azora and her lieutenant, Antonina, speedily showed him that in the higher mathematics they could give him points and beat him easily. Whereupon he observes : "My whole life has been spent in reading and thinking ; and nevertheless I have met with many women in my time who, with

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

very little reading, have been too hard for me on several subjects"; and he concludes that—

"If they had the laboured education the men have, and applied to books with all possible attention for as many years as we do, there would be found among them as great divines as Episcopius, Limborch, Whichcote, Barrow, Tillotson, and Clarke, and as great mathematicians as Maclaurin, Saunderson, and Simpson."

Some of Buncle's illustrations are a trifle fantastic; but the idea of woman's sphere and mission floating in his mind seems to have been substantially that which we now associate with the name of John Stuart Mill. This female republic, however, was not altogether a thing after Buncle's heart; and he takes care to tell us in a note that, soon after Azora's death, her lieutenant, Antonina, advised the young women to marry some stalwart young men from the neighbouring mountains, so as to increase the number of her people. And, says Buncle, many advantages were found from the presence of men amongst them; the most notable apparently being that "more than half the women who married had twins the first year"!

In the early part of the eighteenth century, the English Lake District was very little visited; and an adventurous traveller might have allowed considerable licence to his imagination, without much chance of being found out. But it is difficult to believe that the veriest Cockney can ever have been taken in by some of Buncle's extraordinary relations. He has no sooner left the female republic just described than, in one of the numerous happy valleys lying among the hills which he always represents as Alps, he comes suddenly upon a pretty hermitage which, on entering, he discovers to be inhabited by a solitary skeleton, with its bones picked as clean and white as if from the hands of a surgeon. On a table lies a box, and in the box he finds a paper telling the skeleton's story. His name was John Orton, and this history states him to have been, up to the age of forty, a licentious and abandoned wretch. But he then had a fever, which caused him to sell all his worldly goods and retire to these mountains, where he cultivated his garden, studied his Bible, and piously meditated on his latter end. While Buncle soliloquises over the skeleton, his two

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

boys bring in a wild turkey which they have meantime caught and roasted; so our cheerful philosopher is enabled to sit down to an excellent supper before burying John Orton's bones, making a careful inventory of all the goods in the house, and resolving to settle down in the place, and end his life of adventures. But he soon pines for livelier company than the skull of John Orton, which he has kept for a *memento mori*; and it occurs to him that Miss Melmoth's presence would give the place much more the air of an Earthly Paradise. Moreover, he has not yet succeeded in finding his old college chum, Turner. So he mounts to horse once more, and, after one or two other adventures, which may be passed over, tumbles suddenly through a hole or tunnel in one of those mysterious mountains, plump into a secluded valley which he might never have otherwise discovered; and there, before his eyes, stands the house of his friend. Turner is away in Italy, but Buncle is cordially welcomed by a beautiful young sister of his friend, who, besides being well acquainted with antiquity, history, and geography, has £50,000 at her own disposal; and the now experienced eye of the visitor soon detects that she is very favourably inclined towards him. Being, however, as he assures us, a man of punctilious honour, he could not permit himself to ask her hand in her brother's absence; so, after a few days' stay, he continues his journey towards the home of Miss Melmoth. On arriving at the address she had given him, however, he finds, to his dismay, that the lady of the house has recently died, and that Miss Melmoth, who inherited all her property, has sold it off and gone away. She had left behind her a letter for a gentleman who was expected to call (presumably himself); but this the caretaker has unfortunately lost. He frantically scours the neighbouring country in search of her for the following three weeks, but, meeting with no success, is just on the point of abandoning the quest, when, as he is one evening standing disconsolately at an inn door waiting for his supper, the lady herself rides up to him. She had heard of his call and the loss of her letter, and for three weeks they had been playing hide-and-seek with one another all over the country. There is never any beating about the bush with Buncle; whether in love

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

or theology, he goes directly for his object like a bull at a gate. So he promptly gives Miss Melmoth what he candidly admits was a rather flowery description of Orton Lodge, and asks if she is willing to share his solitude there. The lady is as downright as the gentleman, and, without hesitation, declares that she would be ready to go with him to Hudson's Bay, while, if she had a hundred thousand pounds, they should be as entirely at his service as is the moderate fortune of four thousand and a little personal estate, which is all she has to offer.

"Give me thy hand, then (I said), thou generous girl. You have made me the happiest of men, and in return I swear by that *one, supreme, tremendous Power* I adore, that I will be true and faithful to thee till death dissolves the sacred obligation. Twice do I swear by the *Great Spirit* in whose dread presence I am, with your right hand locked fast in mine across this table, and call on him as witness to our vows, that neither time, nor chance, nor aught but death's inevitable hand shall e'er divide our loves. Miss Melmoth said : *Amen.*"

Forthwith they mounted their horses and galloped off to Orton Lodge, where the best things the house afforded were set on the table, a Roman Catholic Priest of the neighbourhood, whose acquaintance Bunclie had already made, was quickly called in to perform the marriage ceremony, and "man and wife we sat down to supper." Two years, full of delight, were passed with his Charlotte at Orton Lodge ; and then she died, during an epidemic of fever which devastated the district. He describes himself as overwhelmed with sorrow, "like a traveller in Greenland who has lost the sun"; but this dejection was of short duration, and within a little while he sold off his live stock, locked up the house, and set off on horseback, accompanied by one manservant, not, like the Knight of La Mancha, in hopes of conquering a kingdom and winning a princess, but with this more prosaic, though more attainable object, viz. : "to see if I could find another good country girl for a wife, and get a little more money ; as these were the only two things united that would save me from melancholy, and secure real happiness." He had not far to seek. Before the end of the first day, he had arrived at a handsome square house, set in a beautiful garden ; and, finding nobody to

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

oppose his entrance, he marched straight into a fine spacious room, filled on every side with books, globes, telescopes, &c., where, in a chair, sat a silver-haired old gentleman, nearly a hundred years of age, with a beautiful granddaughter beside him. In the middle of the room was a reading-desk, on which leaned the skeleton of a man, with an inscription attached, which informed the casual visitor that : " This skeleton was once Charles Henley, Esquire." The silver-haired old gentleman politely welcomed Buncle, who, being now familiar with skeletons, forebore to ask any questions, and volunteered his own history instead. Next morning, however, he learns the story of the old gentleman's family, including that of the obtrusive family skeleton. The young lady, it appears, is the skeleton's daughter ; and her learning and accomplishments are as great as her beauty. Her father has left her his house and estate, together with £10,000 a year ; but she is not to inherit or to marry before she is twenty-two years of age ; and, meanwhile, the skeleton is always to stand in the middle of the room as a *memento mori*. Statia, says her amiable grandfather, is now only in the second month of her twenty-first year ; but if Buncle will be good enough to stay with them until her twenty-second birthday, he shall then marry her. Buncle, like Barkis, is always willing, and agrees to stay the time ; though when, seven months afterwards, the old gentleman dies, he proposes as an amendment that they should marry at once. But, to his consternation, the young lady now declares that she is more inclined towards a life of celibacy ; and that, as her guardian is no longer with them, it is improper for Buncle to remain in the house. This was an altogether unexpected and staggering development ; but our matrimonial philosopher was equal to the occasion, and, collecting all his eloquence, delivered a discourse of such power on the duty of all good Christians to increase and multiply, so as to provide a succession of generations to share in the honours and privileges of the true Church, that the convinced Statia capitulated on the spot. Father Fleming was instantly sent for, and they were promptly married, in spite of the provisions of the skeleton's will. Orton Lodge was decided upon for their honeymoon, and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

they liked the place so well, that they remained there for two years ; at the end of which time another epidemic carried Statia off, and Bunclaire laid her by the side of Charlotte. "I sat with my eyes shut for three days," he solemnly relates, "but at last called for my horse, to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects could do."

On the road towards Harrogate, at which place he proposes to take the waters, Bunclaire pays a passing visit to a society of married friars, and gives it as his opinion that "it is really a fine thing to monk it on *this* plan." They are Socinian friars, of course ; and he treats the reader to forty-six pages concerning their way of life and their theology. Then, proceeding on his journey, he loses his way. After a time, we get to know that, whenever Bunclaire loses his way, something astonishing or delightful is about to happen. In this instance, he discovers the prettiest little house he ever beheld, and, getting no answer to repeated knocks for admission, roams about the grounds until, finding "a sleeping parlour similar to that in the gardens at Stowe," he makes himself comfortable there for the night. Next day he learns that the house belongs to a young lady of great fortune, Miss Cranmer, whose father has been dead about a year, and who is now away from home for a short time. As might be expected of him, he puts up at a neighbouring cottage to wait for this lady's return. To fill up his time in the interval, he goes to visit a hermit who lives a few miles off ; and, as a consequence, the reader, as well as this unfortunate man, is treated to more than twenty pages of objections to the theological doctrines of Bellarmine and Le Blanc. Miss Cranmer, on her return three weeks later, proved to be "as pretty as it was possible for flesh and blood to be"; and "as she had very little notion of men, having seen very few except the two old servants who lived with her," our amorous widower induced her to marry him before the expiration of another six weeks. She was as good as an angel, he declares, and they lived together at Orton Lodge "in unspeakable felicity" until, at the end of two years, she also was carried off by that inevitable epidemic, and had to be laid by the side of Charlotte and Statia. On the occasion of this third bereavement, he sat with his eyes

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

closed for four days, and then, as before, mounted his horse and set out for Harrogate. At this point of the story, it suddenly occurs to him that some readers may wonder that no mention has been made of any children by so many wives ; and he therefore explains, once for all, that, though he has a great many to carry on the succession, they have, so far, done nothing but "rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat," and therefore it would not be fair to make anybody pay for their history. During this visit to his favourite Harrogate, he renews acquaintanceship with six Irish gentlemen whom he had formerly known in Dublin. They were all men of large fortunes, and as handsome fine fellows as could be picked out in all the world ; but, although he favours us with a character-sketch of each, we must content ourselves here with a few words concerning the most remarkable of the group. This was a Mr. Gallaspy, who was the tallest and strongest man Buncle had ever seen ; who never went to bed more often than one night in three, was the most profane swearer ever known, had already killed two men in duels, and, in addition to certain other accomplishments, which Buncle particularises, but which our more modest age will not allow to be mentioned in print, always smoked two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and blew the smoke of both out of his nostrils, and was also in the habit of drinking "seven in a hand," that is to say, "seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand that, in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glass, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once." This episode is the only instance throughout the book of the specifically Rabelaisian type of extravagance ; and the quality of it is hardly such as to make us wish for more.

But it was not only Irishmen that Buncle met at Harrogate. He had only been there a day or two, when it was his fortune to dance with Miss Spence, of Westmoreland, a lady "who had the *head* of Aristotle, the *heart* of a primitive Christian, and the *form* of the Venus de Medicis"; and the reader will be by no means surprised to hear that he was not many hours in her company before he was passionately in love with her. But he anticipates that

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

perhaps some conventionally-minded persons may not heartily agree with his plighting his vows to a fourth girl when the three wives he has already buried are scarcely cold in their graves; so he thinks it well to set out at length his apology for marrying so often.

"I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object, formed by the imagination; and to be still devoted to her is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world than if she had existed before the Flood. As we cannot restore what Nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction. Nor is this all. If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife,—beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction,—yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms can be no reason for accusing fate of cruelty, that is, Providence of injustice; nor can it authorise us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duty and business of life. This wife was born to die; and we receive her under the condition of mortality . . . and when this term is expired . . . we should look out for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is by the Abrahamic covenant bound to carry on the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power."

There is more, to the same effect, on the general question, and then follows a special application to his own particular case:—

"As I had forfeited my father's favour and estate for the sake of Christian Deism, and had nothing but my own honest industry to secure me daily bread, it was necessary for me to lay hold of every opportunity to improve my fortune, and, of consequence, do my best to gain the heart of the first rich young woman who came in my way after I had buried a wife. It was not for me to be snivelling for months because my wife died before me, which was, at least, as probable as that she should be the survivor."

Any comment on this callous and fantastic, but apparently perfectly serious, apology being surely superfluous, we hasten on with the story. Miss Spence promises to consider Buncle's proposal, and give him an answer later on at her home in Westmoreland. In the interval, he employs himself in rescuing two young and beautiful heiresses—one aged nineteen and the other twenty, and each entitled to £100,000 on coming of age—from the moated house in which their rascally guardian is keeping

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

them immured. But, as he would not risk marrying one of them (even were Miss Spence out of the question) in case she might die before inheriting her money, he takes them both to Orton Lodge, and leaves them there while he posts off to get his answer from the lady with the head of Aristotle and the form of the Venus de Medicis. Miss Spence was of the age of twenty-four, she possessed a neat and pretty mansion standing in about two hundred acres of charming grounds, and she was one of several ladies Buncle met with in the course of his travels who understood "the arithmetic of fluxions." It may, perhaps, go without the saying, that she was also a "Christian Deist." On his arrival at her "neat and pretty mansion," she is just on the point of starting on a journey to London, accompanied by a maid and a footman, on horseback, and is glad to avail herself of her admirer's escort. By the way, they discuss Leibnitz and Newton, and fluxions; and the reader has the benefit of nearly twenty pages of their conversation, the report of which by no means bears out Buncle's reference to the head of Aristotle. What they saw or did while in London, he unfortunately omits to tell us. He briefly says that, within three weeks of their arrival, they were married; and then, with equal brevity, that before the end of six months she was dead; and that, though he mourned her loss "with a degree of sorrow due to so much excellence, endearment, and delight," yet he soon went out into the world again, to relieve his mind, and try his fortune once more. Three months later, Miss Turner, the beautiful sister of his old college chum, and the mistress, as we have seen, of £50,000, rides up to the inn in which Buncle happens to be staying; and, as soon as he hears that her brother is no more, he proposes to her on the spot. She agrees to give him her answer in the course of a few days; but, while playing cards in the evening, it becomes evident to the penetrating eye of this past master of proposals, that she is already all his own; so, without waiting for her formal answer, he at once sends his man off for Father Fleming, and they are married on the following morning. It is but three short months since the death of wife number four; but "a dead woman is no wife," he exclaims, "and marriage is ever

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

glorious !” After spending six weeks at the inn where they were married, the happy couple set off for a visit to London ; but they had proceeded a very little way on their journey, before their carriage was overturned by the side of a steep hill, and his fifth charmer was killed. “ It was in vain for me to continue lamenting,” he simply remarks, “ she was gone for ever ” ; so “ her body I deposited in the next churchyard, and immediately after rid as fast as I could up to London.”

On this visit to the great city, he took lodgings in the house of Edmund Curll, the bookseller, a man who is more or less familiar to us from Pope’s references to him in the *Dunciad* and elsewhere. Buncle’s sketch of this notorious character is by no means flattering. “ Curll was in person,” he says, “ very tall and thin, an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light-grey, large, projecting, goggle, and pur-blind. He was splay-footed and baker-kneed.” No man could talk so well on theatrical subjects and theology, we are told ; but he printed lewd things, and was altogether a lewd fellow, being too fond of drink, when he could get it at other people’s expense, and behaving so miserly to his staff of miserable Grub Street hacks, that “ his translators in pay lay, three in a bed, at the *Pewter Platter* in Holborn.” Curll introduced Buncle to some of the most infamous dens in London ; and it was at Curll’s house that he met with two Irish sharpers, who inveigled him into a gambling-hell, and quickly fleeced him out of all the money which he had made by his various fortunate marriages. By way of making amends for this last crushing misfortune, however, the dissolute bookseller put him in the way of running off with the only daughter and heiress of an old and wealthy miser named Dunk. Agnes Dunk, of course, was a young and beautiful and cultivated girl, and she readily agreed to ride off with Buncle to Cumberland to be married. But, on the way, she fell ill of a fever and died ; whereupon Buncle sadly put her into a coffin with his own hands, and, after keeping her seven days, according to the old Roman fashion, disconsolately followed her to her grave. And now comes one of the strangest experiences of even his

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

strange life. For, six months later, being driven by stress of weather to take shelter in the house of a Dr. Stowell in Westmoreland, he is staggered to find that the doctor's wife is, without a doubt, no other than this very Miss Dunk, whom he had so carefully buried with his own hands. She does not appear to recognise him, so he discreetly says nothing ; but he sets his servant to make enquiries, from which it appears that the doctor had been in the habit of having bodies brought to him from churchyards for purposes of dissection, and that, on one such occasion, just as he was about to use his knife, one of these bodies moved, and, on being resuscitated, it turned out to be so charming a woman, that her preserver lost no time in marrying her. Before long, Buncle hears of another North-country medical man, named Fitzgibbon, who has an only daughter, "a very divinity" ; and, on paying him a visit, is invited to take up his quarters in the house for the purpose of studying physic. He does so ; and, at the end of two years, marries the doctor's lovely daughter, Julia. Dr. Fitzgibbon dies a few weeks after his daughter's wedding, leaving Buncle not only his house, his library, and his practice, but a handsome fortune as well. Ten months after marriage, Julia fell into a river that flowed by the end of her garden, and was drowned. This time, Buncle sat with his eyes shut for the length of ten days ; reflecting, he says, on the wisdom of God.

"And when I had done, I called to my man, Soto & Fin, to bring the horses out immediately, and I would go somewhere or other to see new scenes, and, if I could, get another wife . . . What man could say he had had enough of wedlock because he had buried seven such wives ? I am sure I could not."

With this notion in his head, he determined to make for Orton Lodge, reflecting that one of the two young heiresses he had left in possession there would now be just about of legal age. But, on arrival, he found the place shut up, and a note fastened to the door-key, informing him that, having heard nothing of him for so long, and learning that their nefarious guardian was now dead, the young ladies had felt

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

free to go away,—but whither he could not even guess. So he settles down for a month in his old home to cogitate ; and then a desire comes upon him to “look once more at that fair curiosity, Miss Dunk that was.” Mrs. Stowell makes no more sign of recognising him than on the occasion of his former visit ; and he plunges into a spirited conversation with her husband on “the wisdom and goodness of God in the production of the Spanish fly for the benefit of man ;” but, after talking for a very short time, the good doctor dropped dead from his chair. What followed can only be told in his own words :—

“When the beautiful Mrs. Stowell saw her husband was really dead, and had paid that decent tribute to his memory which was due to a man who had left her in his will all his estate, real and personal, to be by her disposed of as she pleased, she sent for me to her chamber the next morning, and, after a long conversation with her, told me she could now own who she was, and, instead of acting any longer by the directions of her head, let me know from her heart that she still had the same regard for me as when we travelled away from her father’s house.”

Of course Buncle was ready for another wedding at once ; but the lady insisted on going away for three months, for propriety’s sake. He remained in possession of the house and property in the meantime ; and they were duly married a week after her return. Just at this time he learns that his father is dying, and therefore selects Ireland for his seventh honeymoon. On arriving at the paternal mansion, which he has not seen or heard from since the days of his youth, he is astonished to find that the old gentleman has become as strict a Unitarian as himself ; a circumstance which would have given him even more satisfaction than it did if, during his passion for orthodoxy, that stern parent had not alienated his estate, so that now he can leave his son nothing but £100 a year, a little ready money, and a small ship, a sloop of twenty-five tons, then lying at anchor in the bay. The father dies in all the odour of Unitarian sanctity, and Buncle, with Mrs. Buncle the seventh, soon returns to England in the family sloop. Whether the possession of a ship turned his thoughts from matrimony, or whether there were any other cause, he does not inform us. But when, a year later, “Miss Dunk that was” left him again a widower, he circumnavigated the globe in this

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

cockle-shell, and made it his habitation for nine years. After which he purchased "a little flowery retreat" within a few miles of London, and there settled down, without (at any rate up to the moment of writing) any further matrimonial inclinations, and yet, he declares, as happy a mortal as can exist on this planet.

The *Life of John Buncle* purports to be an autobiography. Doubtless there are some few grains of fact in this bushel of fiction; but it would be scarcely worth while, even if it were possible, to pick them out; and all that is independently known of the author amounts to very little. In a letter to the *St. James's Chronicle* of 25th October, 1788, a correspondent, who had been much struck with the singularities of *John Buncle*, inquired whether anybody knew anything concerning "an author whose real name has been as studiously concealed from the world as that of the gentleman who wrote the celebrated letters signed *Junius*." In answer to this, a few days later, another correspondent, signing himself "X," informed the public that the real name of the author of *John Buncle* was Amory, and that he had frequently seen, and occasionally exchanged a few words with, this "very singular person," whom he believed to be now dead. The letter goes on—

"I believe he was a native of Ireland; and I have been informed that he was bred to some Branch of the Profession of Physick. Whether he ever followed that, or any other profession, I have not heard. When I knew him, he lived in a very recluse Way, on a small Fortune; and his residence was in Orchard Street, Westminster. At that time he had a Country Lodging for occasional Retirement, in the Summer, at Belfound, [Bedfont] near Hounslow. This was about 30 years ago. He had then a Wife, who bore a very respectable Character; and by whom he had a Son, who, if living, is a Physician somewhere in the North of England."

"X" appeals to this son to favour the public with a more satisfactory account of his "learned though very eccentric Father," who was, he goes on to say—

"A Man of a very peculiar Look and Aspect; though at the same Time he bore quite the Appearance of a Gentleman. He read much; and scarce ever stirred, but like a Bat, in the Dark of the Evening; and then he would take his usual Walk; but seemed to be always ruminating on speculative Subjects, even while passing along the most crowded streets."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

He further declares, that Amory was a zealous Unitarian "to a most Romantick Degree," and that it was generally thought that, in the character and adventures of Mr. Buncle, he intended "at least a sketch of his own Picture," "X" venturing his own opinion that "perhaps the general outline is not unlike." This communication speedily drew a reply from Amory's son; which is not very illuminating, but which, as an epistolary curiosity, may be given *in extenso*.

"In your paper of the 6th of this Month I found some very erroneous statements of my Father (John Buncle), Thomas Amory, Esq. He was not a native of Ireland. His Father, Councillor Amory, attended King William to Ireland, and was appointed Secretary for the forfeited Estates in that Kingdom, and was possessed of very extensive property in the County of Clare. He was the youngest Brother of Amory or Damer, the Miser, whom Pope calls 'the Wealthy and the Wise'; from whom comes Lord Milton, &c., &c. My grandfather married the Daughter of FitzMaurice, Earl of Kerry; Sir William Petty another Daughter; and the grandfather of the Duke of Leinster another. My father lived on Millbank, Westminster, and for a few Years rented a house at Bellfont. He never had but one Wife, and I am the only surviving Child; he is yet living, and is now 97 Years old, and when young was a very handsome Man. He has published many political and religious Tracts, Poems, and Songs. I cannot comprehend any Sense in your calling him an 'Unitarian to a romantic degree.' He worships one God through the Mediation of Jesus Christ. I cannot see any Romance in that. He will not see any Company, nor ever comes out of his Room. I remain, Sir, Your humble Servant,

ROBERT AMORY, M.D.

Wakefield, Nov. 19, 1788.

P.S.—I have practised Physic here 27 years. We are lineally descended from Amory de Montford, who married the sister of Henry II., and was created Earl of Leicester. I have three sons, all in the army. My eldest son, Robert, is a miserable Cripple, from an Injury received in the Action under Lord Rodney on the 12th of April; my second Son is a lieutenant in the 71st, and my third an Ensign in the 57th."

In January, 1789, a Mr. Louis Renas, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, gave reasons for doubting Dr. Amory's genealogy; whereupon the irate doctor wrote to "Mr. Urban," that his account was taken from his grandfather's papers, and had been confirmed by his father; that the Ignorance and Low Abuse of Renas were beneath contempt, and that this person "should sign his name *Mr. Louis the Ass*, and then the Herald's Office might easily have found out *his* connections." In this letter, he incidentally mentions

"THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ."

that his aged father had died in November of the previous year ; but the correspondence is chiefly interesting as showing that Dr. Amory, though without any of his father's literary faculty, at any rate "carried on the succession" in respect of eccentricity. Buncle desired to be remembered as "an odd man" ; and, so far as Amory is remembered at all, it will only be as an odd writer. His books have not even the interest of marking any transition stage in the evolution of the English novel ; for Richardson's *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, and Smollett's *Roderick Random* had all appeared before the *Memoirs* and *John Buncle*. In neither book is there either plot, or analysis of motives, or delineation of feelings, or discrimination of character. A large proportion of Buncle's adventures are as preposterous as those of Baron Munchausen ; and as for the philosophical, scientific, and theological dissertations with which these are interspersed, all that need be said of them is, that they are not above the level of a Sunday orator in Hyde Park. Some books, says the wise Bacon, may be read by deputy ; and in this class we may unhesitatingly place Amory's *Memoirs* of "illustrious" ladies, and the *Life of John Buncle*.

JOHN FYVIE

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

EVERY disinterested legislator, every fair-minded citizen, every duped investor now realises how true Dryden was when he said : " War seldom enters but where wealth allures." Every Briton whose country has appeared to him to be the pioneer of universal freedom and the political evangelist of equal rights, now resents the way in which he was deluded into a long, costly, desolating, and, in my judgment, dishonourable war, for a selfish quest. The war against the Boer Republics was believed by honest, simple, but misguided patriots to be on behalf of freedom and franchise, where it was not a holy crusade to rescue the African native from the cruel and intolerable tyranny of the Boers. In fact, the healthy and instinctive repugnance to slavery inherent in the British people was played upon to foment anti-Boer prejudice, by the very people who now connive at, defend, or will profit by the slavery of the yellow race, which is now proceeding with the approval of this gold-spangled Government.

No one suspected—not even those who think Imperially—that we should witness the degrading spectacle of Primate, bishops, and clergymen condoning chattel slavery, even extenuating this trafficking in human souls in return for proselyting facilities for converting Mongolian Confucians in capitalistic compounds. But even this lower depth has been reached and passed ; and the deeper disgrace is now witnessed of the High Court of Parliament effacing from its glorious past its noble work for subject races, and tearing ruthlessly from its record of human achievement the brightest, because it was the most disinterested, legislative

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

act of all time, namely, the enactment of industrial and social liberty—human freedom for all within its sovran domain.

It is no excuse to say that indentured labour has been sanctioned before. Where it has been, the labour performed has been agricultural or pastoral, and not accompanied by the loathsome compound system, with its physical restriction and its moral degradation. This differentiates all other indentured labour from what is now being imposed upon Africa, and makes that the industrial slavery it is.

It is no answer to urge, in defence of this crowning infamy, the plea of "regrettable necessity." This is the coward's plea, the criminal's defence, the wanton's excuse, the statesman's shame, the prelate's sin. This evasion of human rights and national duty, apart from perversion of our noblest tradition, is a denial of our responsibility to inferior races, whom we can only claim to govern because, in so ruling, we substitute for the slavery of savages the free consent of the kindly governed. And Parliament has been asked, persuaded, or forced to do this, by the cosmopolitan financier who lives out of Africa by luring other people's credit into it, and subordinating, in his pursuit of undisciplined wealth, all principles of political morality, representative government, and human rights for the manual instruments of production which he, with State-sanctioned assistance, employs.

The tragic irony of all this iniquity is, that the financial Jew, whose race has been the slave of the centuries, the persecuted of all countries, the hunted of all time, should be the central operating figure in reviving servitude, and voluntarily and gratuitously allow his vain and vulgar cupidity to enthrall a race of men who were a great and civilised race when the chosen people of Israel were in Egyptian bondage, but even not then in walled compounds.

One of the many bad results of South African developments is the revival of the hatred of the Jew that, ere the Kaffir ring had triumphed, had died down. At the instance of what John Bunyan finely calls "the man with the muck-rake," the present Government of "forcible feebls" have taken their marching orders from the disreputable and

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

alien rich, who in their politico-commercial aim of Colonial life say :—

“ Why, that's the end of wealth ; thrust riches outward
And remain beggars within. Contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble and the precious go.”

In pursuit of this sordid ideal, they have for years deliberately planned and subtly manipulated time and circumstances for the importation of Asiatic labour into Africa. They have insistently worked for the incursion of the human yet mechanised automata from China ; because the arrival of the voteless, dependent, unorganised and inarticulate Chinese coolies means the exodus of Lord Milner's “ white proletariat,” and the disappearance from the South African political arena of the voting, organised European industrials, who would, if enfranchised, hold South Africa in the hollow of their hands.

How tragically true have become the words of Mr. Woodford Laffans, correspondent at Pretoria four years ago, when, passing through London to New York, he said :—

“ I am going to tell my countrymen the facts of the struggle in Africa. They imagine it is English against Dutch. It is nothing of the kind. It is the attempt of the International Syndicate of a great financial trust to throttle the little Republics, in order to make the Transvaal a great Kimberley compound where blacks and coolies will earn huge dividends for the Jews. There will be no more room for white men in the Transvaal if they succeed.”

These gentlemen set up as their excuse for the most recent but least decent of their acts, that the prosperity of South Africa needs an increase of unskilled labour from China, because the Colonial supply is insufficient.

First let us examine the plea of declining prosperity. Measured by output, cost of production, present supply of native labour, neither economic situation nor industrial conditions warrant this exceptional step. Depression is no excuse for slavery, loss of profit no justification for the violent dumping of alien labour at low cost into a district upon the industry of which the Kaffir and Colonial British have first claim. The mines at work, the stamps in

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

operation, the whites employed, the natives engaged, the output of gold, the profits secured, are practically equal, where not superior, in volume, numbers, and profit, to the best period before the war. And, taking into consideration all the disabling and dislocating results of three and a quarter years of war, the marvel is that the men and *matériel* of the mining industry are so good and so full as they are. The problem of labour-supply, both native and white, at this moment is either being perfunctorily grappled with, or, as many South Africans allege, is being manipulated or suspended for the pro-Chinese interests of the mine-owners, where not done for Stock Exchange purposes in connection with the lower grade mines. Certain it is, that if the mine-owners had tried to get as little native labour as possible, they could not have done more to repel it than a perusal of their treatment of the natives undoubtedly discloses.

The Commission of Mine-Magnates, in their 1903 report, only lift a corner of the curtain that hides the callous treatment of the aboriginal Kaffir, whose labour in the hell of the deep-sunk diamond mines results too often in the decoration of the courtesan, where it does not end in the obtrusive display of ostentatious wealth in the capitals of Europe, by men whose character, life, and frequently suicidal end, are in vulgar accord with the rococo civilisation which their vulgar riches make more banal and repellent to the rest of mankind.

I believe that Mr. Hays Hammond, in November, 1899, was right in one statement, that as to the supply of natives, when he said :—

“There are in South Africa millions of Kaffirs, and it does seem preposterous that we are not able to obtain 70,000 or 80,000 Kaffirs to work upon the mines. With good government there should be an abundance of labour, and with abundance of labour there will be no difficulty in cutting down wages, because it is preposterous to pay a Kaffir his present wages. He would be quite as well satisfied, in fact he would work longer, if you gave him half the amount.” (Laughter.) “His wages are altogether disproportionate to his requirements.” (Renewed laughter.)

He also said, at the same meeting, that under English rule he hoped to be able to cut down the wages of the Kaffir by half. He calculated that, by compelling the natives to

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

work, a saving of 6s. a ton of gold ore could be made, which would result in a gross increase of dividends of two and a quarter millions sterling.

The reduction of the Kaffirs' wages, then shamelessly advocated, has been effected ; with the result which everyone would expect, that, when wages are reduced from 60s. to 30s. per month, the number seeking the lower wage has been proportionately diminished. How that reduction has been effected, the following official table shows :—

					Average wage per month.	
					s.	d.
1895	63	6
1896	60	10
1897	48	7
1898	49	9
After the war	33	0

No wonder that while, before the war, there were 2,000 Swazis on the Rand, after the war there are now only 400 ! High mortality, bad treatment, lower wages are the causes, and the bad name these conditions properly give this district amongst the tribes.

I believe that, given 50s. to 60s. per month, 150,000 natives can be depended upon with increased regularity, if they are fairly remunerated and properly treated, as the profits of this rich industry will allow ; which the Government ought to insist upon as a factor in preserving the peace and general prosperity of South Africa.

But man does not live by bread alone ; or by what even good wages can secure in abundance. There are other factors that enter into a labourer's life, black or white, greater than that which money can buy ; and these are environment, treatment, housing, clothing, food, and attention when sick or injured, satisfaction of his natural wants, and gratification of his love of home, wife and children, apart from other habits which the mine-magnates have conspicuously refused to allow to their dependants, whom all the corporations have neglected in a shameful, and at times a criminal manner. And this treatment has been general, continuous, and persistent, wherever mining capitalism pollutes whatever it has touched in Africa.

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

I was the first in this country to direct attention to the mortality of the Kimberley and other mines, even so far back as ten years ago. I knew it was still very bad ; but I did not expect that in 1904 a Blue Book would reveal what no Government at the Cape, independent of the Capitalist, should have allowed to continue for a week. This table of native mortality is the skeleton at the Rhodesian feast.

NATIVE MORTALITY ON MINES

IN JOHANNESBURG, KRUGERSDORP, BOKSBURG, GERMISTON, AND SPRINGS.

Period : November, 1902—July, 1903.

During the Month.	No. of		No. of	Death-rate
	Natives	Employed.	Deaths.	per 1,000 per Annum.
November, 1902	...	46,710	247	63·4
December, "	...	48,542	324	80·09
January, 1903	...	49,761	253	61·01
February, "	...	55,288	207	44·9
March, "	...	57,022	235	49·4
April, "	...	62,265	269	51·8
May, "	...	65,371	431	79·1
June, "	...	68,819	492	85·7
July, "	...	70,474	627	106·7
Average number of natives employed per month				... 58,250
Average number of deaths per month			 343
Average death-rate per 1,000 per annum			 70·6

This appalling death-rate in peaceful industry is from two to three times what the war death-rate from all causes was over all our troops in the recent Boer War, during its forty months' duration. Why this should be there is no difficulty in tracing, as one can find by turning up the *Transvaal Critic*, the *Boksburg Herald*, and other papers in 1897. Here is an extract showing how the natives are treated in the "garden city" compounds, to which Earl Grey has lent the commercial sanction and the petty authority of a great name :—

"Almost all of the natives in the compound at Springs Colliery were found in a state of starvation, and the reasons for their emaciated condition were not far to seek. They go to work at six in the morning, and, according to the statement of two of the boys who were interviewed, their first meal is served out at twelve noon. The food then given them is only partially cooked, and, as far as can be ascertained, the water in which it is cooked is

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

obtained from the coal mine. They go down the mine, coming up at seven, when their last meal is served out to them. The general state of the compound baffles description, and the sleeping accommodation is such that healthy conditions cannot possibly obtain.

"A visit to the hospital would move the heart. No fewer than eighty-six living skeletons were found in a room measuring 60 ft. by 15 ft. Only twenty-four were accommodated with sleeping arrangements, which consisted of a series of sloping boards. On inquiring why the boards sloped in that fashion, the visitors were informed that, as the boys were suffering from diarrhoea, and had not strength enough to get up to perform the necessary sanitary requirements, their excretions could find a way from underneath them, and come on to the floor. On lifting up a blanket to see the natives that were underneath, three were found stiff in death."—*Boksburg Herald*, May, 1897.

According to the *Transvaal Critic* of June, 1897, out of 750 boys in the compound, 150 were on the sick list.

"Fifty boys, more or less, died during the month of April." And it then asks the pertinent question whether the doctor does not live twenty miles away, and whether the doctor attends at the mine twice a week, and leaves the treatment of the sick in the hands of a man named Walker. Whether it is the truth that a Kaffir supposed to be dead was not carried a short distance from the mine in order to be buried, and whether, when laid down at the grave, he did not call out for water, and was carried back to the mine.

It may be said that 1897 is a long while ago; but it is given in evidence in 1903-4, that matters have got worse in wages, food, and treatment since the war. This is proved by the fact that 48 per cent. of the causes of death in 1903 were due to dietetic diseases and other ailments arising from bad food, bad water, rotten meat, and mealies. And the deadly risk of mine-natives, as compared with those engaged in non-mining occupations, is shown by the fact that, in the latter, the death-rate is only 17 per 1,000, and 8 to 15 with the Boer farmers, as against 70 to 106 in the mines selected, and of which the worst will never be known, and in my opinion has been withheld from officials by mine-owners.

The deaths from accidents in South African mines are five to ten times more than in British coal mines. Miners' death rate in Britain, *all causes*, 5 to 10 per 1,000. Native miners, 70 per 1,000 average.

"Of 182 boys delivered at Crown Deep, 1898, half of them died in three months. This mine has returned to its owners 132½ per cent., and in 1903 paid 50 per cent. dividend. The batch of new Blantyre boys, 1903, have been here about a month, and out of them seventeen have died. At this rate half of them would die within a year."

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

If the Chinese coolie has the same occupational mortality and risk of fatal disease and accidental death as the Kaffir, it will mean that, of every 1,000, only 750 to 800 will return to China at the end of three years ; at the end of five years, 550 to 650 per 1,000.

But, apart from the physical death-rate of the Chinese coolie, who will have to work continuously for three to five years, with no kraal to retire to for recuperation, with restrictions and conditions that will make his servitude the slavery that destroys, there will be the serfdom that in its suffering will degrade the Chinaman, and at the same time demoralise his European overseer. Slavery always damages the community most that imposes it upon others. It will make for moral deterioration in the white ; it will degrade his sense of justice, corrupt the spirit of humanity, and defile the finer feelings that have already sustained in Africa almost irreparable damage. For the decadent portion of South Africa it will add Celestial vices to their sultry repertoire of sub-tropical tastes.

How far the kindly instincts of South African mankind have been lowered by the mania for money-making, the following recent incident illustrates :—

“ At a commercial meeting in Johannesburg, packed with Stock Exchange and mining people, July, 1903, the speaker said that various experiments had been tried to get native labour. The best was Robinson Deep, paying 25 per cent. dividend. They imported 316 natives from Central Africa only three weeks ago. So far only eight had died—(laughter)—but there were 150 in the hospital ; and by the end of the month the whole will be in hospital. (Hear, hear.) They were coming in at the rate of thirty a day. These men cost £30 a head, and were not worth a “ bob ” a head when they arrived. (Cheers.) ”

Is this the type of man to interpret the regulations of the Chinese Ordinance ? If so, how would he do it ?

This debased spirit is further exemplified by the speech of a pro-Chinese advocate, Mr. Rudd.

“ They should try some cogent form of inducement, or practically compel the native through taxation or in some other way, and to a certain extent he would then have to work. He was not advocating slavery. If under the cry of civilisation we in Egypt lately mowed down 10,000 or 20,000 Dervishes

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

with Maxims, surely it cannot be considered a hardship to compel the natives in South Africa to give three months in the year to do a little honest work !

"We have in power to-day a strong Government, but there is a marked sentimentality among a large section of the community on the question of the natives, and Government require the support of the majority of their countrymen."

The insolence of this is only equalled by the savagery.

The *Times*, abandoning its best traditions, sinks even to a lower level of moral turpitude, when, defending the Chinese Ordinance in 1904, it says :—" *They involve also some restrictions not greatly different in this respect from those which are enforced in most English public schools.*"

How different is this shameless travesty of the facts from the same journal's denunciation of the importation of negro coolies into the West Indies, when it properly said the scheme was inevitably generating "a system of Jew jobbing and crimping which, though studiously renouncing the name and objects of slavery, would practically revive all its most odious horrors." The same journal then spoke of indentured labour as "Colonial blood guiltiness," and exclaimed : "The blood of these men is crying from the ground," and asked : "Who shall answer for it, and who shall avenge it?"

But the Chinese labourers will live under worse conditions than the West Indian negroes. The latter had no compounds. They did not work on Sundays. Their death-rate was not high, their work was agricultural, and their environment was relatively pleasant. The Ordinance is but a replica of what the mine-magnates drew up over a year ago. Its general tenour is based upon *force, compulsion, penalties, restrictions*. *Confinement* is, in a word, the negation of personal freedom and industrial liberty, and is for the benefit of one side only—the mine-magnates.

As to whether indentured Chinese labour is or is not slavery, or is an institution "partaking of slavery," one good test is the American standard of what Asiatic Coolieism is. The Constitution of the State of California, that should represent both by knowledge and experience the facts, states :—" *Asiatic Coolieism is a form of human slavery, and is for ever prohibited in this State ; and all contracts for Coolie labour shall be void.*"

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

This was applied to individual contracts, and to Chinese who were free to live where they liked, and who were not to feel that, after their contracts were finished, they were repatriated and lost to all other trades, and who yet became, in so many ways, such a moral menace and industrial evil, that in 1879 the importation, free, contract, or indentured, had to be prohibited. What the Chinaman is as an imported industrial, one can gather from the fact that all our Colonies and America have had to exclude him. And South Africa does not want him, except the alien mine-owners.

As one who has worked with Kroomen and other natives in Africa, I am convinced that this Ordinance means slavery, even with the disposition to treat Chinese well under it; and on that the last people I should trust are the Rajahs of the Rand. It revives in worse forms than the old negro slavery the servitude of yellow to white men in many of its most odious aspects. That it is really and in fact, by the compound system, worse than the old slavery, is demonstrated by the Chinese Minister, as proved by his suggested safeguards, one of which is :—

“That in no case shall it be allowable for the employer or his servant to inflict corporal punishment on the Chinese immigrant, and that any violation of this provision shall be punishable at law as a common assault.”

His prevision in this respect is justified by what has occurred in the past in South Africa.

“In 1886 a native was beaten to death by a sub-manager, who was brought up and fined only £25.”

“In the month of February, 1891, a miner caused the death of a native by purposely pushing him into a shaft. He was charged with manslaughter and found not guilty; a verdict that was hailed with approval by the whites in the court.”

“In September, 1903, General Ben. Viljoen informed the Commission that: ‘a petty chief told him recently that, if he sends 100 “boys” to the Rand, only 66 return, and some of these have scurvy.’”

The Chinese Minister also asks that the free-and-easy transfer conditions of the Ordinance, which Lord Stanmore said would enable *men to be bought and sold*, should be altered, and he sagaciously adds :—“*This is necessary in order to prevent the Chinese immigrant from being made a mere chattel*

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

or article of commerce." He then proceeds to riddle the Ordinance in other ways ; all of which goes to prove that the Chinese Minister believes, what all the Colonies affirm, the Labour movement everywhere contends, and all but cowardly Ministers and shareholding legislators subscribe to, that this Chinese Ordinance is a human document for the transshipment of men violently recruited by corrupt mandarins from the gaols and congested areas of poverty-stricken China, to be used for the violent breaking down of the standard of comfort of black and white labour in South Africa.

On the facts, knowledge, and experience of South African life for the last decade, any other theory is impossible. Who are the men who support this Ordinance ? By their past record and the cost they have been to the Empire, their callous conduct is inscribed in the Reports of two Parliaments. They are people who have grown rich, simply by the accumulation of other people's money, and the scandalous misuse of patriotism and Imperial protection ; and, to secure more wealth, they only want slavery enforced by British soldiers, for whom they are too mean to pay.

The present treatment and condition of Kaffir mining labour in the Transvaal is such, that one can only infer that the Rand rules the Government out there as at home, and that, in its imperious way of getting its interests advanced, and making large profits out of neglecting the laws, it is a law unto itself. Certainly it sets at defiance health, sanitary and mining laws ; and the proof of this is the results of weak administration, which wealth in Africa is strong enough to defy. With what consequences, let the industrial mortality from accident, disease, and neglect testify.

I unhesitatingly say that where slavery naked and unabashed prevails in Africa, the condition of the same class of natives is from every point of view preferable to the lot of the Rand Kaffirs.

In British East Africa Mr. Monson, Assistant Secretary to the British Consulate, thus describes it, July, 1903 :—

"The conditions of slavery vary considerably. In the province of Serjidie it is of the mildest possible nature ; so much so that freedom is seldom claimed, the slaves finding their lives considerably easier. The second class—the

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

agricultural slaves—are in rather a different position. They cultivate the masters' plantations, and are supposed to hand over the whole of the produce to him, though, as a matter of fact, they can and do appropriate a great deal of it. In return for this they are allowed to cultivate on their own account on Thursdays and Fridays; and land for this purpose is given them by their masters. In the case of cocoanut plantations, those who pluck and gather the nuts are either slaves or dependants. The first class are the most kindly treated of all, and form part of the master's household and practically of his family, being entirely supported by him, and performing in return various light duties about the house, the women as servants, and the men as retainers or messengers. They are really more an expense than a profit to their owner, and would probably regard emancipation—*i.e.*, expulsion from their masters' home—as the greatest of evils, since they would have much more difficulty in supporting themselves in a state of freedom. Free men receive a certain proportion of the produce as hire. Natural wild products, such as gum and rubber, collected by slaves, may be retained by them. Generally speaking, the agricultural slaves have an easy life, procuring without difficulty sufficient food for themselves *and their families* from the land they cultivate on their *two* free days, and from what they can appropriate out of the crops belonging to their masters."

To suppress this form of slavery we are at war in Somaliland. To prevent it, we are continually watching the Somali and Zanzibar coasts. To prohibit it altogether missionary enterprise exists, and vast sums of money are yearly expended. But in its personal, physical, and domestic results on the people who are thus enslaved, their conditions, without compounds, with their wives and families around them, and two free days to themselves, is as Paradise compared with the brutal confinement, bad food, and ill-usage of Kaffir boys under the British flag by Lord Milner's protégés.

What the mine-magnates can do and have done for Africa and the Empire, Consols at 86 prove. What they can do for local life, political, municipal, and social morality, let a local eye-witness and a Briton speak :—

"The Cape Government, which was just then catching sight of the new prospects opening in the discovery of Johannesburg goldfields, grossly neglected its duty, and allowed Mr. Rhodes and his associates, with bigger capitalists behind them, to turn the whole industry into a private and utterly untaxed monopoly for the sole benefit of themselves. De Beers Mines, as they are now called, pay no shadow of tax or license to the Government; they are not even rated for the benefit of the town of Kimberley. . . . Kimberley as a town is ruined; it is dead. It returns, it is true, four representatives to the Cape Parliament; but these four representatives are selected and returned in the interest of De Beers by the company's employees. . . . This is political

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

liberty ; this is industrial justice as understood by Mr. Rhodes. Tyranny, injustice, espionage, bribery : these are the moral or immoral principles represented by the diamond mining monopoly. If, man or woman, you do not stand well with De Beers, you may as well give up trying to live in Kimberley, unless you are financially independent, in which case you will leave it by the very first train. It is a place where everything that is greedy, inhuman, and despicable reigns in triumph. Kimberley and those who have made it what it is are responsible for all the evils that to-day perplex South Africa, and dishearten those who wish well to the country and its medley of races. And as a fitting comment on the principles that there prevail, it is an admitted fact that three-quarters—some say four-fifths—of the products of the mines go into the market to be used as the purchase price of the honour of women.”—MR. F. R. STATHAM, May, 1899.

If the Rand magnates are allowed to compound Chinese labour ; if they secure their way, and have 200,000 Asiatics within walls, every Rand town will become a Kimberley, with a social pest and moral plague superadded to what Kimberley can produce.

What compound life in Earl Grey’s “garden city” is, the Archbishop of Canterbury would doubtless like to know ; as would the country vicars, town curates, and pious spinsters who have Kaffir shares.

Here is a worthy Colonial’s description of a “garden city” :—

“During the months of incarceration in the compounds, the natives are separated from their women-folk and families. The consequence is one of the most striking and shocking features of the compound system. A number of the lowest, drink-besotted coloured prostitutes, estimated at about 500, have collected at Beaconsfield (ominous title !), where, so to speak, they constitute a colony, occupying a revolting sad quarter of that once beauty-thronged and happy township. When the natives come out for a short spell, these unhappy women receive them. This moral cancer is one of the direct and inevitable outcomes and concomitants of the compound system. You will hear that the compound system is good, because it keeps the native sober. True, it does not pay the company to let them get drunk while at work. But, outside the compounds, Kimberley and Beaconsfield are the most drunken places I have ever seen.”

And it is to make a hundred Kimberleys—only worse—over South Africa, that this Asiatic labour is to be introduced, to the permanent harm of the Kaffir native, the injury and displacement of British workmen, and inevitably, by that process, to the loss of that Colony to the British Empire.

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

Was it for this we went to war? Was it for this that 1,200 officers and 21,000 men died? For this did the British Empire lose £250,000,000 directly, beyond an estimated indirect loss of credit and depreciation of consols and stock, equal in five years to the absolute total value of all the gold-yield for all time in South Africa?

Are we as a nation to incur the greater moral, ethical, social, and political damage to the fabric of the Commonwealth, in order that two British Colonies shall be dominated by Jews, peopled by Asiatics, and be sustained by forced labour in convict compounds, tempered by a weekly pass to brothel and gambling saloons, and a ticket-of-leave for forty-eight hours to an opium den?

I am no Imperialist. I should like to appreciate the ethics of Empire; but, frankly, the above results of the New Diplomacy, followed by the Old Protection for the New Slavery, do not impress me as the best means of extending the fair fame of a great race. I doubt the wisdom of all this, even though African clergymen have been reconciled to slavery by free grants of land for churches and chapels, and donations for Christian work in the wilds of Rhodesia from the betrayers, dispossessors, and slayers of the Matabele. I am not even reconciled to this last attack upon the liberties of our Colonies, though all this mischief is tacitly acquiesced in by the devotees of Mr. Rhodes, who imagine that his ill-gotten wealth is the charity that covers up the multitude of his South African sins.

In every other country where gold is won from the earth, white men are employed at wages nearly as high as on the Rand, under more costly and difficult conditions of working. Even if white wages were paid to white men, the diminution of profit would gradually be reduced by the economies which dear labour always effects in inventions, labour-saving machinery, readjustment, and reorganisation of working.

Already there are 3,000 more white men employed than before the war, in occupations that were wholly or partly done by Kaffirs. This encroachment on the domain of unskilled labour, by the improvement of processes, methods,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and segregation of workers and specialisation of work, can be enormously extended by the mine-owners' efforts, as ably proved by Mr. Creswell, strongly emphasised by Mr. Eckstein, and endorsed by Sir P. Fitzpatrick at the meeting of Rand mines in November, 1903, both of whom believe that the native labourer can be diminished enormously, and the white miners largely increased. Already the self-imposed, relative, and preventible shortage of labour has stimulated invention and economy, with the result that savings of from 20 to 40 per cent. have been made on stores, and about 20 per cent. on labour, in comparison with costs before the war.

It is estimated, by several who know, that the worker's share has dropped from 34 to 20 per cent. of net produce, while the share of the mine-owners has increased from 24 per cent. to 39 per cent. of the net gold produced in March, 1903 ; and this in spite of the fact that, to the worker, cost of living on the Rand has gone up 30 per cent. since the war.

The idea that white men will not do this class of work is refuted by the experience of other countries. If there is a double dose of original sin of laziness in a white man who goes to South Africa, that must be cured, as it will be, by the influx of white people to the Rand.

The way to convert them to this view—and, incidentally, to people South Africa with white men—is to refuse the capitalists Chinese labour, and make them treat their Kaffir labour better ; and then, by the benefits to all arising therefrom, they will reconcile their interests, and even their relatively high profits, to the general good of South Africa ; and all the industries dependent on mining will gradually improve.

If they will not sink their private in the public good, then they must forfeit their monopoly—which is costing £80,000 a week to maintain for soldiers alone, apart from the £200,000 yearly for 125 of Lord Milner's inexperienced officials—and the Imperial authority must take over their liabilities, and deal with the recalcitrant mine-owners as they deserve, by nationalising the mines, and carrying out, in fact, what the Mining Correspondent of the *Times* ex-

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

pressed in August, 1902, when he said: "I have always maintained that precious metals, such as gold, are the property of the State, being held in trust for the benefit of the people."

Something must be done, either by substantial concession on the part of the mine-owners, or by drastic reform imposed by the Imperial Government, who, by virtue of the money, trouble, and cost expended on South Africa by the machinations of the mine-owners, have the right—as it is their duty in the highest Imperial interests—to intervene, even at the price of dispossession, transfer, or control, on terms, ere reform becomes too late, and revolution at the Cape solves the problem for both of them.

If the Government have not the courage to expropriate the mine-owners, then compel the mines to employ more white labour, and, with native labour released from the cursed compound system so unnecessary for gold mines, impose upon the shareholders the difference between present and future cost. If there is a balance, as I believe probable, and if there be a loss, they must sustain it temporarily, till the economy of high wages yields the inevitable reward of its wise, prescient, humane, and ultimately profitable adoption. Several schemes of this kind have already been submitted to Sir A. Lawley by competent and experienced American and Australian mining engineers, some of whom believe and prove that, with Kaffir labour and white labour judiciously used, there will be a more regular and as high a yield per ton than now.

Australia pays the white miner 1s. 9d. per hour, as against the Rand Kaffir, who gets 2s. to 2s. 6d. for ten hours, with one white miner at 20s. per day to every eight Kaffirs. It is obvious from this that the Rand ore could be worked at even a greater profit, with the native better treated and more white men employed. This method would put the mining industry on a sound financial and economic basis, and would eliminate the political and social elements that, to the danger of the Commonwealth, are mixed up in Africa with commercial concerns.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The natives now in compounds, separated from their friends and families, could be lodged in native locations, as at Indwe.

"The Indwe Company have between 200 and 300 families settled on land adjacent to their mines. They give each man six acres of land to cultivate, and grazing for a limited number of live stock, for which a rent of £3 per annum is paid. They sign a contract to work eighteen days a month at 2s. per day. This answers well in keeping skilled native labour together. In actual practice they don't work more than fifteen days per month, and constant supervision is needed to secure even so much. On the whole, the system works well, and we are extending it."

East Africa, East and West Indies, and the West Coast, have no difficulty at all in getting native labour. Pay them their wages weekly, and otherwise adapt industry to native habits, and all will be well for both native and owner, particularly if the latter be the State. If the mine-owners will not yield, impose upon their industry, till they do, the army-cost of £80,000 a week, which their greed and obstinacy alone necessitate. Parliament for many years has limited the profits of monopolies dependent upon the community for service, supply, or franchise in the United Kingdom, such as gas and water. Apply such a rule in Imperial interests to South African monopolies, which range in yield from 10 to 180 per cent., and if necessary pool the dividends and equalise the profits; and as these cannot be worked at all without Imperial sanction, protection, and assistance in the supply of labour, the Imperial State has a right, in exchange for these privileges, to determine, for the peace of South Africa, how these monopolies shall be humanely managed. Distrain upon them for the arrears of promised payment of their loan; and, if these expedients do not convince them of the error of their ways, withdraw the Imperial troops. Leave them to the tender mercies of the Colonials, who fought for their interests, and, having fought, are to receive, as their reward, betrayal, dispossession, and emigration from a country that black and white labour have developed for a class who have riches without responsibility, wealth without wisdom, money without morality, and who are determined, in their attempt to secure slave labour, to set up, against the Empire as a whole, the sordid interests of a small class who too

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

long have had this Cabinet at their mercy, this Government at command, with the result that the resources, morale, and reputation of our race have been frittered away.

Failing this proper and firm action, which is called for by the facts of misgovernment imposed upon Africa solely by the mine-owners, whose war and subsequent domination have produced the present situation, there is another alternative ; and that is, to give the two Colonies self-government, as promised. The war was for franchise, for equal rights for all white men ; it was to assimilate freedom in South Africa to that of Britain. The question of chattel slavery is not one to which Lord Milner can alone be allowed, at dictation of the would-be slave-owner, to give the answer. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the people are absolutely against it ; as an election would prove. The South African people are as solid against it ; and no one has proved the scarcity of Kaffir labour when properly treated. On the contrary, all the witnesses declare that patience, time, kindness, and good administration, firmly enforced against the sordid elements in South Africa, will render unnecessary a step that, once taken, will eventually lead to the loss of South Africa to Britain, and pave the way to further moral and political damage to a State that is only greater than others by virtue of the past sacrifices to secure the liberty of the subject, and that freedom of the worker—white, black, and yellow—which this Chinese Labour Ordinance reverses, damages, or destroys.

JOHN BURNS

WEEDS

THERE are a great number of weeds known to every gardener by their pertinacity—by the endless warfare which he has to wage against them. And as a man feels respect for, and even honours, a brave and resourceful enemy, so he (the gardener) cannot help admiring these little creatures that assault him in their countless ever renewed battalions, with claws and hooks and stings, and flying seeds and clinging roots and tendrils, coming to invade and defend that home-land from which he continually drives them. Since Man has walked the earth, he has profoundly modified its fauna and flora. Numbers of species and varieties owe their existence to his care and selection ; vast numbers may be said to owe their continuance to his indifference ; numbers again have been extinguished by his hostility. To weeds, however, a special credit is due, since they have fought and held their own against him all these centuries.

In realising the state of continual warfare and competition in which plants and animals live, one sometimes wonders that three or four species have not exterminated all the rest, and monopolised the situation ; but a little thought shows that, in face of the endless diversities of soil, climate, conditions and circumstances, prevailing on the earth, the equally endless ingenuity of plants and animals gives to each variety an advantage along its own line, and secures it a foothold for the time being. The fact that a plant exists—however lowly it may be—shows that it, or the race which it represents, has through centuries and thousands of years developed some special faculty or dodge, by which to gain room for itself—by which to edge in and occupy some little crevice of vantage-ground or opportunity. That dodge, or

WEEDS

group of dodges (constituting the habit of the plant) has, I say, come down to it over thousands of years ; it has been slowly added to and extended ; it is the long result of a certain line of experiences ; and it enables the plant to live in and take advantage of conditions in a special way unknown to any other plant.

It may be very unscientific to use such terms as "ingenuity," "experience," "habit," &c., in relation to plants. But the truth is that the whole process—the accretion of experience, the adoption of devices to meet external conditions, the consolidation of these lines of hereditary and individual activity in custom and habit and personality—is so exactly like that which takes place within our own minds, that in the long run we are practically compelled to use such terms ; we cannot well avoid them.

It seems as if every loophole of Nature was continually being searched through ; and wherever the vital principle underlying the various forms can make an effective new combination, there (not suddenly, but with tentative slow care and experience) a new form is built up. And if this is not the same as the process of Thought in the human brain, we must admit that it is a process extremely similar.

The vitality exhibited by most weeds shows that they have struck from far back ancestral times on important cues and lines of activity, from which, consequently, they cannot be easily dislodged.

Perhaps one of the most familiar and characteristic of all weeds is the Couch-grass or *Twitch*, whose persistence and vitality are so extraordinary, that to farmers and gardeners its very name is a kind of symbol of Evil. The grasses cover a great part of the earth, and their name is legion ; but this is one of the most tenacious. The creeping root runs long distances underground. At intervals of an inch or so all along are knots ; and from each knot small root-fibres radiate. It is in vain to extirpate the plant, unless the whole root is got up. If a single joint anywhere—if a fragment an inch long—is left in the ground, a fresh colony will arise from it. The farmer, every four or five years, fallows his land, ploughs and cross-ploughs it, "twitches" it with rakes, and, heaping the gathered weed together, burns

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

it, as the only certain method of destruction ; but, by the next following time, there the Twitch is again, and the process has to be repeated. This extraordinary vitality of the Couch-grass is indicated by its etymology, which is interesting. The dictionaries give, as variants of the word—"Couch-grass," "witch-grass" (evil), "twitch-grass" (the rake), "quitch-grass," and "quick-grass." The first three forms are probably modifications to suit preconceived ideas ; but it is pretty certain that the whole series is derived from "quick," *i.e.*, living—the grass, in fact, which, like original sin, cannot be extirpated. It is satisfactory to find that there are virtues even in Twitch, or its relations ; for it belongs to the family of the Wheats, and may be looked upon as a wild form of the wheat of cultivation. Its botanical name is *Triticum repens*.

Another weed remarkable for its vitality, and having an ancient celebrity, is the common Groundsel, well-known to every boy and girl from the fact that its seeds (and leaves) are so palatable to small birds. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have called this the Grundeswelge (from *swelgan*, "to swallow"), from which by intermediate forms we get Groundsel or "*ground-swallower*." And indeed the way this little plant throws its tiny seed shafts over the adjacent land, till a tribe, an army, of descendants appears and drowns the ground from sight, is a caution ! From early spring to latest autumn, persistently, the whole summer through, does this vagabond bloom and flourish ; and though it is easily uprooted, let not the gardener think it is easily disposed of. For, long after having been pulled up, the flower and the seed will go on ripening out of the body of the plant ; and you may see it turning its head up, off the heap where it lies, and sending a puff of fluffy arrow-lets forth, as it were with its latest breath. Lucky that the little birds are so fond of its seeds, else were our gardens swallowed indeed !

From Groundsel to Chickweed is an inevitable transition ; but the Chickweed has a different mode of procedure from the Groundsel. Though it seeds freely and persistently, yet its special method of asserting its right to the land is to sit upon it. It is surprising to see the presence

WEEDS

of mind with which a small plant of Chickweed, directly it is a few days old, *spreads itself out in all directions*—like a squatter claiming as much ground as he can cover. In a very short time it makes a dense mat, which completely stifles everything beneath, and removes a hundred possible competitors. Lift the mat, and you will wonder at the smallness of the root which holds it—a mere thread in the centre, but tough and not easily broken. A few plants will in this way mat over a large piece of ground, completely monopolising it; and difficult it is to baffle so crafty a fighter. In this habit of squatting, Chickweed much resembles the Pinks of our gardens, and the Pink tribe generally, to which, in fact, it is related. As the Groundsel is a sort of Cinderella-sister to the proud and handsome Ragwort, so the Chickweed (*Stellaria media*) is sister to the Stitchwort, which stands tall and starlike in the hedges, and cousin to the lovely Pinks and Carnations. There is also a Mouse-ear Chickweed (*Cerastium*), whose habits are much the same as those of the common Chickweed; but it is a coarser and rougher plant, and somewhat sticky.

One of the Composite Family, like Groundsel, is the Colt's-foot—whose yellow flowers, like small dandelions, are among the first to appear in spring, and generally on waste bare patches of ground, or on ploughed lands of poor quality. At sight of them, the farmer's wife bethinks her of her coltsfoot wine, and sends the boy to fetch an armful; or turns them into syrup for a remedy for future coughs and colds—from which virtue comes its popular name "Cough-wort." But the farmer is wroth, for the weed is absolutely ineradicable. Again and again it springs from the same root, broken in the ground. And as to getting the root out, that is impossible; it searches deep down and, if there is rock below, wedges itself firmly in the crevices. Once, in a quarry, I traced a root of Coltsfoot *nine feet long*, threading down the rifts of the rock, and reaching a depth of six or seven feet below the surface! With so determined a plant there is no dealing—at any rate by force. The curious thing is, that it can be killed (or at least checked) by kindness. Put plenty of dung on the ground, and the plant will disappear almost at once. This

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

is so well recognised, that it is sufficient to see Coltsfoot on farm lands to know that they have been poorly manured. Continue keeping the land well-fed, and nothing will be seen of the weed. Nevertheless, for some years, I believe, the root will retain its vitality, watching its opportunity, and will return, unlike all but the best of friends, with returning poverty.

Quite a long time in spring after the flower, the leaves of the Coltsfoot or Foals-foot appear—graygreen and rounded and heart-shaped, and about the size of a small horse-hoof—so that you might well think a foal had strayed across the field.

The curious power that some roots and many seeds have, of lying hid in the ground, biding their time and waiting their opportunity to rise again, and not expending their energy in fruitless and abortive efforts, strikes one as very remarkable, and suggestive of canny intelligence. In the case of seeds, remaining buried all winter, of course with the warmth and sunshine of spring comes the tendency to germinate. But if once the seed germinates, protruding its little shoot, and then finds the conditions unfavourable—finds itself smothered, perhaps, among a host of other plants—it is done for. It dies, and can never grow again. How is it then that seeds have the instinct, the prescience, the sensitiveness, to withhold themselves from germinating, in many cases when conditions are against them? For it is notorious that many seeds will lie for years and years in the ground, through the sunshine and moisture and warmth of spring after spring, still waiting their favourable occasion.

A neighbouring farmer tells me that, in his father's time, one of their fields was pestered with Charlock—or Kedlock, as it is called in my neighbourhood—the Wild Mustard, whose yellow, cross-shaped, softly-fragrant flowers form often so conspicuous a patch in the agricultural landscape. Weed it as they might, its seeds would germinate afresh every year, and the plant would return to spoil the crop. So at last, wearied out, they agreed to lay the field down in grass. Among grass the Charlock does not appear—and so for years it was not seen; and they, knowing the habits of the weed, were in no hurry to plough that field again. But

WEEDS

at last, *after seventeen years*, they thought they were safe ; they turned up the ground ; and lo ! the first spring it was ablaze with yellow ! Now, how did those seeds during all those seventeen years manage to understand the situation, and know that it was best to lie quite still in their little beds without stirring ?

Just as the Twitch-grass is related to the Wheats, so this clever and versatile weed, the Wild Mustard (*Brassica sinapis*) is related to a great number of our garden vegetables and flowers. Its sister, the *Brassica oleracea*, is indigenous on the maritime cliffs of the Mediterranean, and is found wild along the sea-cliffs of South West England, and is the original of all our cabbages—the cow-cabbage, red cabbage, white cabbage, savoys, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, broccoli, &c. ; while the turnip, rape, cultivated mustard, &c., are from other branches of the *Brassicæ*.

That notorious character, the common Nettle, though it cannot well be passed over, can hardly be strictly called either a farm or garden weed ; for it does not seem to care about open ground. Its creeping, branching, perennial rootstock loves to ensconce itself in the crevices of stones and timber ; and wherever a gatepost stands, or a stone or log has been left lying, there—or amid the *débris* of hedge-bottoms—the Nettle is sure to spring. It is one of the weeds which follow man, and find something especially congenial in the neighbourhood of his habitations. It is a strongly-growing well-fed plant ; and its leaves and stalks are very nutritious, being rich in protoplasmic fluid, some of which it utilises in its stings. The housewife in spring recommends ginger-beer made with nettles ; and the leaves and young shoots when boiled make a useful vegetable, like spinach. It is also the food-plant of the caterpillar of the *Vanessa* butterflies, including the Peacock, the Admiral, and the Tortoise-shell ; and probably would be the accepted food-plant of many animals great and small, did not the stings, with which it needles all that come near it, forbid. Not only is man cautious with the Nettle, but the animals are afraid of it ; and sometimes a whole brood of young turkey-chicks, before they are quite fully fledged, will be killed by straying into a nettle-bed. (The Gorse and the

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

Thistle are similar cases of plants covering themselves with spikes on account of their edibility.)

One of the most interesting things about the common Nettle is its method of throwing the pollen to a distance, or onto the insect which touches the flower. The male flowers and the female flowers are on separate plants. Both are small, green, and inconspicuous. The four stamens of the male flower are bent forward like springs, so as to have their anthers resting under a kind of button in the centre. As the flower ripens, the stamens (sometimes all simultaneously) spring outwards with a jerk ; and if you watch the plant on a hot day when the sun is shining, you will see little puffs of pollen one after another proceed from the flower cluster, as the flowrets "go off" in succession.

There are a great many other well-known and strongly-characterised weeds—some handsome in their way, like the Dandelion, or the Sorrel-dock, whose red spikes of flowers with the low sun shining through them are so conspicuous in the summer grass ; some lowly and common, like the Knot-grass or the Plantain ; some positively vulgar, like the ill-smelling Hedge-stachys, or that funny whitey-green thing, the Goosefoot, which the country people honour with the name of "Fat-hen." But the point is that they all have some special talent of attack or defence, which—however obnoxious it may make them to the gardener or each other—gives them interest and character, and in fact alone enables them to exist and hold their own in the struggle. From the nature of the case it is clear that, unless they made themselves obnoxious in some way, they would soon be done for.

The same thing of course has to be remembered in dealing with people—and this not only on the bread-and-butter plane, in the material struggle for existence, but in the region of personality and character. We find certain traits unpleasant in other folk ; and they, doubtless, the same or similar traits in us. But do we not find that these peculiarities are in most cases necessary to enable us to hold our own, to give us standing-ground and prevent us being over-run ? And, when we meet them in others, is it not fair to suppose a like necessity ? Nothing seems more clear

WEEDS

than that each person, in order to be himself, *must* have some faculty of antagonism, if only in self-defence against others.

Some people adopt the method of straightforward determined attack, with stings and spears and prickles making a space for themselves in the world ; some by quiet tenacity and resistance hold their own, refusing to be uprooted, like those tough weeds that tear the ravaging hand. Some (like the little Vetch) evade by non-resistance, giving way at once when attacked, but really pursuing their own course underground, and springing again at the first opportunity ; some escape by "lying low" and not attracting attention ; some are parasites, and lean on and utilise the strength of others ; some adopt the method of overlaying their neighbours, and, by promiscuously sitting upon them, secure publicity and a space for themselves.

All of us, in this way, have to narrow down along certain lines ; and we do so almost instinctively, barring out certain ideas or possibilities from our thought and action, barring out certain people from our sympathy, confining ourselves in our prejudices and predilections, and so making soluble the problem of life, which otherwise perhaps would slay us by its complexity. Tolstoy—whose admirable dogmatisms always have the virtue of making one think—hints somewhere that, in a time of famine, we ought to regard the needs of a beggar-child at the door equally with those of our own children, and make no distinction ; but it is clear that no one will or can act like that. We are born local ; and we must have our preferences and antagonisms—which are indeed an essential condition of existence.

Some people would fain persuade themselves that it is possible to live without antagonisms. They think it perhaps possible (even if not easy) continually to "live for others"—surrendering one's self in all things to other folks' wants and needs. But whoso should do this would in a very few days surrender his life—he would die. It is quite possible to die for others, but it is not possible, in this sense, to live for others. And we may be thankful that it isn't—first, because everyone who effaces himself disproportionately necessarily thereby feeds the egotism of others to the same degree ; and,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

secondly, because everyone who negates his own individuality thereby robs the world and makes it poorer and duller—witness the well-known dulness and tameness of “Christian” and “unselfish” folk generally. No! Since we have chosen to appear in the world, and to set ourselves apart from the primal unmanifested Being, we cannot escape the consequence; and the reasonable thing to do seems to be to accept the antagonisms, and handle them finely and well, like the Miltonic Lucifer—making the world so much richer and more interesting by doing so.

So much too of what is called “living for others” is simply a refined dodge of living *on* them. “Unselfish” people—of the kind that have not much vitality or sturdy character of their own—find it easy to let their interest play round other people. Their thoughts and lives twine and cling round the others, as the Honeysuckle clings round the Hazel. They are admirable in their way; and yet they are parasites, deriving much of their support from the strength of their victims. Even the Rose, that picture of benevolence, is guilty (at any rate in its wild state) of catching animals in order to manure its roots with their carcasses. It is not uncommon to find a sheep in the woods, tangled fast in the long thorn-set runners of the wild briar. Every struggle of the creature brings another waving arm upon it; and soon it is hopelessly enmeshed, and, unless cut away, dies. And so too we have known most benevolent and charitable people who, in a similar strange way, preyed upon the sufferings of others, catching hold of unfortunate folk, making prisoners and dependents of them, and robbing them of their freedom, till they ultimately perished.

Yet it must be said that, though the gardener wars relentlessly against most weeds, there are some—like the scarlet Pimpernel, or the heaven-blue Speedwell, or the little wild Pansy—that almost disarm his wrath by the delicate and smiling beauty of their flowers; and some—like the Wild Flax or Hemp—that do the same by some hint of utility which they afford. Then he takes one of these and, by dint of cultivating, turns it into a precious herb or much-prized garden flower. Generally the plant thus treated loses some of its hardihood and vigour in the process; but

WEEDS

it gains in the help and attention accorded to it. It has discovered one of the latest and most ingenious devices by which an organism—man or weed—can maintain its footing on the earth: that, namely, of making itself useful to others, so far that they in return are forced to make themselves useful to it.

EDWARD CARPENTER

THE LANCASHIRE ARTISAN : A PROTEST AND AN APPEAL

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Independent Review*.

SIR,

Mr. Garrett Leigh, in his article on the Lancashire Artisan, tells us that it is the result of direct observation. If it were not for that declaration, I should certainly have thought that he had not gone beyond the bounds of his study, but had drawn for his materials upon the ideas the upper classes are supposed to entertain in respect to the lower. To whatever extent Mr. Leigh has studied the artisan (and I am afraid the study has been very superficial) there is no indication in his article that he has really seen the man, and understood him. I protest against his assertions on behalf of the artisan, because I am an artisan ; because every man whose friendship I value, whose life I, knowing, honour, belongs to the artisan class ; because for a long time I have been trying to understand my fellows, to get beneath that rough exterior which causes so many to take an altogether wrong view ; trying to understand their motives and their ideals. I protest the more strongly, because I have often wished for one who, knowing us, would write of us as we are, revealing not only our faults, but also our hopes, our aspirations, the odds in the face of which we have to fight, to those classes who don't understand us.

To look first at Mr. Leigh's estimate of our intellectual interests, he says :—

“The St. Helen's Free Library has recently boasted that there was an increase last year in the serious books borrowed, of 1,000. I doubt if 1 per cent. were borrowed by the class with which I am dealing . . . As for serious books, say on history or politics, they are utterly disinclined, save in the rarest cases, to attempt them.”

THE LANCASHIRE ARTISAN

For information as to St. Helens, the only town mentioned specifically, let us go to the Librarian there ; he is the person best qualified to give an opinion. His evidence is, "that the increase in serious books borrowed was (not 1,000) but 1,600, of which it would be correct to say that (not 1 per cent.) but 50 per cent. were borrowed by the artisan class !" For further information I turned to another typical Lancashire town—Bury. I interviewed the Chief Librarian, Mr. Sparke, who generously placed himself at my disposal. Eight books were selected haphazard from the catalogue : Kidd's *Social Evolution*, Toynbee's *Industrial Revolution*, Gibbins' *Industrial History*, *Cities and Citizens*, Wells' *Anticipations*, Pollock's *Land Laws*, Spencer's *First Principles*, Marx' *Capital*. Each book is allowed out for a fortnight. On investigation, we found that the lowest number of times any of the books had been out was fourteen times in the year. Three of them, of which there was more than one copy—Spencer, Gibbins, and Marx—had been out 32, 34, and 31 times respectively ! The Librarian also said, that they were borrowed exclusively by artisans, and that "he had been astonished at the great interest displayed by the purely artisan class in sociological questions ; while books on the various trades, of which there was a large number, were rarely on the shelves."

The total number of volumes issued during the year was 70,122 : *an increase of 22,603 over last year.*

From Bury I turned to Oldham. The number of volumes issued from Oldham Free Libraries last year was 185,024, and, to quote the opinion of the Chief Librarian : "I should think that fully two-thirds of this number were borrowed by artisans."

I do not think we need go further.

We have looked at three towns in different parts of Lancashire ; and each one has contradicted in no uncertain manner Mr. Leigh's assertions.

With respect to the general reading he is just as wide of the mark.

No doubt 100 houses may be visited where the general reading does not rise to the level of a "Harmsworth" ; but Mr. Leigh is writing of the artisan, not of the slum dweller ; and I say, from personal experience, that quite a fair proportion rarely miss a morning paper, while a still larger proportion take an evening one. The *Clarion* is largely read among the artisans, and, in more than one works with which I am personally acquainted, its contents form one of the chief subjects of debate in the meal hours ; and I believe this to be the case to a surprising degree throughout Lancashire.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

The *Clarion* pamphlets have an enormous circulation, especially such as *Land Nationalising*, Burns on *Municipal Trading*, &c.

Then look at the remarkable success of the R.P.A. cheap reprints (6d.) containing such works as Huxley's *Essays*, *Literature and Dogma*, &c. ; these are purchased almost exclusively by artisans. The sale has already far exceeded the half-million ; and more have been sold in Lancashire than in any other county. I could give many more examples ; but I think I have said quite enough to show that we are not quite so black as painted.

As to the investigations of the "Intelligent Barman," the public-house which has the honour to employ him must be an exceptional one. I have worked in public-houses in several typical Lancashire towns (*not* as a barman) ; and, from my own experience, I say that horse-racing does not monopolise two per cent. of the conversation. Football is far more the theme ; while there is more talk of unscrupulous American cotton speculators, Tariff Reform, &c., than either. If any man wishes to understand us, he must make himself one of us ; place himself at our point of view. It is wrong to go for evidence to the barman ; for he sees but one side of one section of the artisan class, and that the worst. It is unsafe to rely upon the evidence of "clerical friends" ; for the ministers of religion—to their shame be it said—have lost touch with the great majority of the best type of working men. For evidence of the possibilities of the artisan, look at the Co-operative Societies and Trade Unions. I have the report before me of a Co-operative Society in a town of 70,000 inhabitants. The Society has 12,067 members ; the turnover for the quarter was £87,235, with a profit of £14,163 15s. 10d. If the artisan had existed in reality as he exists in Mr. Leigh's imagination, it could not have continued a week ; and this applies with equal force to Trade Unions.

Of the graver charges in Mr. Leigh's indictment, it is hard for me to write moderately. He tells us that, except in the rare individual, we artisans know not love, that the pure affections which contribute so largely to the sweetness of life, which alone to many make life tolerable, are denied to us. It is false ! We can feel, and do feel, affection as pure and as strong as do our so-called betters. Our womenkind are as good, and as pure, and as true : not indeed with cloistered virtue, shielded from all knowledge of evil, protected from all rude contact with the world, but with virtue kept in the face of temptation and opportunity. That there are many men who think only of the gratification of their own desires, is true ; yet to blame the whole for the shortcomings of a section, and to ignore the majority, who struggle manfully, in the face of much that is adverse, to secure a happy home for wife

THE LANCASHIRE ARTISAN

and child, is cruelly wrong. I, who am an artisan, can know their inner life as an outsider can never hope to do ; and I say that, though many of the homes of Lancashire artisans are devoid of refinement, though many are meanly furnished, yet in them can be found the true home life, which is not dependent upon the furnishing of the home, nor on the "powers of expression" of those that dwell therein, but upon as true hearts as can be found in any land. When Mr. Leigh represents an artisan as saying, after he has brought a woman to ruin : "he wished it had been one of the others," and imputes that that—beast—for I can find no better word, is representative of Lancashire artisans, he ceases to deserve courteous treatment. That there are such men is true. There are beasts in every rank of life, and it would be as just (in the opinion of most artisans, more just) to apply it to the upper classes, than to us. We don't pretend to be angels ; most of us have a hard struggle for life, we are surrounded by the temptations which so easily beset, without the inducements to refrain which the upper classes have, with, in fact, many inducements in the contrary direction. Most of us are trying—often unsuccessfully, I know—to live clean lives ; many of us have cherished ideals, to the realisation of which whatever vigour of mind and strength of body we possess shall be given. And we feel, deeply, when a man, who has had advantages denied to us, who has not had the weary round which is the lot of most of us, heaps abuse indiscriminately upon us. The gulf between classes and masses is already too wide. The gulf is ignorance, and it must be bridged by knowledge—knowledge not only of the evil, but of the good ; for of both classes and masses is it true, that "Whate'er of folly, sin, or shame, which within our bounds transpires," is blazoned forth, "While of the wealth of noble deeds, the homes of peace . . . The love that pleads for human needs, the wrongs redressed, but half is told."

We working men who are working and hoping for better times can already see the steady growth of a new spirit among our fellows ; and we appeal to those who have advantages denied to us, to help us to bring out the desires for "things of deeper import." Where there is absence of desire, it is mostly due to lack of knowledge. Show the workers that sufferings and debasement are not inevitable, that they have just claims to a better life ; and they have the courage and the intelligence to break with their past and carve out their future. We want to "bring joy back to human days again ; lift from life's daily round its sordid cloak . . . to unite in one great cause the struggling folk." For this we appeal for helpers. Think not of the workers with disgust because of their unrefinement, but think rather with Carlyle : "For us was thy back bent ; for us

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed ; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom."

ARNOLD HOLT

MR. BURDEN

CHAPTER XII

MR. BURDEN stood at the counter where little rails of shining brass were reflected in the polished wood. He looked for some immediate obedience ; but his aspect at this moment was not such that his wealth or station could be seen.

Mr. Burden stood at the counter with both his hands upon it, waiting till someone should notice that he was there. Such duties are reluctantly undertaken by the least of a company, and there approached him at length a young clerk with pale and curly hair and watery blue eyes, and of a frank uncivil manner, as though his heart were in the right place.

Mr. Burden said to him :

“ I want to see Mr. Abbott.”

With easy negligence the young clerk shoved across the counter a form on which was printed :—

Name of applicant.....
Nature of business.....

Mr. Burden looked at this form a moment, and then lifting his head :

“ Give him my name,” he said.

But the young clerk did not know his name.

“ Burden,” he added, “ Mr. Burden. Tell Mr. Abbott Mr. Burden is here, and wishes most particularly to see him.”

The young clerk swung off with jaunty impatience ; and Mr. Burden stood waiting at the counter. His face was very pale, his manner unsteady. Beyond, in little pens of glass, ill-paid men,

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

working at books, peeped furtively ; some smiled, others looked round to catch a neighbour's eye. Mr. Burden was oblivious of it all.

The young clerk returned and said, as a servant in livery speaks to a tradesman in none :

"Mr. Abbott can't see you."

Patches of colour flamed into Mr. Burden's face ; but, before he spoke or moved, a little dry, grey man who had served his master faithfully for twenty years, and to whom Mr. Burden was as familiar as the City streets, had seen what was passing and had come forward. He pushed aside the very foolish youth, and said in a low respectful voice :

"You had much better wait a little, Mr. Burden, sir ; you had indeed."

Mr. Burden shook his head slowly. He took up an office pen and wrote a few lines upon a memorandum sheet. He folded it and put Mr. Abbott's name outside "Take him that," he said, "I must see him."

What he had written I do not know ; but I am assured that the address was almost illegible, so violently did his hand tremble.

The little grey man went off in some fear. He was not long away. When he came back, he bore in his hand the same note, unopened. "I am very sorry, Mr. Burden, sir," he said, most anxiously "indeed, if you will let me"

Mr. Burden took the note from him and tore it into twenty pieces methodically and strongly, and scattered them upon the floor ; casting them deliberately down like seed to grow up into some remorseful harvest. Then, the little grey man watching him anxiously as he went, he passed through the monumental doors into the street.

It was with a most unnatural energy that he pushed through the crowds on the pavement. His emotion forced a spasm of life through the worn channels of his brain ; he walked rapidly, his head bent down, till he came to Broad Street and the offices of the M'Korio. The giant saw him as he passed up the great stairs and saluted him, but Mr. Burden noticed nothing. He went on at once to that principal room, where he knew that a meeting of the Board was to be held, and into this room he strode, full of purpose, but checked a moment by the presence of others as he entered.

He saw by the window the little group which, as he thought, had ruined his peace for ever, and, among them, he saw Cosmo. He saw Cosmo standing as a friend of theirs should stand, talking with them familiarly.

They were four : Cosmo and Mr. Barnett, Lord Benthorpe, and Mr. Harbury : their minds at ease on that quiet and sunlit

MR. BURDEN

afternoon, fresh with the activity of the City, ready for the action of life.

To each of them great fortune promised : and to Mr. Barnett, who was already very wealthy, more than fortune : a true political power, a thing to him worth all the effort of a life. They stood there at the window, these four men, making not only their own success, but the success of England, and building up yet another new people over seas. There was a natural buoyancy in all their attitudes ; the hard work had been done, and only the last stone remained to be raised. Then the one would have recovered his honour, another have solved his indebtedness, another have found himself secure for the first time in permanent wealth, another in retirement and leisure, and strong over men.

They knew, indeed, what phantasies and little meticulous rules had haunted this fifth man that had entered. They knew their Mr. Burden by this time ; especially Cosmo, his son, foresaw what effort had still to be gone through. But they had no doubt of success, for a man thus sensitive or faddish is also weak and very yielding to persuasion : nay, as he entered, that weakness of his was apparent, in the hesitation of his step and the uncertain glance which he cast upon them.

Cosmo hung back a little, for he revered his father. The three others came forward with effusion ; Lord Benthorpe with perhaps rather more restraint than the rest ; and Mr. Barnett, taking it upon himself to be spokesman, said :

“ My dear Mr. Burden ! ” and he took Mr. Burden’s hand in his right hand and put his left hand over it and held it fast, to show a real friendship ; and then he pulled up to the table a great chair of dignity, and asked Mr. Burden to be seated in it. Mr. Burden said : “ Thank’ye ” : he sat down, as would a man that bore a heavy sack upon his shoulders ; and the rest sat down around the table.

After a little silence, Cosmo asked his father whether his train had been punctual. Mr. Burden answered oddly. He said in a manner, which (alas !) still savoured of pomposity :

“ Gentlemen ” Then he coughed and was silent.

Mr. Barnett, who all his life had possessed the art of managing men, smiled a ready, but not convincing smile, and said :

“ Eh, Mr. Burden ? Yes ? ”

Mr. Burden, with a troubled look, and with eyebrows drawn together and upwards, looked round at them, avoiding the eyes of each, and gazed to his right at the window, as might a man who had the direction of a battle, but who knew nothing of war, and who saw the closing in of lines ;—and fate, and dread, and ending coming forward upon him out of the smoke and clamour.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

He turned his head slowly round ; he beat his knee nervously with his right hand, and he began again :—

“Gentlemen I have been thinking that there are some things I don’t say much but still there are some things, which might be settled without hurting us and without hurting anyone else, and Of course I understand the position fully.” He tried to smile and failed. “I am a man of the world, gentlemen ; I understand the position fully I know it may be a little sacrifice I think you will all agree with me it should be settled.”

Mr. Barnett, who all his life had possessed the art of managing men, cleared his throat, and spoke rapidly in a confident tone : his hands were clasped before him upon the table, his short but creative thumbs were pressed together. He said :

“I think we exactly know what it is in Mr. Burten’s mind ? It does Mr. Burten to his honour. Mr. Burten is alluding herein, Lord Bent’orpe” (for Mr. Barnett always addressed Lord Benthorpe upon such occasions—and Lord Benthorpe bowed very slightly, as men do who owe nothing and can give much) “Mr. Burten is alluding, Lord Bent’orpe, I say, to our policy with regard to Mr. Appott herein. Mr. Burten, it does you much to your honour.”

Lord Benthorpe, whose ignorance of all these things was that of a sincere and honourable gentleman, bowed again to Mr. Burden : it was a very slight bow, even more slight than that accorded to Mr. Barnett ; and I am sorry to say that, immediately afterwards, he had the lack of tact to remark : “I am sure that any such small matter as Mr. Burden wishes can be arranged.”

Mr. Barnett betrayed considerable irritation.

“With all respect due,” he said—for, in spite of his accent, he had a great command of English idiom—“with all respect due, and ready, Lord Bent’orpe, and with every desire I have to spare——” here he hesitated a moment, and Mr. Harbury, to whom English was a familiar language, murmured, “susceptibilities” —“susceptibilities,” continued Mr. Barnett, still pondering on all the syllables, “we have other interests herein than alone our own to consider. We have the interests also of the shareholders surely to consider. I think one will agree with me ? Ah ?”

He lay back a little in his chair, and looked round at his three companions, and then a little rapidly to his left at Mr. Burden : Mr. Burden was silent, and Mr. Barnett, who was marvellously proficient in the language of commerce, went on :

“We have, I say also, the shareholder-interest to consider. If we had ourselves alone to safeguard so, we should be understanding Mr. Appott’s position ; indeed, I am very-sure. Büt” (and here Mr. Barnett lowered his voice in a manner which would have been

MR. BURDEN

impressive even to a larger audience, and wagged his head gloomily) :
"But have we choice I fear . . . ?"

He looked sadly a moment at the middle of the table, with an expression not unlike that of an animal about to be sacrificed, and throwing up his hands with the palms outwards, said in a sudden return of native feeling :

"Ach ! God ! He hass not come in ! He hass not come in ! It is right on his own head, I say."

It was not often that Mr. Barnett allowed a sudden revulsion of feeling to awaken in him the memories of his young manhood, but he felt strongly upon Mr. Abbott's action ; he thought it stupid ; he thought it unbusiness-like. He thought it dangerous to the M'Korio Delta Development Co. He thought it, from what he knew of the English, un-English, and, during the few seconds of that angry phrase, his native accent had returned to him, strongly borne upon a gust of natural passion.

Cosmo nervously intervened :

"Perhaps, father, you could go and see Mr. Abbott again ?" Mr. Burden, hearing the voice of his son, and being thereby suddenly reminded of his home and of many years, looked up with an awful pain in his eyes.

"No," he said.

Then there was another awkward silence, which Lord Benthorpe did not much relieve by saying twice the words "I hope, . . . I hope," and looking round with an uncertain smile.

Mr. Harbury broke in, with the air of a man whose thought has matured, leaning his chin upon his left hand, and looking steadily at Mr. Burden.

"Mr. Burden, I think you will admit that Mr. Abbott should have come in. If he does not come in, we are absolutely bound to oppose him with all our force. You see that as well as I do. You cannot justly complain if we destroy that which attempts to destroy us. You cannot justly complain if you refuse to persuade him further, and refuse also to help us in our self-defence against him. There is no possible third course."

All this was said fixedly and clearly, as Mr. Harbury had long learnt to say the thing that should dominate a weak man's mind ; but Mr. Burden was so ill as to be perverse, and irrational ; and the anger that makes men drunk was rising up in him again.

He cried much louder than he had meant :

"I have said all I have to say."

His anger mounted and rode him ; he kept control of his body to some extent, but no longer of his mind ; and he continued still loudly, without reason, and forgetting his determination :

"I will not be a party to any intrigue against my friend !"

Now such are the limits of human nature, and such is its feebleness, that even men like Mr. Barnett (who had known all his life how to manage men) can lose their steadfast poise in a sharp moment of wrath. He looked round smartly, he put his face somewhat too suddenly forward, as towards an opponent, and thrust into Mr. Burden's already kindled fires the fuel of an insult.

Those two deep sunken lines which marked the financier's heavy cheeks like furrows and drew down the lowering corners of his mouth, were contracted into a kind of intense sneer: and he said, without opening his teeth:—

"You will party be to your pocket whatever!"—for he forgot his English idiom in his desire to sting.

Then Mr. Burden, something like power bubbling up in him in spite of his age, and filled, in spite of his wealth, with a desire for freedom, cried out at him:

"Take care, Barnett, you're going a little too far, just a little too far . . . I wouldn't have that . . . not for worlds!"

Mr. Burden's breath came very quickly, and he had his lips as close together as any had yet seen them, and his head was full with the blood of his anger. But there was anger in Mr. Barnett also, though of another race and kind and climate; and he said with a full sneer, where only half a sneer had been before:

"What can you do? So?"

I repeat, for the twentieth time, that Mr. Barnett's knowledge of men had never failed him. He must not be judged on this exceptional case, nor condemned because he under-estimated the follies that men like Mr. Burden can commit, when their state of mind is such as was then Mr. Burden's state of mind. For, old as he was, a passion like a fighting passion possessed Mr. Burden, and rioted through his aged and enfeebled body, forcing its organs beyond their power, and straining the material framework of his life. In that passion he had forgotten decent conduct; he had forgotten wealth and all that wealth should mean to a just and reasonable man. He repeated without moving:

"What can I do?" He said it two or three times in a low voice. He remembered a furious letter to the Press which he had not posted: he remembered his fear lest the Press should refuse to print it. He remembered his sufferings as the syndicate was preparing, he remembered his yielding, and what that yielding had cost him in the soul. He remembered above all Mr. Abbott, Charles Abbott, his friend—and, remembering these things, he lost all control.

He snatched up his hat from the ground, and thrust it far back upon his head at random: he sprang upright: he held his chair tilted back with one hand; with the other he grasped his umbrella in a kind of swagger, tip to ground, as though it had been the

MR. BURDEN

scabbard of a sword. He seemed vigorous, or perhaps distraught : intoxicated with the words that rose in him.

Mr. Harbury, whose judgment I will always trust in such matters, and who was once not unacquainted with the management of the stage, has told me that never in his life, not even in the Levant, had he seen so dramatic a passage of anger as was that of this old Englishman in the toils : all his respectable English dress was at random ; his sober English gestures became those of a man who fights or labours ; and it is a detail worthy of notice, that the bone stud at his throat broke as he started up, and that his collar went flying loose at random. He shouted at them :

"What can I do? Oh, I can do a great deal, I can! You, Barnett, and you, Harbury, and all of you! All!"

Perhaps he almost felt a crowd : the massed forces of this new world surging against him ; he spoke as though to numbers.

"I can smash it! I can smash you, and your precious shareholders . . . and, and the Duke . . . and the whole thing! I can go and say why I went? Eh? Oh! good Lord! and I shall print it. . . . If they won't print it in your cursed papers, I'll placard it ; I'll cover the town with it ; I'll put your names up high—all your names—your names that you hide, and the names that you have had and lost . . . swindlers and thieves and scum!"

And, after that outburst, he recovered himself a moment, and stood away from them, breathing too hard, while Mr. Harbury looked down, and Mr. Barnett smiled a drawn smile of hatred that would not betray fear.

Lord Benthorpe, a soldier in his youth, was very genuinely afraid ; he was afraid of something indefinable, of catastrophe . . . he did not understand these things.

Then there passed through Mr. Burden's mind a spasm of calm which he mistook for self-control ; he fumbled at his collar trying to straighten it, he put on a kind of dignity, and stood up stiffly, and turned to his son and said :

"Come with me, Cosmo."

Cosmo, whom this wild scene had distressed beyond bearing, looked down nervously at the table, drumming with his fingers, and murmured almost inaudibly :

"Don't make a fool of yourself, father."

Then Mr. Burden, stooping forward hurriedly, went out.

There was a full three minutes of silence, during which Mr. Barnett's face looked like the face of one of those old and monstrous things, enormous, dug from Assyrian sands, while Mr. Harbury coughed twice, and sidled his eyes uncertainly, and Lord Benthorpe twiddled his fingers upon his trembling knees.

Then Cosmo, fumbling in confusion, mixing a desire to see

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

whether indeed his father would ruin them all with a desire to be rid of the atmosphere of anger, got up and went out also.

.

In the street another beam of those few which support the structure of human life crashed within him; the old man's brief draft of energy ran out and was lost utterly.

The mechanical actions continued; he could pass through the crowds with whom he had mixed for fifty years, but he felt a growing tension of the brain and some such abandonment of grasp and power, as men feel who are drowning, and who lose their consciousness just before they drown.

A few steps behind him followed Cosmo, his son. Interests, more momentous than the life of one man, made it imperative that the M'Korio should not be betrayed. There was just time to give notice of the disclaimer; there was ample time to visit some one of those newspapers that continued in spite of loss and a deserved unpopularity to attack our great scheme of Empire. The market was shut. There was time to ruin everything before the morning. Nor could Cosmo know what his father suffered: he followed in the interests of the M'Korio, and, happily, his father did not know that he followed.

Believe me, there are duties of many kinds; and Cosmo did his duty as best he knew it.

He saw his father pass the statue of Mr. Peabody, philanthropist, cross Cornhill, and King William Street, and make for the Cannon Street terminus; but Cosmo was a man to do his duty, when he did it, thoroughly: a habit to which he owes the great position he now enjoys. He did not lose sight of Mr. Burden until he had seen him actually enter the gates of the railway station; then only did he turn away, with heaven knows how much relief, and plan such recreation as was legitimately his after the strain of the last few hours. He sent first a telegram to Mr. Barnett to reassure him, and then cast off all business and went West, to spend the evening with such companions as he had previously engaged.

But Mr. Burden, bowing under the increasing weight of his malady, hesitated as he went up to take his ticket. He had forgotten, and was at a loss in everything. He did not remember his season ticket; and, when he stood before the little opening, an impatient crowd gathered behind him, cursing at his delay. He had forgotten even the name of the station to his home. The trained clerk was quick enough to meet the difficulty. He took the gold piece that the old merchant had put down, and gave him in exchange such a ticket as would carry him to the very extremities of the suburban zone. Mr. Burden looked at the unfamiliar name upon the paste-

MR. BURDEN

board and moved slowly on to the platform ; a considerable volley from the long queue whom he had just released followed his shambling figure ; till a wit at the head of it restored the public humour by giving him very publicly the title of Methuselah. Mr. Burden, wandering vaguely towards the train, did not so much as hear.

On the platform the porters knew him, and, in spite of the colour of his ticket, opened for him a first-class carriage ; one, with the ready courtesy of his kind, helped him to his place, then, turning, tapped his forehead and jerked his thumb over his shoulder with a leer ; for Mr. Burden was evidently very ill indeed.

In the train he sat, relieved by some repose, and conscious (in a blurred way) that an old man in the corner of a railway carriage was safer from insult and observation, than wandering on a platform, a thing for gibes.

He sat dully, his brows contracting now and then. The names of the stations pleased him, because they were familiar. He tried to remember their order, or at least the name of such as he had not yet reached ; but he could not. He was puzzled, and looked round at his fellow passengers, as though for help. They glanced at him above their papers, and saw that he was ill. They feared for the decencies. One, more refined than the rest, bolted out at the next stopping-place. The others defended themselves with silence, reading steadily behind the bulwark of the evening papers.

The old man turned to the window beside them, and watched the stations and the people, as the train went on. He saw the news upon the placards, flaring under the flaring gas lights. He recited the headlines slowly to himself. They were associated dimly, he knew not why, with anxiety ; and long distressed him.

Then there was a little darkness and a rumble, and he heard the name of his own station. He recognised it at once, and got out, and stood irresolutely at the gate. The collector took the ticket out of his hand, and smiled. Mr. Burden looked at him fixedly, wondering at his smile, and felt for a moment an angry wave of emotion. He took this man also for one of his enemies.

But a muddled feeling of pleasant association came after. He took him foolishly for a friend, and smiled and nodded in reply. Then, by pure instinct, such as animals have, he found the way towards his home.

He came up that familiar road, his head reeling, and a bond, as though of iron, oppressing it within ; and, as he walked, he suffered some dull ache continually. His slow steps jarred him ; and now and then those pulsating throbs that are Death's artillery preparing his attack, hammered at the walls of his being.

He kept to one line of the pavement to make more sure ; and once he thought : "Perhaps I am drunk." For it flashed twice on

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

him that he was something different from himself; and he mixed with a night forty years gone, when he had drunk a whole bottle of some kind of wine. He heard his father's anger; and it seemed to him, in a fantastic way, that he was about to meet that anger now—after all those years.

The functions of humanity were breaking down in him: memory, connection, harmony. Oh, poor Mr. Burden! He had not known what was meant by the preachers when they preached; he had not known what was before him when they talked of the Soul. Mr. Burden had called it immortal in his recited creed, and very right had he been in so calling it, and he was to prove it right in astounding trials, but in so doing quite to pass beyond the meaning of his words or theirs.

He came up that familiar road: he saw the gates of his own house—they both stood white in the evening. Habit (or ritual) the mistress of men sane, the good nurse of the last hours, carried him stumbling beyond the first gate. He passed the lodge, and, stumbling still, he reached the steps at his door. Here the old man would have sat down, as beggars do, to rest, had not habit still sustained and preserved his manhood: for never in his life had he done so strange a thing as to sit upon the doorsteps of a house.

It was his house, and he was master of it. He felt in his pocket for a key, and found one. He tried the door with it; but the key was too large. Many thoughts at once confused him, for he was troubled by Pain and Mortality: Pain and Mortality wrestled with his failing manhood, to mount, to ride, to conquer. But they were not in the saddle yet. He was determined to open his own door. He fancied many things at once. That his door had changed, or the key. Of his home and himself he was still sure; but his key and his door had already entered that world where all things common change and mingle, and where some other things, less known, emerge quite fixed for ever. Of his home and himself, he was still sure. His key and his door were already passing; himself and his home were, alas! to follow.

As he grated at the door, a faithful servant of his, a woman of the name of Kate Hatteras, heard him, and ran and opened. He would have told her the miracle of the door and of the key, but Pain—now grown into the whole of himself and wrestling hard, a power that knew its aims—Pain constrained him. He groaned, and his servant supported him deftly with her laborious and dutiful arm, and there flashed between them that good bond of long acquaintance, and Charity came into this house and visited its dying master—the first of the last angels. And, after Charity, there came those three great spirits, whose Hebrew names I never knew, but

MR. BURDEN

which are called in our language the Design, and the Mercy, and the Justice, of God.

Charity and the old servant helped him up the stairs, soothing him ; he would have still spoken of the key and of the door ; he smiled with smiles that were those of a child or of a man in extreme old age. Then his pain returned, and he groaned ; for the pain was in the head, where is the citadel of a man besieged. His keep was taken.

Once, during that last little pilgrimage, upon a landing, he stopped, and tried to speak some senile syllables. He wished to thank his companion courteously. No one else had been directly good to him and to his dissolving humanity in all these terrible hours ; but, in the midst of his attempt, the key returned to him. He mixed the mention of it into his speech, frowned a little, and stopped.

"Come, sir," said that admirable woman, "come along ; you'll be better, sir. Don't you take on ; now don't 'ee" ; for she had been born away from towns, and her duty, her service, her honour, her hard work, and her kind of English, were all one thing.

So he took comfort, in spite of his pain, and her help was his support ; nor had he any other friend, from that moment until he died.

Mr. Burden was put to bed, not only by this servant, but by another named Elizabeth, and by the knife-and-boot boy too, whose daily task was indeed accomplished before nine, but who commonly remained against orders till eleven, in order to enjoy communion with his kind. And all these three, Kate Hatteras, Elizabeth, and the knife-boy, were awed in the presence of this good man, whom God had made and preserved, and was now taking back from them, and from Upper Norwood, and from England.

The burden and the grotesque of their task wreathed up into the sublime ; and they felt like travellers over whom a mist rises until they see, startled, the majesty of great hills before them. Their souls were raised by the sharp apparent nearness of those awful gates, through which it was their high destiny also to pass at last. They saw revealed for another (they themselves half caught the revelation), the things which each of us is born to see, each at his own time, upon his dreadful day.

Kate Hatteras, resolute and exact, left the boy to watch, called by telephone a messenger, sent him to a nursing home near by, and, finding a cab, directed it to fetch, not this or that celebrity, but a doctor of the place in whom she had some confidence. Within an hour, she had in the house a nurse of some age and experience, but insufficiently refreshed with sleep ; there came next all manner of appliances, and, soon after, the young doctor, nervous and smiling

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

rhythmically, who went up to the room and gave Death a long particular name.

But Death could have no need of definition here. He was present with his most ancient titles, dominant upon a throne, ordering that infinite vast wherein the narrow walls of one poor human habitation were not seen, so tenuous were they. His armies, at a summons, filled the place all around : he was in his court and power.

The servants were bidden by Kate Hatteras to go and sleep. The doctor wrote some useless thing, and left it for the morning. It was past midnight. Kate Hatteras lay down in the dressing-room near by, where, some few days before, the consultation had been held ; she lay down dressed, and slept, and dreamt of a lonely shore where twilight stretched out endlessly along dull sands by a silent sea. But next door, in his bed (and above him some text or other in a frame) lay Mr. Burden, her good master, in the agony of that last steep beyond which, they say, is an horizon.

He muttered incoherently, with pauses of silence between, and the nurse, though lacking sleep, yet thought it her duty to watch. The September night was chilly ; a fire was lit. She sat rigid and staring at the fire, till, in a longer spell of silence, her head drooped ; and she living, her living body in spite of her will, fell unconscious into repose. But round the dying man were other companions.

Now this, now that, out of the long past, was with him ; persons and things all trivial. He spoke twice of an order—then he would bid a clerk write something . . . to whom ? He forgot the name . . . he forgot the name. He complained of his memory ; then he sighed a little, and was still.

In a moment he turned, and began his muttering again. To many friends, long dead, he spoke of the key and of his honour, and of . . . of . . . he sought for a name that would fit at once a traitor and a lost friend, something evil in the world ;—some spirit or other. Perhaps a son. The effort strained him ; he groaned again and was silent. One fixed and harassing perplexity recurred. There was something being done against his will at home ; some quarrel of judgment : the children surely—or was it a servant ? His wife was there by the bedside, renewing some ancient domestic difference : . . . but there ! he was willing to yield. Anything, anything to cool the press of fever that was gaining upon the turmoil within him : yet he wished her nearer to him and understanding more, for he was very ill ; and he kept on whispering : "As you will, my dear, as you will." Then, almost aloud : "Don't go ! . . . don't go without settling it, my heart !" But she was gone.

Mr. Burden opened his eyes : he knew that he was awake : he

MR. BURDEN

saw the ceiling plainly, and the stucco pattern of it, above the dull light of the falling fire. His wife, the real picture of her, rushed into his mind ; he knew that she had gone that very moment, shutting the door and leaving him. He could not move, for something had snapped, and all was changing : he felt himself utterly alone.

Loneliness caught him suddenly, overwhelming him ; wave upon wave of increasing vastness, the boundaries leaping, more and more remote, immeasurably outwards with every slackening pulse at the temples. Then it was dark ; and the Infinite wherein he sank was filled with that primeval Fear which has no name among living men : for the moment of his passage had come.

*Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro Te.
Miserere, Judex Meus,
Mortis in discrimine.*

Mr. Burden's head jerked a little to the right, his jaw fell, his hands twitched and grew rigid. Mr. Burden was dead.

.

The dirty light grew in the east of the world, and lit without hope the labour and despair of the city ; the masts and spars of the ships a long way off in the docks showed delicate and true. There was a little streak of murky rose which faded ; and, without, one little noise and then another led on to the life of a new day. A bird among the black branches of the ruined smoky trees, a footfall in the road outside ; a few more moments and the sound of wheels. It was Cosmo coming home.

His subdued, but rather husky voice, as he paid the driver, was carried on the rare morning ; he dropped a coin to the pavement and it rang. Even the shaking key in the lock could be heard, though he turned it softly. He was careful for his father's repose, as he had always been when he came home after a night of pleasure with his equals. He pulled off his boots, not without many blunders, and went up the stairs noiselessly, holding the banisters well. He reached his room above, and lay down at once to sleep, half dressed, the sleep he needed.

An hour later, when it was broad day, the nurse in the room with the dead man snored fitfully, stirred, and awoke. She started suddenly, as she looked round at what was in the bed. Then her long experience composed her, she did what she had to do, and went into the next room, not liking to be alone. Kate Hatteras woke at her touch ; and they watched together ; and only when they saw that the time had come did they rouse the household, the fires were

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

lit for breakfast to be cooked, and someone called Cosmo and told him what had fallen in the night.

.

Two days after, with reasonable pomp, they restored the body to the earth, in that part of the cemetery at Norwood where lay the vault he had purchased : just beyond the sections consecrated to the Roman Catholics and the Jews. Already, for some fifty-three hours, his spirit had returned to God who gave it.

Thus did they bury Emmanuel Burden, a dealer in hardware ; and his son inherited his wealth.

I have no fears for him at the Judgment Seat. He had borne with affection for more than twenty years the common trials of domestic life. He had brought up three children to maturity. He had dissipated nothing of his health or patrimony ; he had increased his fortune by sober and by honest means, and with it in some part the wealth of the country which he adored. He had voted consistently as he thought best for the interests of Britain, supporting Mr. Gladstone's Administrations until the fatal year of 1885, and, since that date, concerning himself for the success of the Unionist or Conservative candidate. But Mr. Burden is dead, and I do not quite see who there is to take his place.

Honest Englishman and good man—I wish I could have written of him in nobler terms.

THE END

HORACE WALPOLE ¹

LOVERS of Walpole will not fail to welcome the first instalment of Mrs. Toynbee's new edition of the incomparable *Letters*. The Clarendon Press is to be congratulated on the production of these charming and comfortable volumes, which, on the score of form alone, are worthy of precedence over the cumbrous tomes of Peter Cunningham. It is pleasant to think that henceforward it will be possible to read with ease the most readable of books, and that the lightest of writers is no longer too heavy to carry. But the present edition has other claims to superiority: it is far more nearly complete than any of its predecessors; it may be supposed, indeed, to be the penultimate Walpole. Peter Cunningham's nine volumes contain 2,654 letters; there will be as many as 3,061 in Mrs. Toynbee's sixteen, and, out of this new material, no less than 111 letters have never before been printed. In the volumes at present published, the most interesting additions are some early letters to Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, among them being the first extant letter of Walpole, written while he was still at Eton. But the most important part of the unprinted matter has yet to appear—seven letters, written in French, to Madame du Deffand. At the death of his "dear old friend," Walpole came into the possession of all her papers; his terror of ridicule made him anxious to destroy such evidence as they contained of the lady's strange attachment and his own bad French. The forthcoming letters, however, seem to have survived by accident, and are all that remains, on Walpole's part, of a correspondence of sixteen years.

The excellence of Mrs. Toynbee's work makes it all the more to be regretted that she has been unable to make use of some unpublished manuscripts still lying at Holland House; for, with their addition, none of the known letters of Walpole would have been absent from her collection. In one other respect alone the present edition seems

¹ *The Letters of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, chronologically arranged and edited with notes and indices.* By Mrs. Paget Toynbee, in sixteen volumes, with portraits and facsimiles. Vols. I.—IV. The Oxford University Press. 1903.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

to fall short of the ideal. A great many passages "quite unfit for publication" have been omitted from the letters to Sir Horace Mann. It is true that these passages have never been printed before; but it is difficult to believe that there is any adequate reason for their not being printed now. The *jeune fille* is certainly not an adequate reason, and, even if she were, the *jeune fille* does not read Walpole. Whoever does read him must feel that these constant omissions are so many blots upon perfection, and distressing relics of an age of barbarous prudery.

The panorama of the correspondence is so vast, that it is almost a relief to be able to look at it in sections. Never, indeed, was such exquisite delicacy combined with such enormous bulk; and there can be no doubt that it is owing to their mass, as well as to their matter, that the letters hold the place they do in English literature. No other English letter-writer except Byron—and in fact no other in the world except Voltaire, who stands supreme—ever approached the productiveness of Walpole. But Byron's exuberance of vitality forms a curious contrast to Walpole's prolific ease. The former is all vigour and hurry, all chops and changes, all multitudinous romance; he is salt and breezy and racy as the sea. Walpole flows like a delightful river through his endless pages, between shady lawns and luxurious villas, dimpling all the way. One common characteristic, and one alone, unites the two men; they both possess a vivid and peculiar imagination. It is this quality in Walpole, this "ease," to use the words of Macaulay, "with which he yokes together ideas between which there would seem, at first sight, to be no connection," that makes him so distinctively English a writer. His fancy roams, indeed, as constantly as that of Keats, though it roams in a different direction. From the letters of his early Cambridge days to the letters of his extreme old age, there is a perpetual procession of sparkling imagery.

"Youthful passages of life," he writes to Montagu, from King's, "are the chippings of Pitt's diamond, set into little heart-rings with mottoes; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable."

In the letter he wrote to Lady Ossory six weeks before his death, though the style has reached perfection, it is the same style. She had been praising his letters, and he writes to her:—

"Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel, and stuck on Twelfth-cakes that lie on the shop-boards of pastrycooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust."

This mastery of decoration never deserts him. Whatever his theme—

HORACE WALPOLE

the Opposition, or Madame de Sévigné, or the weather, or nothing at all—he contrives to beautify it in a hundred wonderful ways. His writing, as he might have said himself, is like lace; the material is of very little consequence, the embroidery is all that counts; and it shares with lace the happy faculty of coming out sometimes in yards and yards.

The period covered by the present volumes extends over the twenty years which preceded the death of George II. At the beginning of it, Sir Robert was still in power; at the end of it the triumphant Ministry of Pitt was drawing to its close. The political changes during that interval had been immense: in Asia and in America, as well as in Europe, a vast transformation had taken place; the imperial power of Britain, which had hardly been dreamt of in 1740, had become, in 1760, an established fact. Yet the social change during the same period had been almost equally profound. The accession of George III. is the dividing point between two distinct ages: the age of Fielding and Hogarth and Warburton on the one hand, and the age of Sterne and Reynolds and Hume on the other. The difference is curiously illustrated by the contrast between Sir Robert Walpole and his son Horace, who each possessed, to a somewhat exaggerated degree, the peculiar characteristics of his generation. All over England, during these years of transition, coarse and vigorous fathers were being succeeded by refined and sentimental sons; sceptics were everywhere stepping into the shoes of deists; in France the same movement at the same time brought about the triumph of the *Encyclopædia*. Whatever may have been the causes of this remarkable revolution, there can be no doubt that the latter half of the eighteenth century attained to a height of civilisation unknown in Europe since the days of Hadrian. Horace Walpole was, in England at any rate, the true prophet of the movement. Already, in his earliest letters, he is over-civilised; he is a dilettante, a connoisseur who purchases alabaster gladiators and Domenichinos; he languishes among the bores of Houghton like a creature from another world.

"I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me," he writes at the age of twenty-six; "I fear 'tis growing old. They say there is no English word for ennui," he goes on; "I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people,' and 'doing the honours.'"

Twenty years later he was still "entertaining"; but the "people" were different, and he was no longer bored.

"My resolutions of growing old and staid," he writes to Lady Hervey, "are admirable; I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor Street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow-window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness ; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.”

Thirty years later still, he was “doing the honours” as happily as ever—to the French *émigrés* at Berkeley Square, to Queen Charlotte at Strawberry Hill : he had come into his kingdom with the new age.

If the contrast is great between the first half of the eighteenth century and the last, it is even greater between the latter and the first half of the nineteenth ; and nothing shows this more clearly than the treatment which Walpole received in the *Edinburgh*, hardly forty years after his death, at the hands of Macaulay. The criticism is written in the great reviewer’s most trenchant style ; it contains passages which stand, for cleverness and brilliancy, on the level of his cleverest and most brilliant work ; every other sentence is an epigram, and all the paragraphs go off like Catherine-wheels ; everything is present, in fact, that could be desired, except the remotest understanding of the subject. Macaulay, stepping out for a moment from his world of machinery and progress, found himself face to face with a phenomenon which scarcely presented anything to his mind. Here was a writer who was not literary, a member of Parliament who was not a politician, an aristocrat who declared himself a Republican, and a Whig who took more interest in a new snuff-box than in the French Revolution. What could the meaning of this portent possibly be ? The solution was only too obvious—the creature must be a mere *poseur*, with an empty head, and an empty heart, and a few tricks to amuse the public. In this case, at any rate, Macaulay employed the very method of portraiture with which he charges Walpole himself.

“He copied from the life only those glaring and obvious peculiarities which could not escape the most superficial observation. The rest of the canvas he filled up, in a careless dashing way, with knave and fool, mixed in such proportions as pleased Heaven.”

The accusation most commonly raised against Walpole—that he was devoid of true feeling in his intercourse with others—is of course reiterated by Macaulay, though even he feels obliged to admit parenthetically that to Conway at least Walpole “appears to have

HORACE WALPOLE

been sincerely attached." But the truth seems to be, in spite of "those glaring and obvious peculiarities which could not escape the most superficial observation"—his angry, cutting sentences, his constant mockery of his enemies, his constant quarrels with his friends, and his perpetual reserve—that Walpole's nature was in reality peculiarly affectionate. There can be no doubt that he was sensitive to an extraordinary degree ; and it is much more probable that the defects—for defects they certainly were—which he showed in social intercourse, were caused by an excess of this quality of sensitiveness, rather than by a lack of sincere feeling. It is impossible to quarrel with one's friends unless one likes them ; and it is impossible to like some people very much without disliking other people a good deal. These elementary considerations are quite enough to account for the vagaries and the malice of Walpole. But there was another element in his character which gave his malice all the appearance of a deep malignity, and made his vagaries seem to be the outcome of a callous nature : it was his pride. At heart he was a complete aristocrat ; it was impossible for him to be unreserved. The masks he wore were imposed upon him by his caste, by his breeding, by his own intimate sense of the decencies and proprieties of life ; so that his hatreds and loves, so easily aroused and so intensely cherished, were forced to express themselves in spiteful little taunts and in artificial compliments. His letter to Mason is an exquisite proof alike of how much he could feel, and how much he could keep back. The account he gives of his own misconduct is utterly dispassionate and polite ; he makes no protestations of affection, he expresses not a word of regret ; it is only at last, when he touches upon the feelings of Gray, that the veil seems for a moment to be withdrawn. "*I treated him insolently. He loved me, and I did not think he did.*" One must be very blind indeed to see in such words as those nothing more than a frigid indifference ; and one must suffer from a strange obliquity of vision to be able to trace in them a likeness to the ape of Macaulay's caricature, mopping and mowing, spitting and gibbering, dressed out in its master's finery, and keeping an eye upon the looking-glass.

There is a portrait of him, taken in later life, which gives a clearer idea of the real Walpole. He is sitting cross-legged on his chair, with a book open in his hand, and Madame du Deffand's dog beside him ; in the background, through the window, one catches a glimpse of the Thames, and a barge sailing past amid the spring foliage. It is a pretty picture ; and the thin face, with its high forehead and its tiny nervous mouth, is a curiously kind one. Looking at it, it is easy to return in spirit to that little world of Walpole, that happy society of five hundred personages, which seems to move

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

and dance perpetually before our gaze, and yet remains fixed for us for ever in a strange fixity, like a fly in amber. To Macaulay, indeed, fresh and victorious from the great fight of the Reform Bill, that society must have seemed a narrow and a petty one, remote from the realities of life. Yet, after all, what could be more real, for instance, than to sit down to cards with "the Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon"? Or to entertain the Duchess of Hamilton at Strawberry? Or to write verses in honour of the Princess Amelia? Or to exchange confidences with Madame du Deffand? Or to watch long hours from the bow-window in the great room at Isleworth the ferries passing to and fro across the river? Or to print a new edition of the poems of Mr. Gray? Or to scribble notes to Lady Ossory? Or to spend the evening with Mary Berry over the old Duchess of Queensberry and the old Duchess of Marlborough, till the candles expire in their sockets, and one begins to feel that one is getting old one's self? Are these things really less real, Walpole might have asked, than shouting at elections, and writing articles for the magazines?

"One passes away so soon, and worlds succeed to worlds, in which the occupiers build the same castles in the air. What is ours but the present moment? And how many of mine are gone!"

G. L. STRACHEY

OTHER REVIEWS

RECENT WRITERS ON HIGHER EDUCATION¹

NO one concerned in Education can have failed to be the wiser and the better for reading Mr. Benson's "Commentary upon the Aims and Methods of an Assistant Master," a book instinct with kindliness, earnest purpose, and unaffected candour, and withal a very graceful piece of literature. But, in one unlucky chapter, Mr. Benson confessed that the present standard of intellectual interest in the Public Schools was lamentably low. Sir Oliver Lodge swooped down, and denounced our public schools as a public peril. So far as the main point—the comparative inattention to the training of the intelligence—was concerned, Mr. Benson's reply practically admitted the charge, though Sir Oliver Lodge's denunciation was over-sweeping, and his panacea—the substitution of scientific for classical studies—unsatisfactory. At the same time, Mr. Fletcher of Rugby (now Master of Marlborough) denied the truth of Mr. Benson's assertion of a generally low level of intellectual interest in the Public Schools. As a vindication of some few schools, the protest was opportune and justified ; but, as regards the majority (to judge from the public schoolmen who enter the Universities), the matter rests much as Mr. Benson stated it. Quite recently, Mr. Pellatt has come to the rescue, denying, on the one hand, that the standard is as low as is alleged, and explaining that, so far as it is so, this is but a minor and inevitable result of a system whose good effects are of more than compensatory value. Prof. Armstrong's book is primarily an attempt to urge methods of studying science which will be more productive of habits of

¹ *The Schoolmaster*. By A. C. Benson. London: Murray, 1903. *Public Schools and Public Opinion*. By T. Pellatt. London: Longmans, 1904. *The Teaching of Scientific Method*. By H. E. Armstrong. London: Macmillan, 1903. *The Schoolmaster's Directory and Year Book*. London: Sonnenschein, 1904. Articles by Sir Oliver Lodge and others, in 1903 and 1904.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

observation, of resourcefulness, invention and interest in life, than those commonly in vogue. He appears to have abundant justification; but by the way he deals hard blows at the public schools, the older universities, and all "humanists"—a term connoting obscurantism, ignorance of the real world, and knowledge of nothing but the past as recorded in books. The *Schoolmaster's Year Book* is an invaluable treasury of facts, summarising the events and the laws which bear on educational interests, and the work of the various educational organisations and examinations, and giving a full directory of schools and schoolmasters.

Mr. Benson and Mr. Pellatt are both convinced of the general excellence of the Public School system. No one indeed can dispute that the Public Schools afford a training in wholesomeness of life, in many social virtues of great value, and (within limits) in the due use of freedom, which no Continental system supplies so well. Mr. Pellatt's objections to the enforcement of German methods upon English schools are not overstated: the excess of compulsion in vogue under these methods has more disadvantages than we can afford to accept, nor do many of the best-informed Germans themselves believe in them. But we may still dispute some of Mr. Pellatt's arguments on the matter of intellectual standards. The complaint is not that the amount of knowledge which the Public Schools profess to teach is small; that boys only get a little way in each subject is not in itself so serious. The real complaint is, that so little that they profess to know is known with accuracy or thoroughness, and that they show (after they leave school), for the most part, no interest in subjects over which they have spent much time, and little capacity for working intelligently at them. Mr. Pellatt says truly, that the main test of a boy's intellectual development is to be found in the faculties of application and absorption, and later of comparison and criticism; to which we should add, in a conscience in regard to accuracy. And it is just when tried by these tests that those who have been Public School-boys are so often found wanting. In regard to the fact, there is practically no difference of opinion between Mr. Benson, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Prof. Armstrong. Mr. Pellatt, however, disagrees. The charge of a low standard comes largely, he says, from those who abuse the schools because they themselves refused to profit by them; from successful men who "scorn the base degrees whereby they did ascend"; from persons ignorant both of the variety of youthful natures and of the good education received by many who are unknown to the world, and so on. This may have some grains of truth in it; but Mr. Pellatt must know that the charge comes just as much from those who receive the boys direct from school,

RECENT WRITERS ON HIGHER EDUCATION

and who have every opportunity of judging, though they may not always express themselves publicly or strongly. He quotes statistics to show that most of the successful candidates for Woolwich come straight from the Public Schools. Of course, the Public Schools make it their business to prepare boys for such examinations. Mr. Fletcher evidently wishes they did not; and these figures, so far from proving that the schools develop the intelligence, only suggest one of the many reasons why the intelligence is neglected,—the tyranny of examinations constructed with scant reference to desirable methods of education, or to the qualities required in the professions to which the examinations afford entrance. Military experts and Commissions are not, apparently, satisfied that the majority of officers thus supplied to them from the schools *are* possessed of the sort of trained intelligence which they might expect, though in this case the fault does not rest mainly with the school-masters. As to the Civil Service Examinations, Mr. Pellatt perhaps underrates the advance made by candidates during their University career; and as regards the assertion that the failure of any school to keep up its standard instantly produces a fall in the applications for entrance, we strongly suspect that the standard in question is much more frequently a reputation for social and moral qualities (of course very important), than for the particular quality of efficient intellectual training.

Mr. Pellatt's partial denial of the alleged facts is not very convincing. How does he explain the facts so far as he admits them? The freedom which is the characteristic merit of English schools is, he tells us, inconsistent with the compulsion of boys to do their work, though stronger or weaker inducements may be offered; sacrifice freedom, and the development of character goes too. Again a grain of truth, much exaggerated. Compulsion, as well as freedom, is a necessary part of all moral training. Plato was not far wrong in identifying the spirit of freedom, pushed too far, with simple hedonism. Mr. Pellatt is so careful to insist that the idea of making every lesson a pure pleasure is both impracticable and undesirable, that it is strange to find him apparently underrating the value to men of having been compelled in early years to do things thoroughly that they would much rather have done slackly, and justifying the low standard of general attainment in the name of freedom. Compulsion is not deadening to character when (as in the case in point) it is based on reason, and the reasons are understood by both parties; and at present the effects of permitted slovenliness of mind are far more in evidence, and far more detrimental to the best use of freedom, than the dangers from compulsion. To use Mr. Pellatt's own phrase, there is "a pitiful

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

amount of cant " talked on this subject. There are few things so good for one at all periods of life as to be obliged to do well something for which one is disinclined ; and we protest most strongly against Mr. Pellatt's interpretation of the implications of freedom.

To pass to the causes and remedies of the mischief which these books suggest. Both Mr. Benson and Mr. Pellatt, consciously or unconsciously, throw unpleasant lights on the lack of clearly conceived aims and methods adjusted thereto on the part of many masters, on their modes of conducting form-work, the character of the supervision and assistance received from their chiefs, and the influences which encourage wrong methods. Both books, while they increase our sincere admiration for the devotion of school-masters to their boys, confirm the suspicion that there is something lacking in their teaching practice. Yet a course of pedagogy (as such courses are at present arranged) does not seem to be the remedy. Mr. Pellatt writes that : " To train a man to teach Board school boys, because he intends to be a Public School master, is like apprenticing a youth to a stone mason, and then setting him to work in a clay-pit." And Mr. Benson compares it to teaching a man to swim upon dry land. Of the proposal virtually to expel the humanities and substitute science it need only be said, that, while scientific and modern subjects are often unduly neglected or unwisely taught, the attacks of Sir Oliver Lodge and Prof. Armstrong betray no consciousness of the methods and aims of the best humanist teachers, and of the actual and possible results of their work. Prof. Armstrong's book, moreover, does not lead us to regard the teaching of science as inevitably educational. We may leave these critics to Mr. Pellatt. Much more is to be said for the restriction of the number of subjects upon which parents insist, with a vague idea that a smattering of many subjects, particularly modern ones, somehow pays better than thorough work at a few. As to examinations, Mr. Pellatt demands reforms with full knowledge and much force. On these points the initiative lies partly with the Universities and other examining bodies, partly with Head Masters ; and (*pace* Prof. Armstrong) the Universities at least seem to be slowly stirring.

What of Government action ? Mr. Pellatt opposes this on account of the supposed effects of State-managed elementary education. But there is more rhetoric than proof in his ascription of the alleged contempt for knowledge among the poorer classes, of the disappearance of parental efforts at education, of hooliganism and physical deterioration, to the Education Acts. Unpleasant by-products are apt to appear at particular stages in the life of

LORD ACTON'S LIBERALISM

masses, as of individuals ; but they are not necessarily permanent. Even Governments may learn by their mistakes ; and, so far as the disagreeable features are due (as Mr. Pellatt thinks them) to *free* education, they afford no argument against State interference with the public schools. Interference is all the more called for, because the matter, though of the highest national importance, is unlikely ever to become the subject of a popular cry, and must therefore be taken in hand by an intelligent Government, awake, not only to the demands, but to the needs of the nation. State action may profitably take two directions. On the one hand (as Mr. Pellatt agrees) Mr. Bowen's idea of a central committee to manage the finances of the Public Schools might relieve Head Masters of much exacting and tiresome work, and leave them more free to train their subordinates. On the other hand, periodical and compulsory inspection, under a central department, by examiners of practical educational experience, and the publication of Reports, would tend to raise the standard, and to disseminate accurate information about each individual school. It is hard to see why the trainers of the mind should not be required to prove their qualifications as strictly as the healers of the body ; and the existing registration system can scarcely be said to be adequate.

We must pass over the treatment of athletics by Mr. Benson and Mr. Pellatt, with an expression of regret at many things it reveals, and of admiration for the sound sense and courage of the writers. Both books are bound to be of great value to those who regard the reform of higher education as one of the most pressing needs of the time.

A. W. PICKARD CAMBRIDGE

LORD ACTON'S LIBERALISM¹

IN his admirable Introductory Memoir, Mr. Paul remarks that, when Lord Rosebery made Lord Acton Regius Professor, even Cambridge herself was at first a little startled by the nomination of "this famous but rather mysterious stranger." The description sums up very aptly the curious, shadowy position Lord Acton held in the public eye : a position distinguished and admired, of course, but strangely unsubstantial and remote. It is this that gives so intimate and particular an interest to the letters published by Mrs. Drew, revealing, as they do, the play of mind and fancy, the

¹ *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone.* Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul. London : George Allen. 1904.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

affections, the tastes, the verdicts on the smaller, as well as on the greater affairs of history and literature—if the terms are not sacrilegious in an account of an illustrious savant, may we not say the very prejudices and idolatries?—of this dim Olympian figure. Lord Acton is here the affectionate friend, passing judgment for a sympathetic ear on men, books, and affairs; and he is passing judgment, in his powerful and penetrating phrases, on the events of a series of years that were among the most vivid and the most decisive in the great career he worshipped.

It is, of course, only Lord Acton's immediate friends and disciples that can measure the inspirations he gave to his age, or the power he wielded over the minds of others. We learn from their testimony that he was a generous giver of the things most worth having, that he never husbanded for his own use his illuminating and fertile knowledge, that he was to his pupils, not the interpreter of a science, but the creator of a spirit. Of that esoteric dominion others know only indirectly. To the outside world, there is something in his career of the fragmentary greatness of Leonardo da Vinci; and it is chiefly remembered of him that he planned what would have been one of the mightiest achievements in the world, and that, when he died with the achievement only sketched in outline, there disappeared the one mind adequate in its range and scope to so superb an undertaking. How far Lord Acton was buried beneath the weight of his own learning, the mere observer can never decide. When the men who are competent to hold the scales of history are few, it is unfortunate that one of them should have been so reluctant to let the world know his conclusions, without letting it know also the processes by which he had reached them. When Lord Acton published his Inaugural Lecture, he supplemented it with quotations from a hundred authorities. Swift advised the young preacher to avoid authorities, on the ground that his congregation would rather believe him on his own word than on that of Homer or Plato. Lord Acton apparently did not think an argument complete, unless it was defended and justified by opinions that only his modesty could have prompted him to summon as allies.

Lord Acton, the political critic, is the main interest of these letters; and Lord Acton the political critic is Lord Acton the Gladstonian. To understand Lord Acton's great admiration for Mr. Gladstone, is to understand the whole spirit in which Lord Acton surveyed human affairs, the spirit summed up in his definition of History, whose chief aim it was, he said, to develop, and perfect, and arm conscience. Few men give justice the first place in politics, though almost everyone gives it the second. Most men think vaguely or certainly that the maintenance of established interests

LORD ACTON'S LIBERALISM

in some category is the sovereign end, and as far as morality is friendly or neutral they are glad enough to patronise it ; or they think that morality is not meant for slippery times, though it does well enough for tranquil and comfortable days. Lord Acton gave morality itself the preeminence ; and he allowed no boisterous storm of temptation or disorder to excuse men for declining on some other standard. If he had ever carried out his great dream, he would have traced the slow growth of the sense of morality between States and nations. He lived very close to what he once called " the wavy line between religion and politics."

" Politics," he writes again, " come nearer religion with me, a party is more like a church, error more like heresy, prejudice more like sin, than I find it to be with better men . . . 'Périssent les colonies plutôt que les principes'" (which is a made up sentence, no more authentic than 'Roma locuta est') expresses the sort of thing Liberalism means and Toryism rejects."

It is not difficult to understand with what rapture the historian, who had made his own, as had no other living man, the various history of States and peoples, with its records of fraudulent power, violent usurpation, sinister conquest, watched the triumph of that great statesman who held up before his country the very different ideals of austere justice and magnanimous self-command, not as its prophet, but as its ruler, not as a visionary idealist, but as the best equipped and best armed of all men of affairs. It was not, of course, that men talked of morality between nations for the first time in Mr. Gladstone's life. In Burke, whom Lord Acton called " the first political genius until now," there was no dim sense of national duty. There was a remarkable resolution passed by the House of Commons in 1782, in which that assembly declared :

" That the maintenance of an inviolable character for moderation, good faith, and scrupulous regard to treaty, ought to have been the simple grounds on which the British Government should have endeavoured to establish an influence superior to that of other Europeans over the minds of the native powers in India ; and that the danger and discredit arising from the forfeiture of this pre-eminence, could not be compensated by the temporary success of any plan of violence or injustice."

The language of this resolution is striking ; the main argument is not the unity of the empire, the consolidation of our power, or any of the familiar phrases, but a plain and unqualified allegiance to the claims of morality. It shows what a spell Burke and Fox had cast over the mind of a tolerably easy-going generation. But Mr. Gladstone made moral principle a force such as it had never been in the politics of Europe. In his career Lord Acton saw gifts, he

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

judged the greatest ever bestowed on a statesman, consecrated to no secondary cause, but to the first purpose, as he conceived it, of politics, with a passion and power that gave even Governments the courage to practise unpopular justice.

"I admit no comparison," he writes, "except with the Burke of 1775-1780. That early Burke would have made the peace with the Afrikanders which is the noblest work of the Ministry."

And to understand in what a blaze of light Mr. Gladstone's career displayed itself to Lord Acton, we must remember the sombre surroundings. Lord Acton was writing in the days of Europe's disenchantments: Italy free, but her first enthusiasm chilled; Germany united, but in bonds; France liberated from her usurper, but not yet erect; Bismarck and Disraeli. In a world where the standards were those of defeated and disappointed hopes, Mr. Gladstone, with his flashing broadsword, was the one power for righteousness, and his prowess was invincible.

Lord Acton's standards were exacting, and they were applied without mercy or too lenient an eye for extenuating circumstances. Burke, one of the two names Lord Acton held in highest honour since Party Government was invented, is judged with the same inexorable rigour as is Pitt, who finds no place in Lord Acton's Walhalla. Of Pitt he writes in a piercing aphorism: "It is a vice, not a merit, to live for expedients, and not for ideas." And his conception of the fundamental importance of integrity and high-principled motives governed his view of that most interesting question, the ethics and graces of Party controversy.

"We do not use private letters, reported conversations, newspaper gossip, or scandals revealed in trials, to damage troublesome politicians. We deal only with responsibility for public acts. But with these we must deal freely. We have to keep the national conscience straight and true; and if we shrink from doing this because we dare not cast obloquy on class, or party, or institution, then we become accomplices in wrongdoing, and very possibly in crime.

"We ought not to employ vulgar imputations, that men cling to office, that they vote against their convictions, that they are not always consistent, &c. All that is unworthy of imperial debate. But where there is a question of unjust war, of annexation, of intrigue, of suppressed information, of mismanagement in matters of life and death, of disregard for suffering, we are bound to gibbet the offender before the people of England, and to make the rude workman understand and share our indignation against the grandee."

The honour paid to Disraeli at his death by Liberals tormented Lord Acton, not, as some critics have said, because it inflamed his rancour, but because it wounded his conscience. He felt to the dead adversary what Fox—a magnanimous man, if ever there was one

LORD ACTON'S LIBERALISM

—felt to Pitt ; he would have been prodigal of praise for his good qualities, but he could not reconcile it with his sense of the sincerity and lofty realities of public professions to pretend that acts he thought were crimes, were in truth public benefits. Lord Acton knew well how that word “magnanimous” sometimes shelters a spurious and sorry retinue of things that deserve very different names.

But, exacting as Lord Acton's standard was, Mr. Gladstone satisfied it. The estimates of his talents given in these letters, notably in one long letter, where Mr. Gladstone is declared to reach the highest merits of Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Canning, and Peel, without their drawbacks, have a profound interest. The estimates of his political personality have an interest still more profound. It may be hoped, perhaps it may be asserted, that the judgment passed on Mr. Gladstone's Party in the two passages that describe most completely Mr. Gladstone's commanding views, has been falsified by the event. But the passages are well worth quotation, for the insight they give into the mind alike of the humanist and the statesman.

“The decisive test of his greatness will be the gap he will leave. Among those who come after him there will be none who understand that the men who pay wages ought not to be the political masters of those who earn them (because laws should be adapted to those who have the heaviest stake in the country, for whom misgovernment means, not mortified pride or stinted luxury, but want and pain and degradation and risk to their own lives and to their children's souls), and who can yet understand and feel sympathy for institutions that incorporate tradition and prolong the reign of the dead” (p. 49-50).

“The idea that politics is an affair of principle, that it is an affair of morality, that it touches eternal interest as much as vices and virtues do in private life, that idea will not live in the Party” (p. 107).

This intimate moral sympathy gave Lord Acton the clue to Mr. Gladstone's mind. Lord Acton did not approach the Irish question by the same route as Mr. Gladstone ; but the two men were in close practical agreement, and Lord Acton saw, at least as early as 1881, that Mr. Gladstone would become a Home Ruler. “The treatment of Home Rule as an idea conceivably reasonable, which was repeated at Guildhall, delighted me,” he writes in October, 1881. “I have long wished,” he writes in February, 1882, “for that declaration about self-government.” Lord Acton, at any rate, saw whither Mr. Gladstone's mind was moving ; and although the pure note of Nationalism, so irresistible to Mr. Gladstone, sounded a certain discord in Lord Acton's ear, nobody rejoiced more than he to discern the early signs of Mr. Gladstone's resolve to give Ireland self-government.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

"Nobody can well be more strongly persuaded than I am," he wrote in 1883, "of the necessity of governing nations by consent, national consent being proved both by the vapour of opinion, and by the definite mechanism of representation . . . As long ago as 1870 I ceased to be sanguine that we could govern Ireland successfully."

When the day of crisis came and destroyed old comradeships, formed in great crises of State, maintained and fortified in long years of struggle, it is not easy to imagine what it meant to Mr. Gladstone, as he answered to the last call of duty—that faithful friendship and alliance with a mind deeply laid in learning and history, and, above all things, to use a phrase of Lord Acton's own, "well anchored in justice."

J. L. HAMMOND

* * * *It is desirable that no contributions should be sent without previous communication with the Editor, who cannot undertake to return unsolicited MSS.*

Publishers are requested not to send books for review. The Editor will venture to apply for copies of such works as it is desired to notice.

Vol. II. (Feb.—May, 1904), bound in cloth, is now ready, price 12s. 6d. net (by post 13s. 3d.). It may be obtained through any bookseller, or from the Publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Cloth cases for binding Vol. II may now be obtained from the Publisher, price 2s. net (by post 2s. 2d.).

Subscribers to the Review may exchange their Nos. for bound volumes for the sum of 2s., plus 6d. postage each way. Parcels should be addressed to the Publisher, and should contain the names and addresses of the senders.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

MONTHLY.

On the 1st of the Month.

Price 2/6 Net

Editorial Council—

EDWARD JENKS, Editor

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

G. LOWES DICKINSON

G. M. TREVELYAN

FRANCIS W. HIRST

N. WEDD

AUG 29 1904
FEB 20 1905

DEC 2 1909

MAY 9 1911

APR 18 1912

DEC 14 1912

DEC 19 1912

WUE DEC 8 1924

BUE FEB -5 '41

~~MAR 12 1941~~

